JUNE, 1949
PRICE 50¢
CANADA 55¢

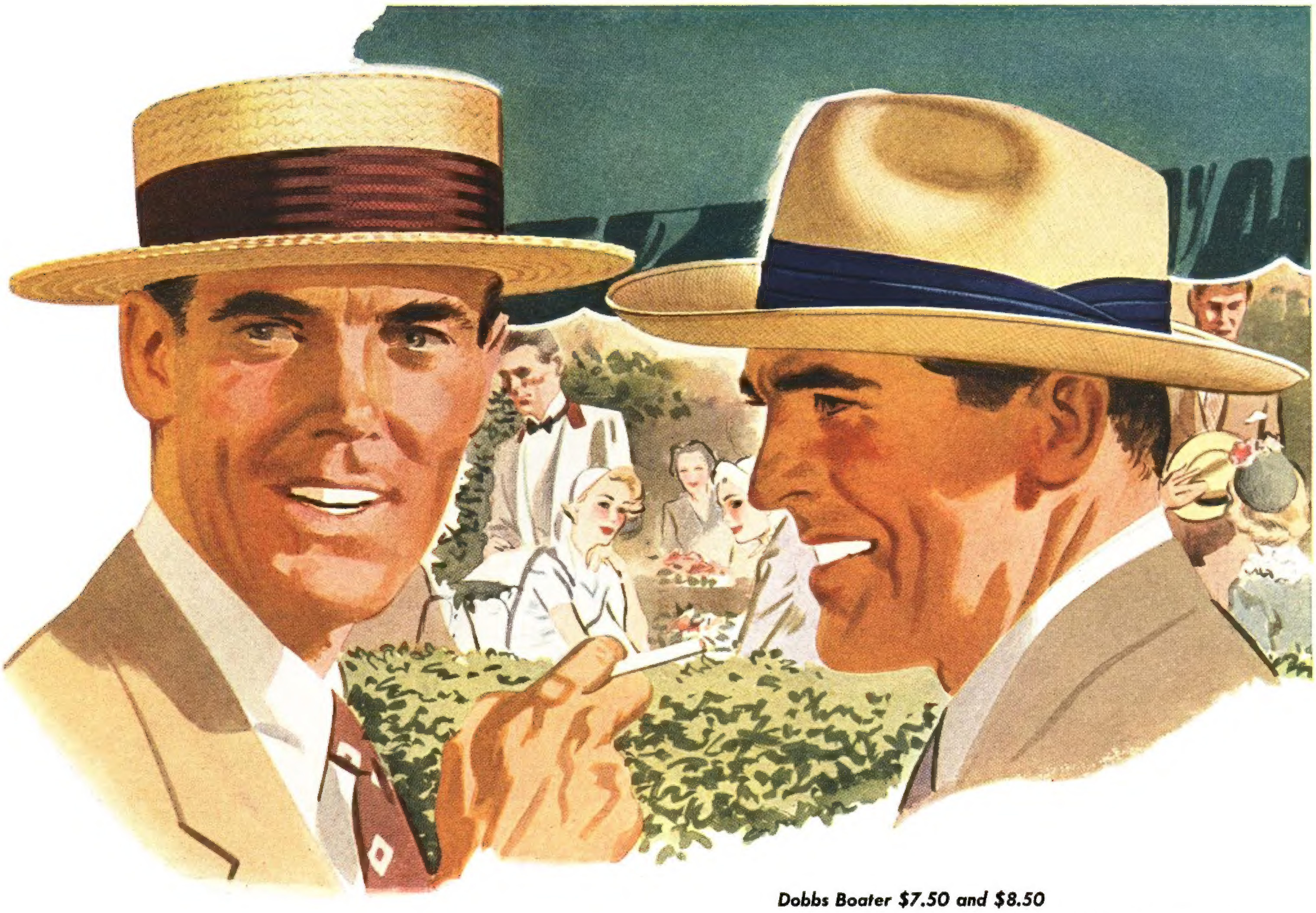
Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

TRAVEL
WESTERN
FASHION

SPECIAL

12-page supplement
Esquire's 1949
Automobile Show

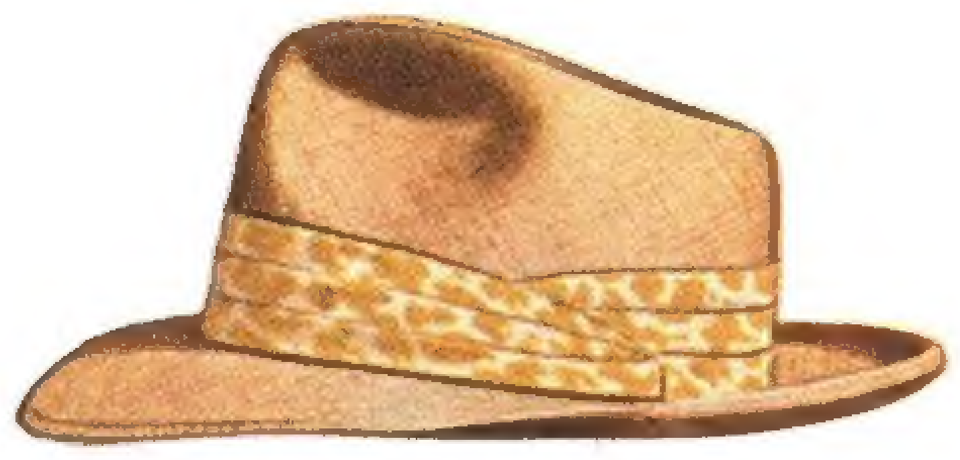


Dobbs Boater $7.50 and $8.50
Dobbs Planters Punch $10, $15 and $20

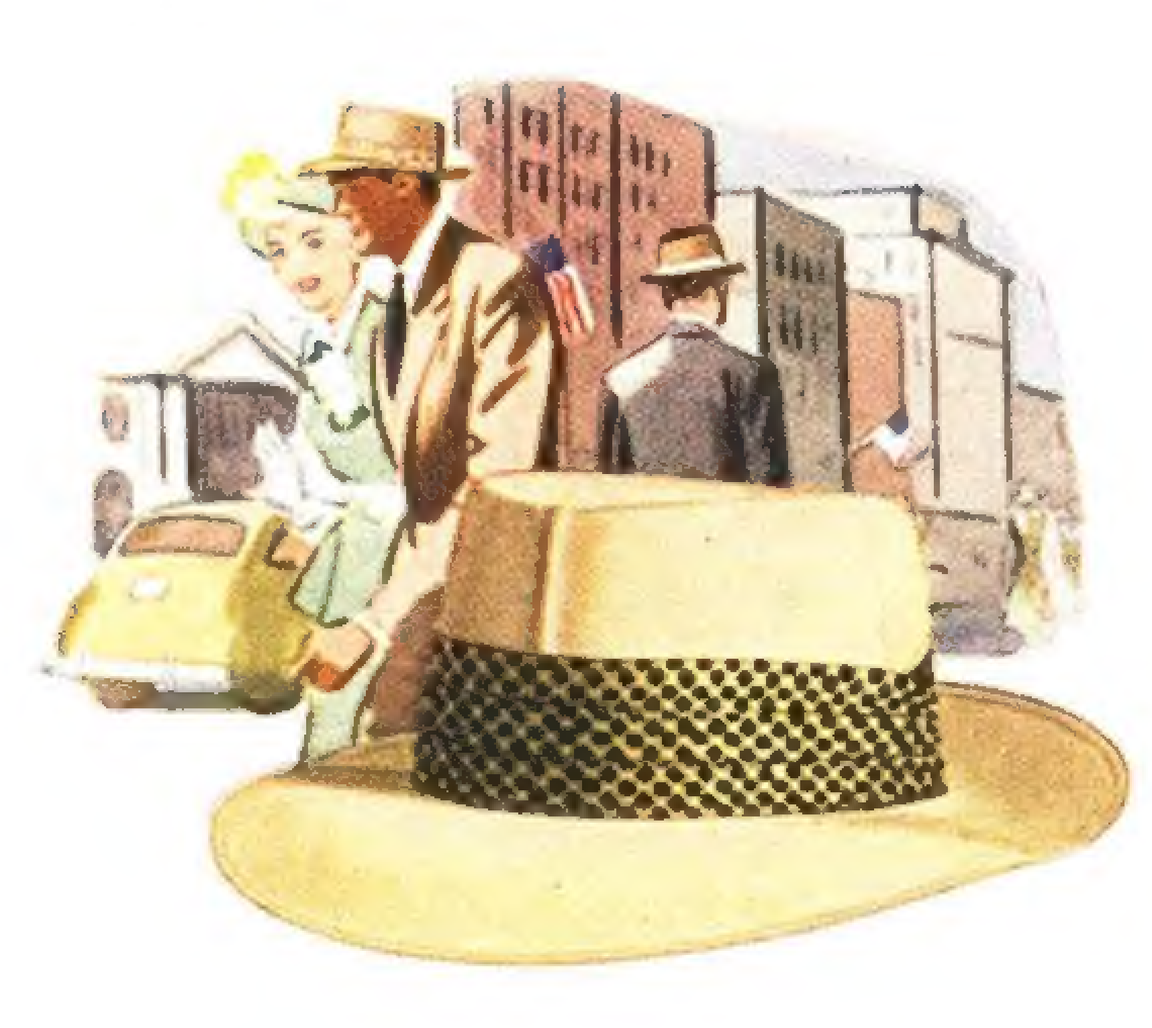
For straws with that best-dressed look and lift—

It's the DOBBS

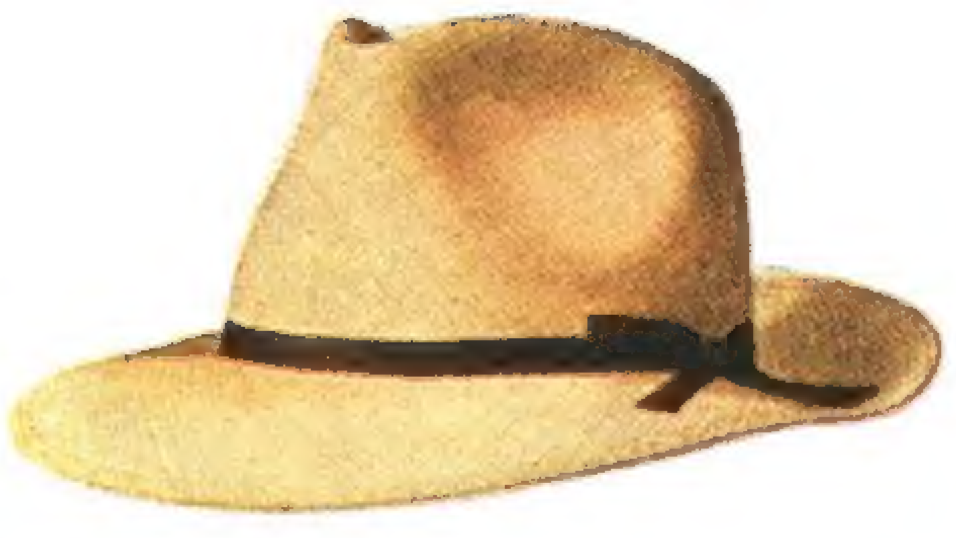
New straws, classic straws. Straws to pick you up. Straws to put you on the best-dressed list. Dobbs is brimming over with the coolest, handsomest collection under the sun! For example . . .



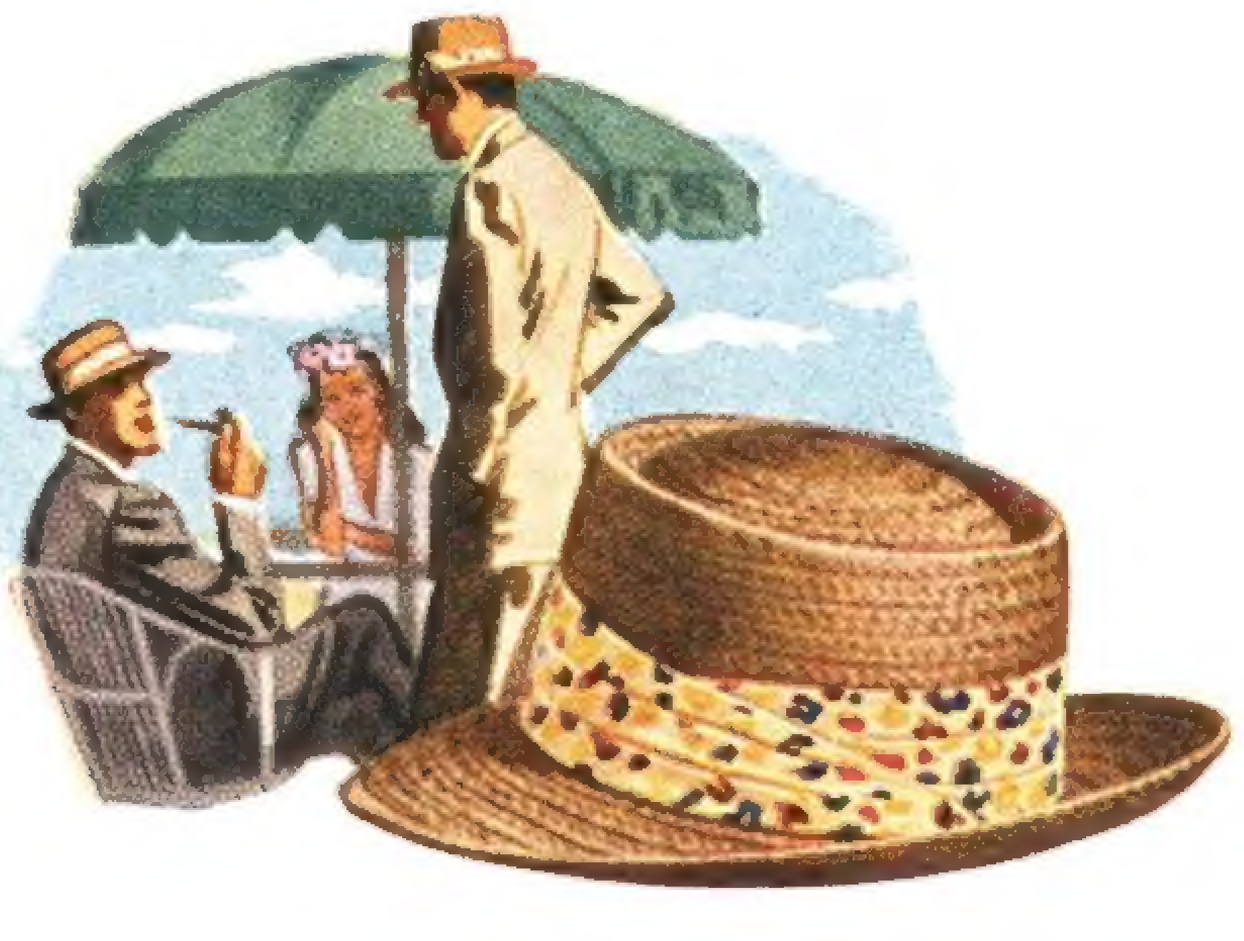
Dobbs Convertible $12.50 and $16.50



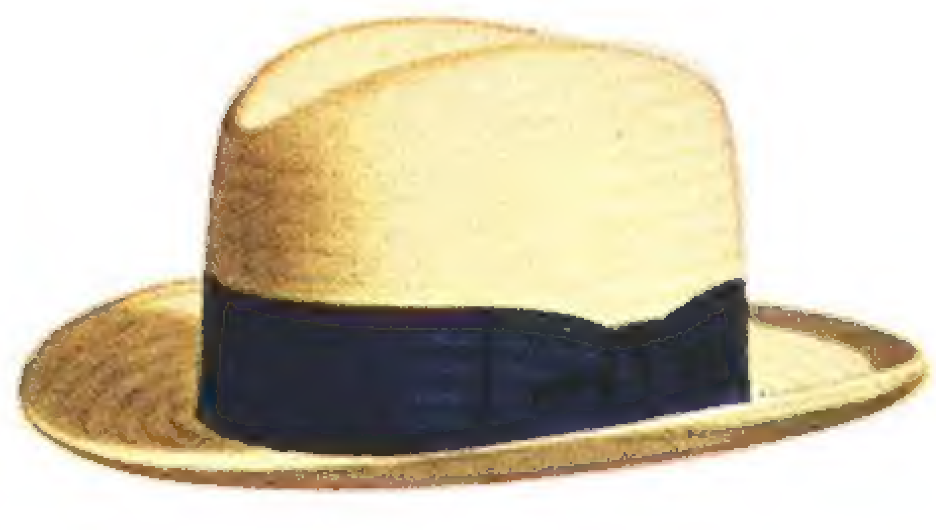
Dobbs Orange Blossom $10, $15 and $20



Dobbs Westward $7.50, $10 and up



Dobbs Nassau Club $5



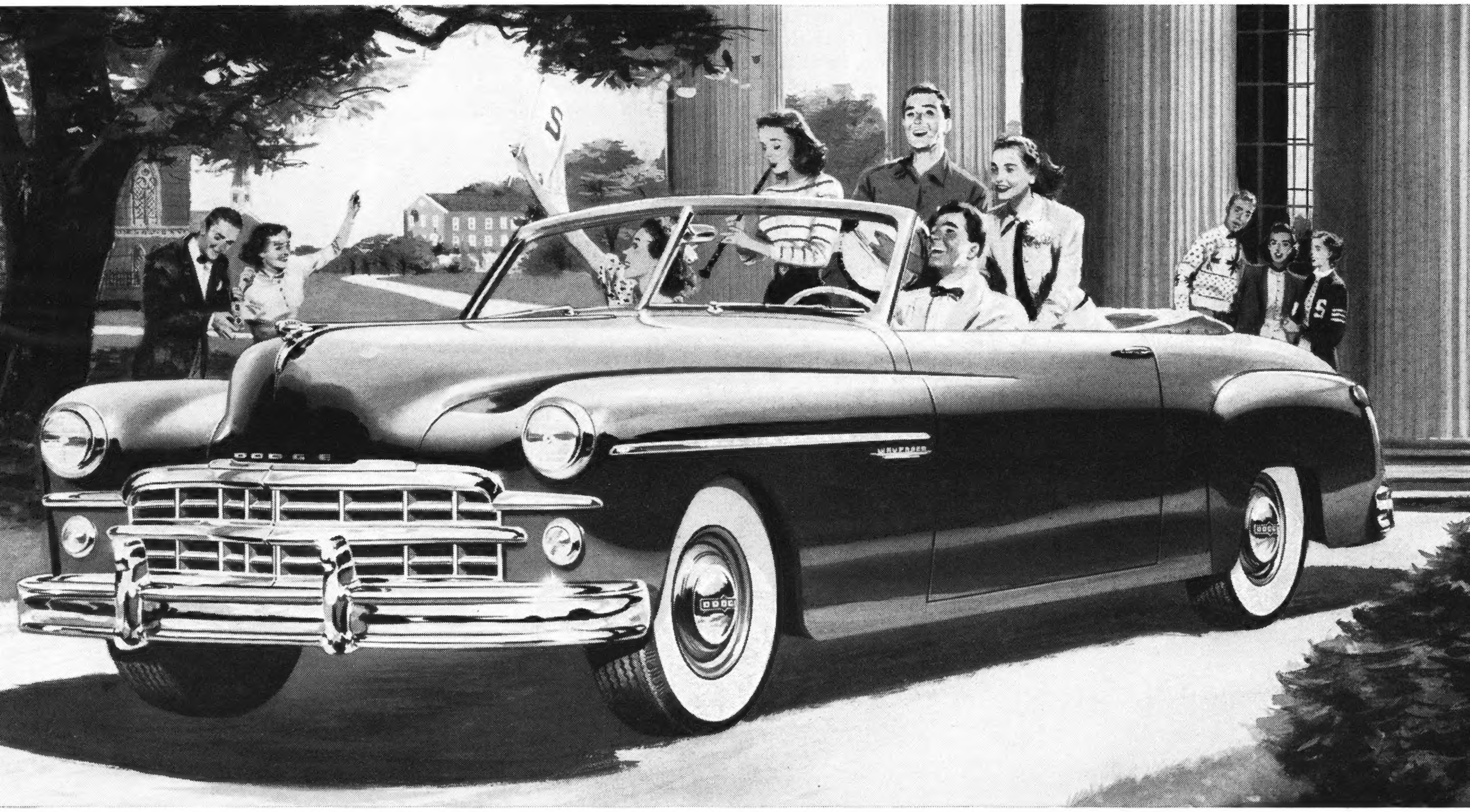
Dobbs Bonaire $12.50 and $16.50

Available at the finer stores

DOBBS HATS, NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTER, PARK AVENUE AT 53RD STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

THRILL *With Young America*

CHOOSE THIS LOWER PRICED NEW DODGE *WAYFARER*



White Sidewall Tires optional

Dodge gives you the first new Sports Roadster . . . a new value-packed 2-door Sedan . . . a new 3-passenger Coupe . . . for just a few dollars more than the lowest priced cars.

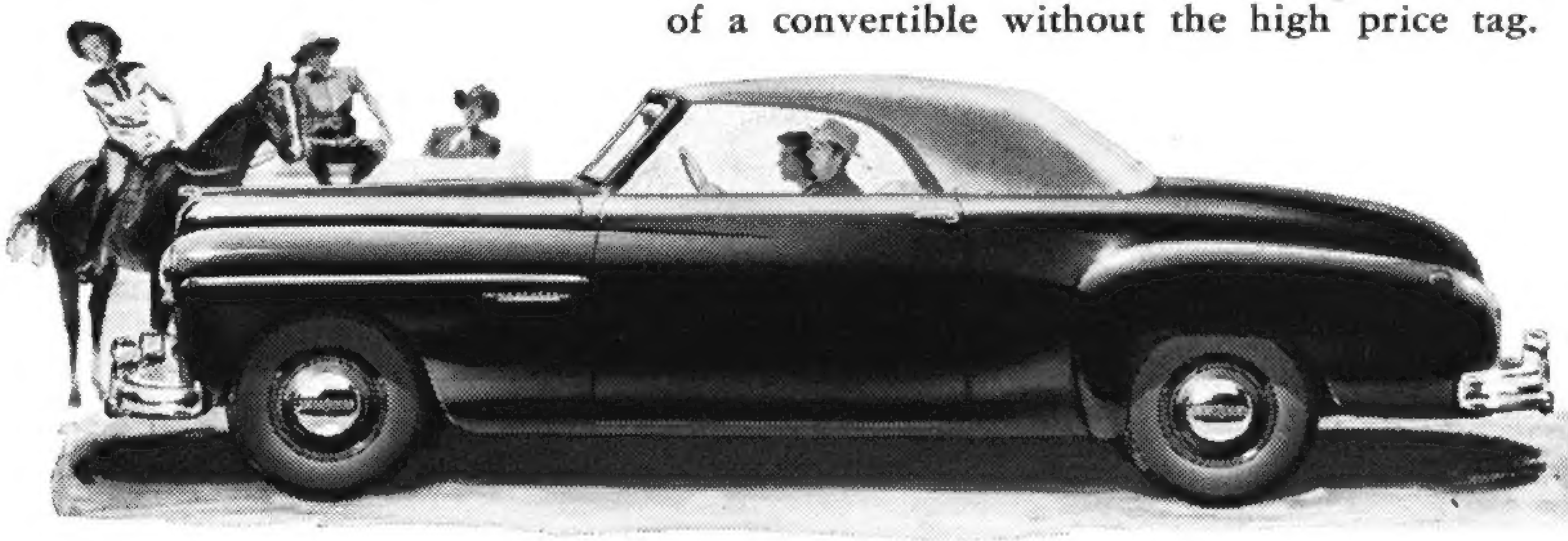
You'll have to see it to believe it! Even then, you'll wonder how the exciting new Dodge Wayfarer can be priced so low.

You'll see how Dodge "functional styling" gives new basic beauty . . . new roominess *inside* with less bulk *outside!*

You'll be amazed at Dodge Wayfarer performance, too. In traffic, you'll find the Wayfarer as eager and nimble as a polo pony—because of its shorter 115" wheelbase and more powerful "Get-Away" Engine. And there's the thrilling smoothness of Dodge gýrol Fluid Drive . . . smoother starts and stops . . . smoother driving mile after mile.

See the new, *lower-priced* Wayfarer . . . every inch a rugged, dependable Dodge. One look . . . one ride will tell you here is the car that gives *more* for your money today.

ONLY CAR OF ITS KIND! The smart good looks of a convertible without the high price tag.

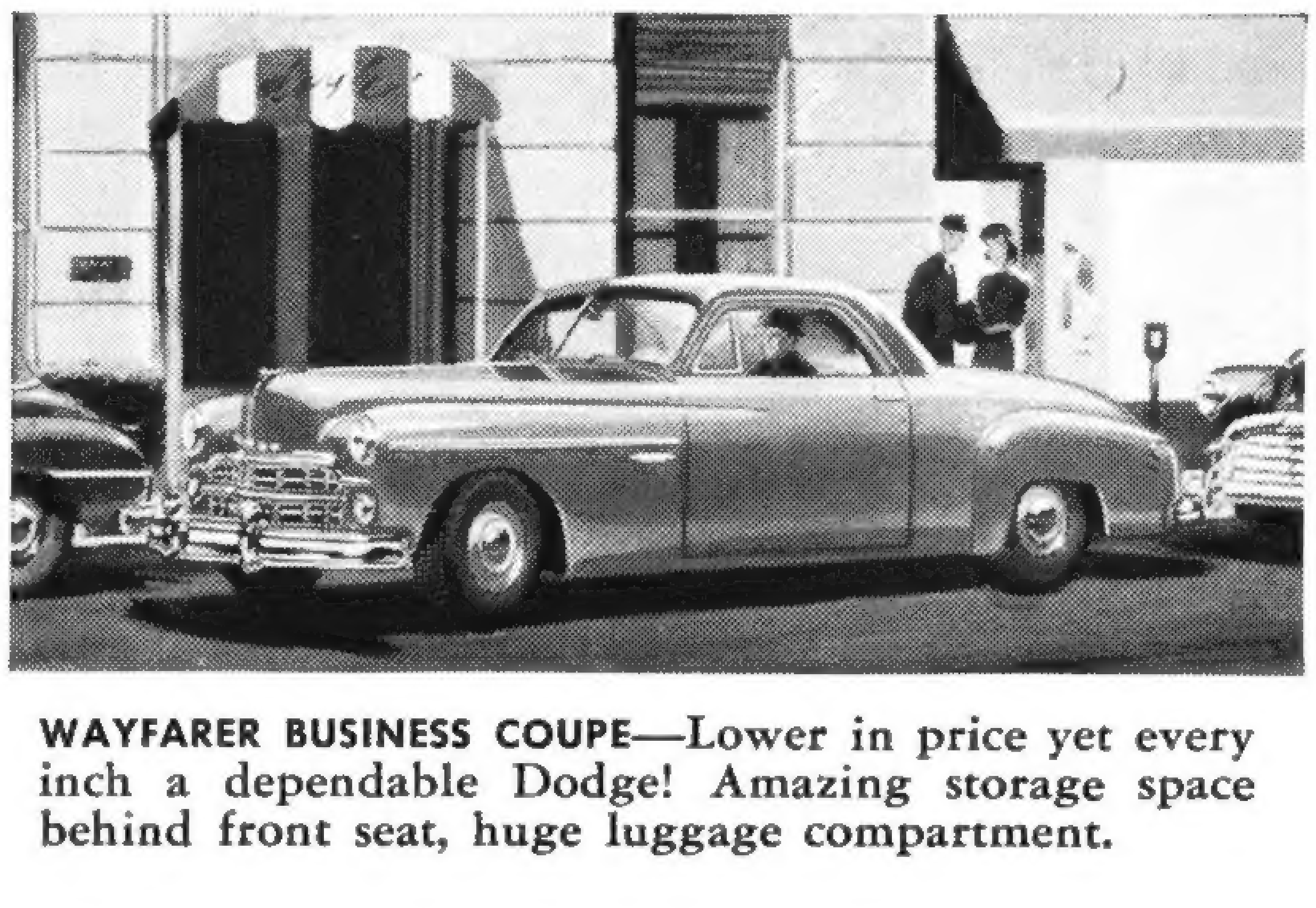


The New Lower Priced **DODGE**

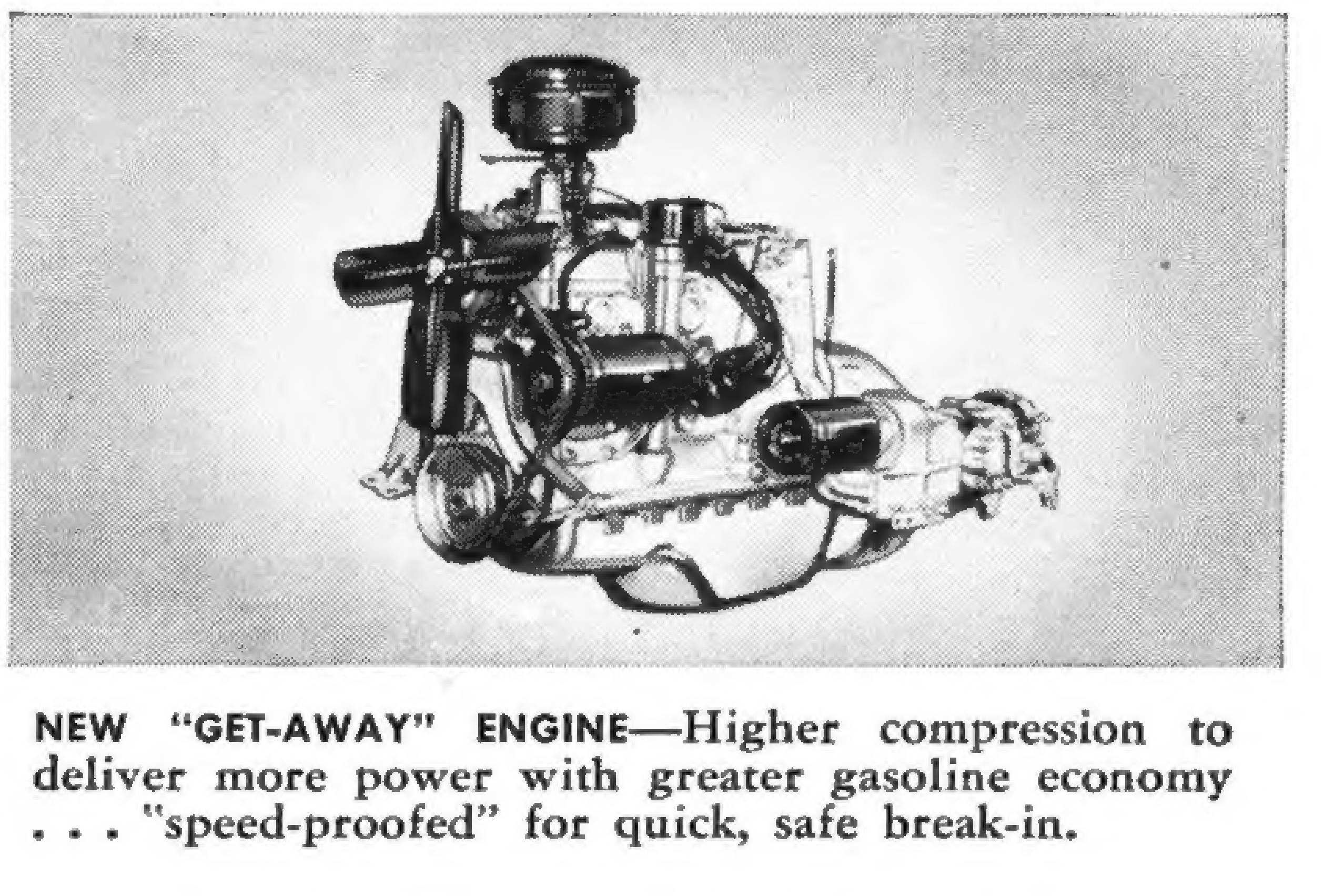
WAYFARER

With gýrol FLUID DRIVE

WAYFARER 2-DOOR SEDAN—Compare head room, elbow room, leg room—judge for yourself. Here's the car that sets new records for *value* the country over!



WAYFARER BUSINESS COUPE—Lower in price yet every inch a dependable Dodge! Amazing storage space behind front seat, huge luggage compartment.



NEW "GET-AWAY" ENGINE—Higher compression to deliver more power with greater gasoline economy . . . "speed-proofed" for quick, safe break-in.

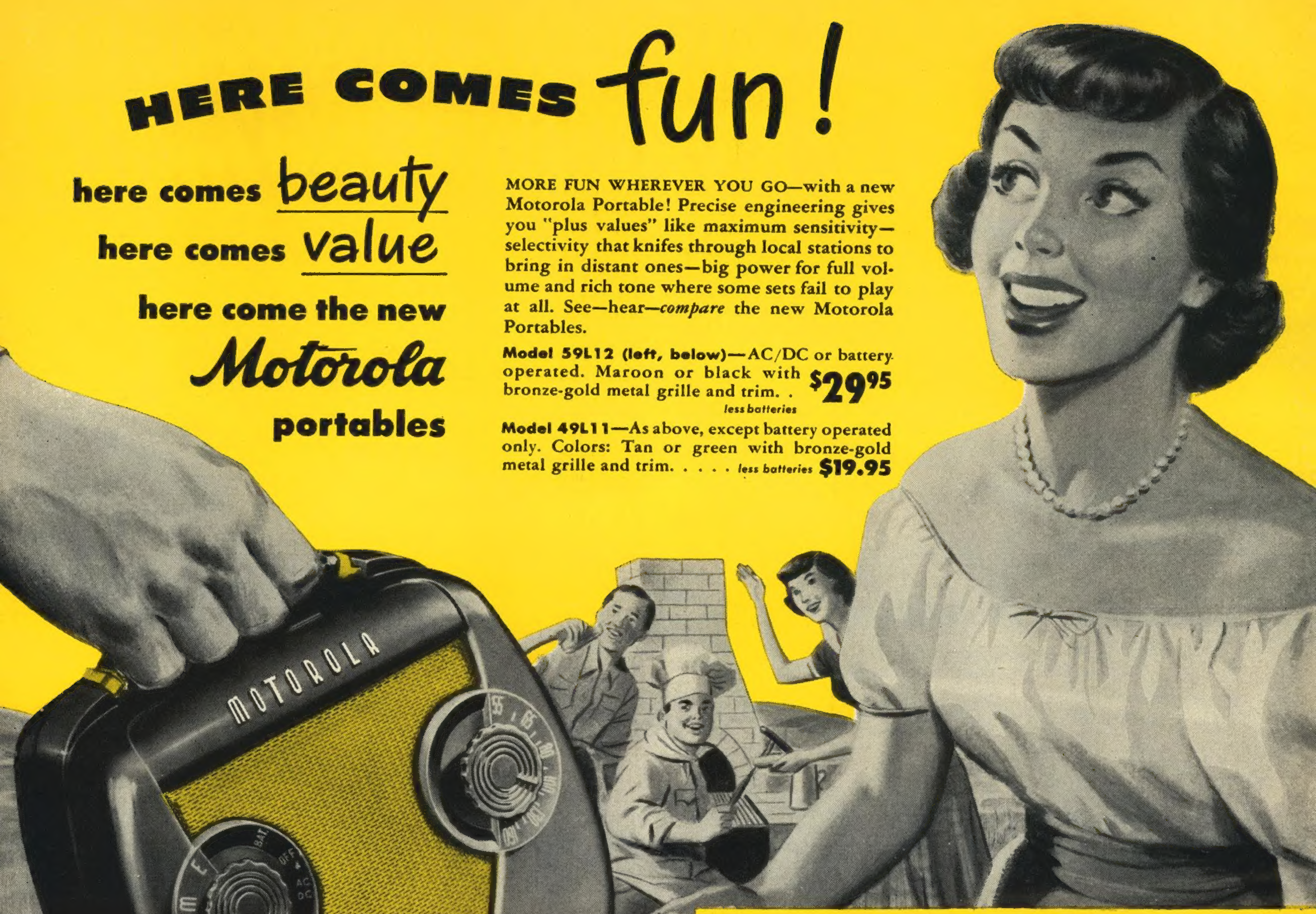
HERE COMES fun!

here comes beauty
here comes value
here come the new
Motorola
portables

MORE FUN WHEREVER YOU GO—with a new Motorola Portable! Precise engineering gives you "plus values" like maximum sensitivity—selectivity that knifes through local stations to bring in distant ones—big power for full volume and rich tone where some sets fail to play at all. See—hear—*compare* the new Motorola Portables.

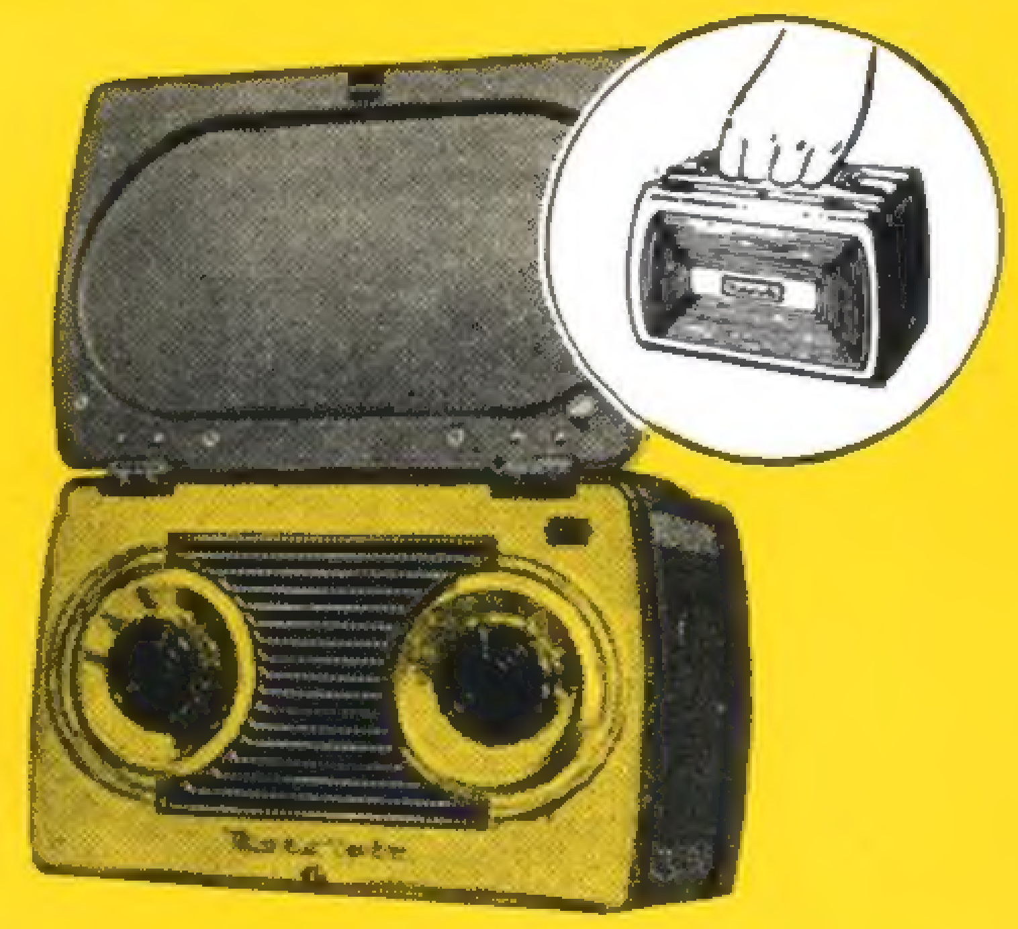
Model 59L12 (left, below)—AC/DC or battery operated. Maroon or black with bronze-gold metal grille and trim. . **$29.95** *less batteries*

Model 49L11—As above, except battery operated only. Colors: Tan or green with bronze-gold metal grille and trim. . . . . *less batteries* **$19.95**



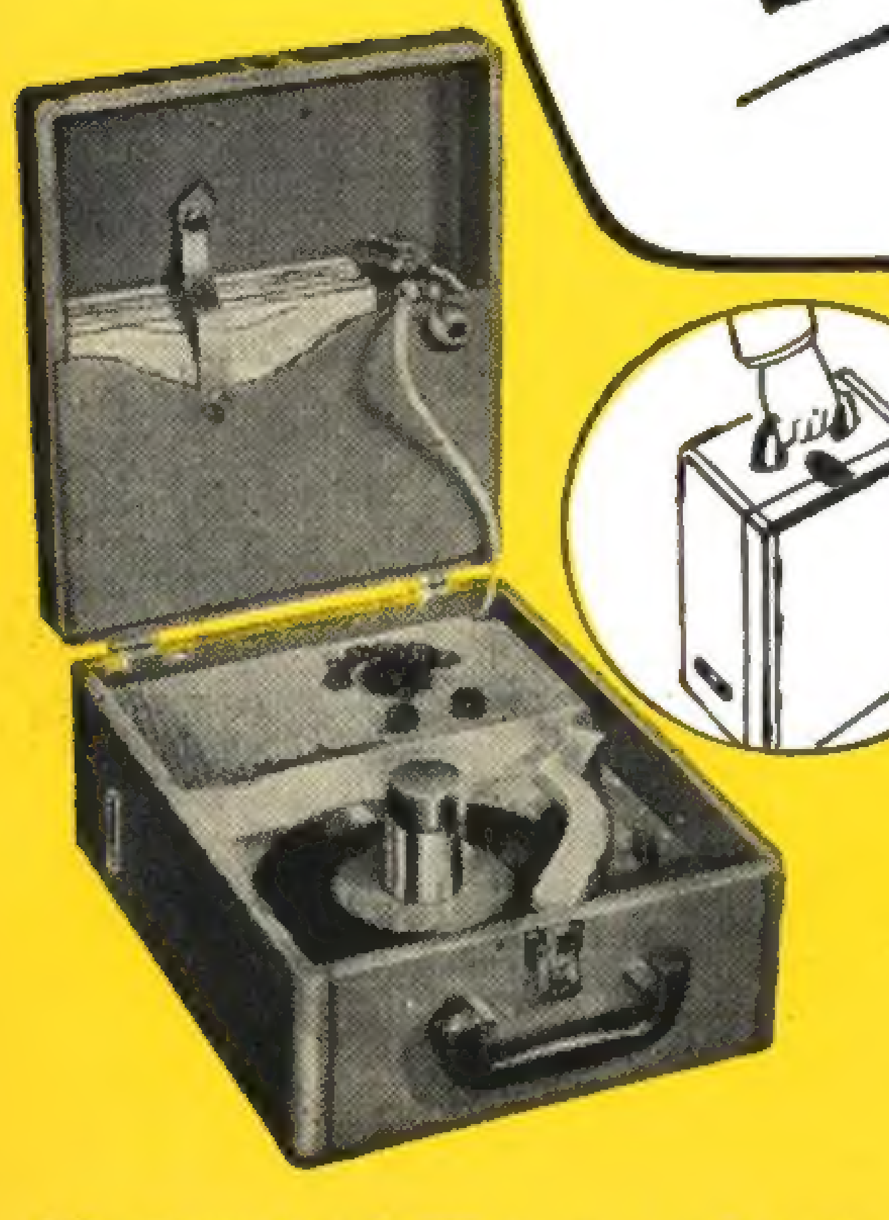
Motorola PORTABLES

Glamour-Baby of Personal Portables
Motorola's famous "Playmate Jr." Packed with power for BIG volume—rich tone. Plays instantly, anywhere. Leather-effect metal case. Choice of black or maroon with bronze-gold trim. AC/DC or its own long life batteries. **Model 5A9** *less batteries* **$39.95**



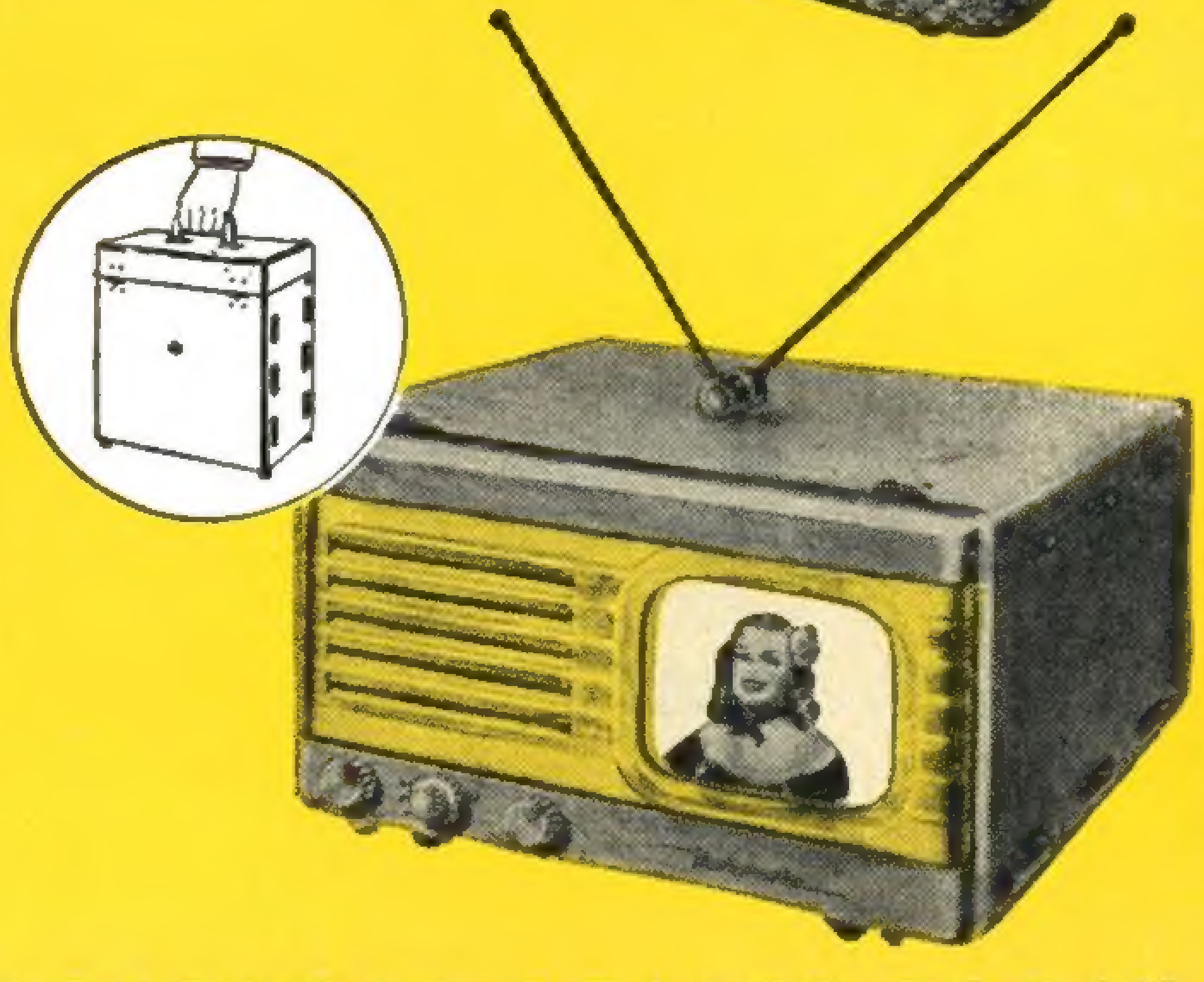
No Finer Portable in all the World
A "luxury" radio at a sensible price. Exclusive "dial-in-handle" puts all controls in thumb's reach while carrying. Case is basket-weave, plastic-coated fabric with aluminum trim. AC/DC or battery operation. **Model 69L11** *less batteries* **$49.95**

Prices slightly higher in South and West. Prices subject to change without notice.



New 45 R. P. M. Automatic Radio-Phonograph
Your favorite recorded music wherever AC current is available. Plays new 7-inch records (45 R.P.M.—5 minutes of music per side). Changes 8 records swiftly and quietly. Storage for 27 records. **Model 59F11** **$69.95**

New! Motorola Portable Television
Take your television thrills from place to place—wherever AC current is available. Clear, bright pictures—plus Motorola Golden Voice sound. Install it yourself in a few minutes. Indoor antenna fits in cover when carrying. **Model VT73** . . **$199.95**



MOTOROLA INC., CHICAGO 51, ILLINOIS • SEE YOUR NEAREST MOTOROLA DEALER TODAY

Memo from the Publisher

"Dear Miss Crank with white side-wall tires"

One of my favorite O. Henry stories is the touching tale of the boy and girl whose plan to meet in New York goes awry, and who plod through life, searching for each other in the canyons of the big city. She is writing menus in a side-street café, and composing imaginary letters to him—when he enters the café, scans the bill of fare, and reads among the list of dishes she has absently penned: "Dearest Walter, with hard-boiled egg."

It suggested a title for this piece. For one of the people whom I'm anxious to reach (unromantically, I can assure you) I know only as "Miss Crank." Her letter contained no address, but it cut loose with some Pier 5 language and soapbox invective that would curl your hair. Her big hate was for our "economy of waste"—the creation of premature obsolescence by our national obsession with "fashion." And it caused me to do some thinking.

What Miss Crank doesn't realize is that our entire economy, our productive power, and our very standard of living are the result of that national obsession with "fashion."

Without it, for instance, there would be no great automobile industry, with employment for millions. From nylons to cyclotrons—from neckties to streamlined trains—our national economy has harnessed that force of fashion for the betterment of the entire human race. For "fashion" is also greater beauty, greater comfort, greater efficiency—greater competition, greater production, and greater aspirations—this year and next year and next. It is art, science and business working as never before. It is a 200-inch telescope at Mt. Palomar, and a better magazine to read.

As I went through the first advance copy of this issue of Esquire, I found myself once more thinking these things. That terrific 12-page "Automobile Show," for instance. What a powerful monument to an economy based upon "fashion."

And I began to compose imaginary letters to the gal with the gimlet eye. "Dear Miss Crank—with white side-wall tires."

HTS

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

DAVID A. SMART
Chairman of the Board

ALFRED SMART
President

G. T. SWEETSER
Publisher

FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM
Managing Editor

GEORGE SAMERJAN
Art Director

OSCAR E. SCHOEFFLER................*Fashion Editor*
S. S. FIELD........................*Features Editor*
RICHARD JOSEPH.......................*Travel Editor*
GUS BERKES.......................*Production Director*
A. L. BLINDER....................*Circulation Director*
JOHN SMART........................*Business Manager*

Associate Editors:
DONALD BERWICK......................C. H. MCBRIDE
HENRY W. PLATT......................H. A. RICHARDS
ARTHUR TODD........................GEORGE WISWELL

Editorial Associates:
EDMUND BURKE...ARNOLD GLANTZ...STELLJES NICHOLS

JESS W. SWEETSER
Advertising Director

contents for June, 1949   Vol. XXXI. No. 6   Whole No. 187

comment

A LOT OF THINGS: FREEDOM MEANS NO CHECK . . . Jimmy Cannon 48

mystery

MURDER ON THE MENU . . . . Val Duncan 56

western

SLEEP ALL WINTER (PART I) . . . . Richard Wormser & Dan Gordon 42

supplement

THE ESQUIRE AUTOMOBILE SHOW . . .

THE PARADE OF THE '49ERS 80
PIONEERS' PARADE 82
THE PARADE OF THE '49ERS 84
ACCESSORIES 86
WHAT'S NEW IN TODAY'S CARS 88
SPECIFICATIONS FOR THE 1949 CARS 90

personality

MEET ME AT SHANTY'S . . . . Al Stump 41

articles

CROSSROADS OF MANKIND . . . . J. B. Rice, M.D. 58
SAUCES AND SUCH . . . . Harry Botsford 71
BEWITCHING AND BEDAMNED GOLF BALL . . . . Herb Graffis 76
ENGAGEMENT WITH A DIAMOND . . . . Robert Bleiberg 78
THE MUSCLE HEAD ALWAYS WINS . . . . Charles B. Roth 101
THE MAN TIME WAITED FOR . . . . John M. Fleming 112
TWO DOLLARS ON THE NOSE . . . . Vincent D. Lunny 146

fiction

DEATH OF A PRIZE FIGHTER . . . . Robert Switzer 39
THE SWAMP SONG . . . . Jim Buford 46
GENTLEMAN IN DISTRESS . . . . Hans Ruesch 74
TELL ME, PRETTY BABY . . . . Sylvia Pasche 95

pictorial

PORTRAIT FOR A PHILOSOPHER . . . Kodachrome by Alan Fontaine 49
A YOUNG LADY SEES LONDON TOWN . . . . Photographs by Pix 50
SILKS & SULKIES . . . . Kodachrome by Studio 10 52
DEGAS' WORLD . . . . Photography by Muky 54
ALLEN'S ALIBI . . . . Caricature by Jack Masey 69
UP AND OVER . . . . Kodachrome by Studio 10 70

wearables

THE BOLD LOOK FOR SUMMER . . . . Drawings by Martin Burniston 60
CAT-CAY: THE BOLD LOOK FOR SUMMER SPORTSMEN . . . . Drawings by Martin Burniston 62
BOLD LOOK: TIE SCORE . . . . Drawings by Merrill Harvey 64
THE BOLD LOOK LIFE SAVER . . . . . Drawings by Martin Burniston 66
THE BOLD LOOK DINNER JACKET . . . Drawings by Martin Burniston 67

departments

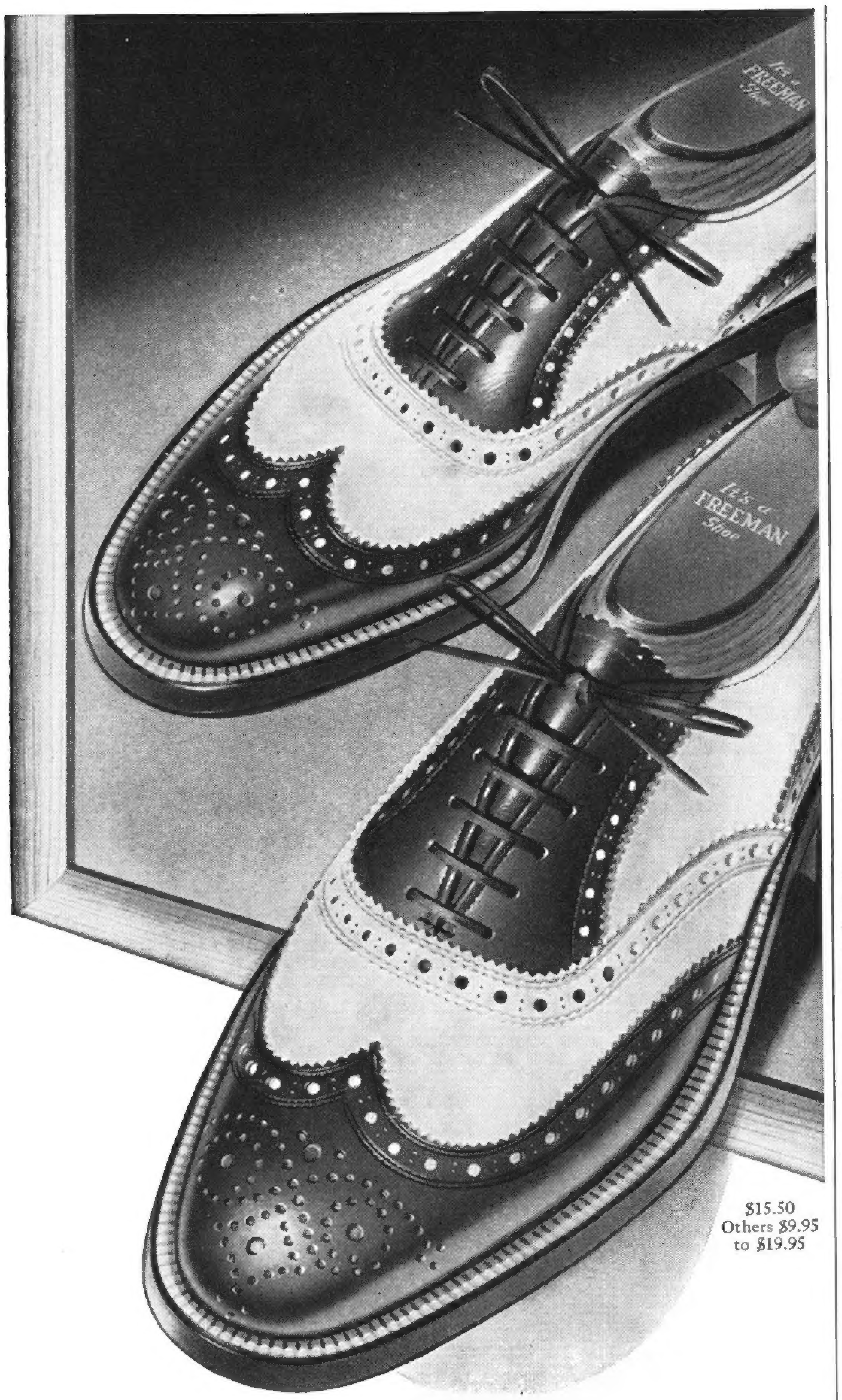
Correspondence: THE SOUND AND THE FURY 15
Contributors: BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE 21
Fashions . . . . O. E. Schoeffler 60
Travel: RETURN TO EUROPE . . . . Richard Joseph 72
ESQUIRE'S VACATION TRAVEL CALENDAR 149

ADVERTISERS' INDEX 160

T. M. REG.

Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1949 by Esquire, Inc. Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fiction articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., David A. Smart, Chairman of the Board; Alfred Smart, President & Treas.; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. & Cir. Dir.; G. T. Sweetser, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Adv.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; Lester Petchaft, Sec.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Sec.-Treas. Editorial and Art Depts., 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Circulation, Business, and Production Depts., Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Ill. Entered as 2nd class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15, 1933 under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials. Mss. and art should be sent to Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Subscriptions in the U. S. and possessions, Pan-Am. Union and Canada, $6.00 a year in advance; elsewhere, $12.00. Subscribers changing addresses should notify Esquire Subscription Dept. 30 days before change takes place. Give old and new addresses.



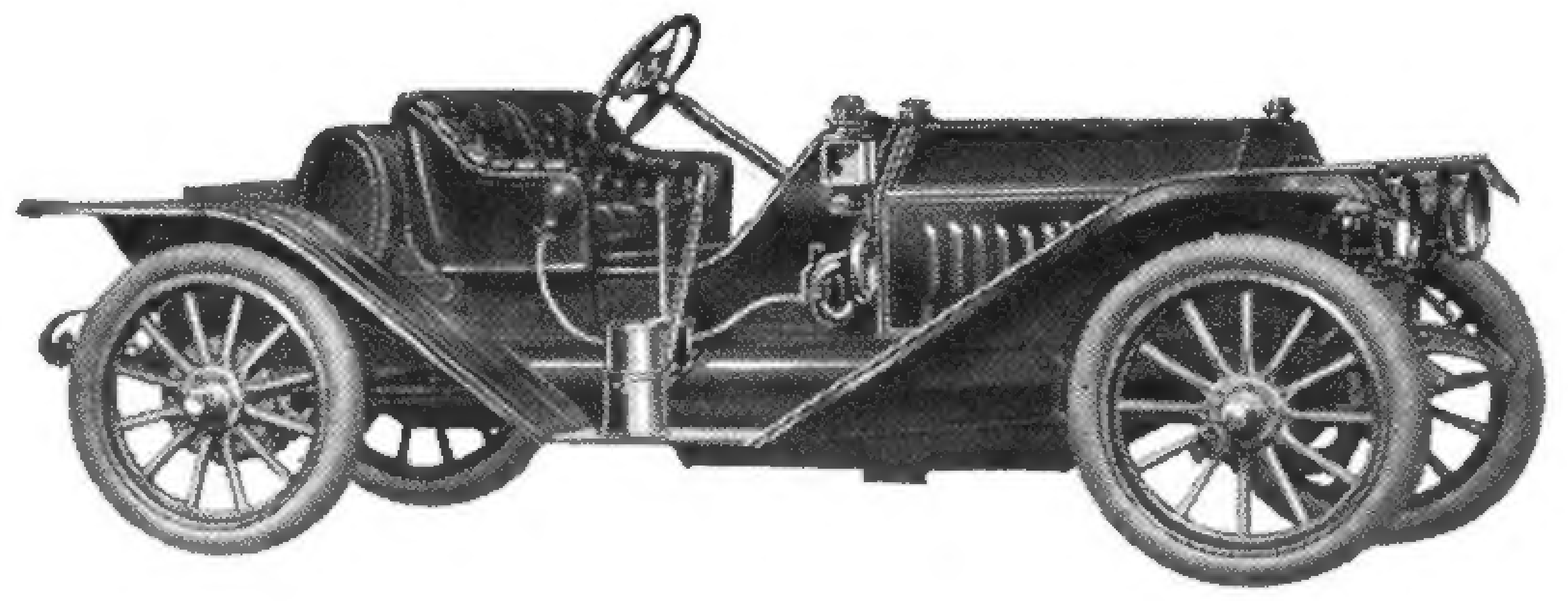
Smart, smooth, and successful . . . a superb combination of genuine white Buck and rich brown Calfskin, impeccably styled. Another headliner by America's largest exclusive makers of men's fine shoes. Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wis., Chicago, New York

It's a **FREEMAN** *Shoe*
THE FOOTWEAR OF SUCCESSFUL MEN

Sold coast-to-coast by these and other fine stores: Wallachs, New York; Capper & Capper, Chicago; MacDonald & Campbell, Philadelphia; Katz, Baltimore; Clayton's, Detroit; Stumpfs, Milwaukee; Wolff's, St. Louis; Ashe, Ft. Worth; Liemandt's, Minneapolis; Assmann, Omaha; Walkers, Dayton and Columbus.

EDITORIAL

Where there's a wheel, there's a way



In faraway Tibet, almost in the cold shadow of the 28,000-foot Himalayan peak, Kangchhendzönga, sits the Lachhen Lama, contemplating with ineffable calm the eternal verities of that Buddhist symbol of a way of life—the wheel of existence.

In Detroit, somewhat nearer, and almost touched by five-o'clock shadow, is a man on an assembly line, contemplating with equal care another guiding principle of a way of life—the steering wheel.

The Lachhen Lama supposedly puts rancid butter on his hair, while the Detroiter prefers to spread his, fresh, on his bread, but perhaps their way of life is not too separate. Perhaps the twain shall meet, someday, over a common love for their great mechanical and spiritual symbol, the wheel. Perhaps there is hope for the world after all, since it, too, turns. Perhaps on these things all mankind can agree.

The U.S. male, surely, is bound to the wheel all his life. You could do worse if you wanted to get the history of a man's life than to ask him about all of the automobiles he has known. For at various stages in a man's life, an automobile represents first fear, then wild adventure, love, possession, community standing, and finally, sheer transportation. The years are still linked together on the barn door of many a midwest farm where the license plates are nailed up as a record of achievement and permanence since the owner first appeared on the scene with the deed in his hand and a light in his eyes. No one in this logical and fantastic country of ours questions this strange tin altar to the years, although the Lachhen Lama might well shake his head in wonder over such a primitive rite. No one finds it strange that the giant of automotive history who put America on an assembly line, who linked America's farms and main streets with his magic T, should have spent so many of his later years preserving the relics of the same rural scene that he banished.

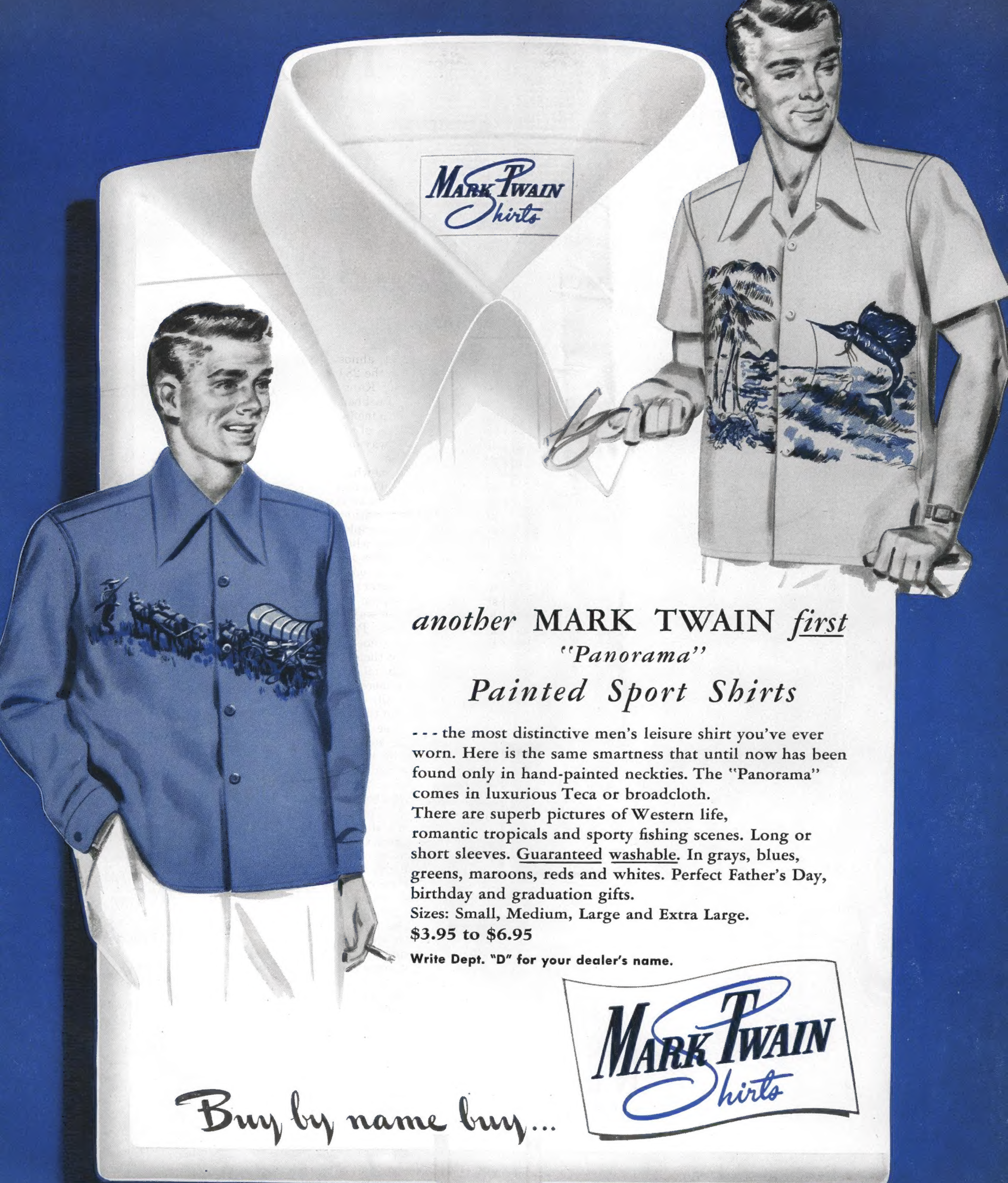
And so you may tell the Lama that if you want to kindle remembrance in the heart of the American male, speak of his old cars before you ask of his old loves.

He will tell you then, as we can, of that first car he owned, and of that unforgotten thrill as he drove it away—his own. We remember, for example, an ancient T Ford, purchased for $2.00 in cash by a syndicate of schoolboys (we plunged heavily for a director's chair at fifty cents) which came to the end of its long and honorable career precisely as it sat, first in line, on the Fort Lee ferry, outbound from New York to New Jersey. The syndicate worked feverishly over the defunct T during the voyage, but it was obvious that all life had fled, and that the mechanical spirit of the T had already returned to its Dearborn Valhalla. So, with a sigh, the Chairman of the Board removed the license plates, and the members of the syndicate stepped back and coolly mingled with the crowd of foot passengers. It was rather interesting for a while, after the ferry docked, to watch the frantic efforts of the captain and crew to find the car owner, since the T was blocking all exit from the ferry. The excitement became boring after a bit, however, and we left for the more varied delights of Palisades Amusement Park, without a backward glance at the chariot, which is, undoubtedly, still there.

That was the day when, like every other American boy, we had to memorize the make and specifications of every car that rolled. Our mind, uncluttered by plans of atomic warfare and planetary destruction, housed such simple knowledge as the wheelbase length of a Chalmers, the piston displacement of a Maxwell as compared with a Flint; we could have driven the reverse shift of a Dodge as knowingly as change a tire on the yellow Stutz Bearcat that parked on our block like a great sleepy panther.

There were great names then abroad in the land—Stevens Duryea, Stanley Steamer, Locomobile, Franklin, Winton, Mercer, Overland, Brewster, Rambler—and time even to see them all as they rolled past. And a shy lad who discovered a new make parked

Continued on page 10

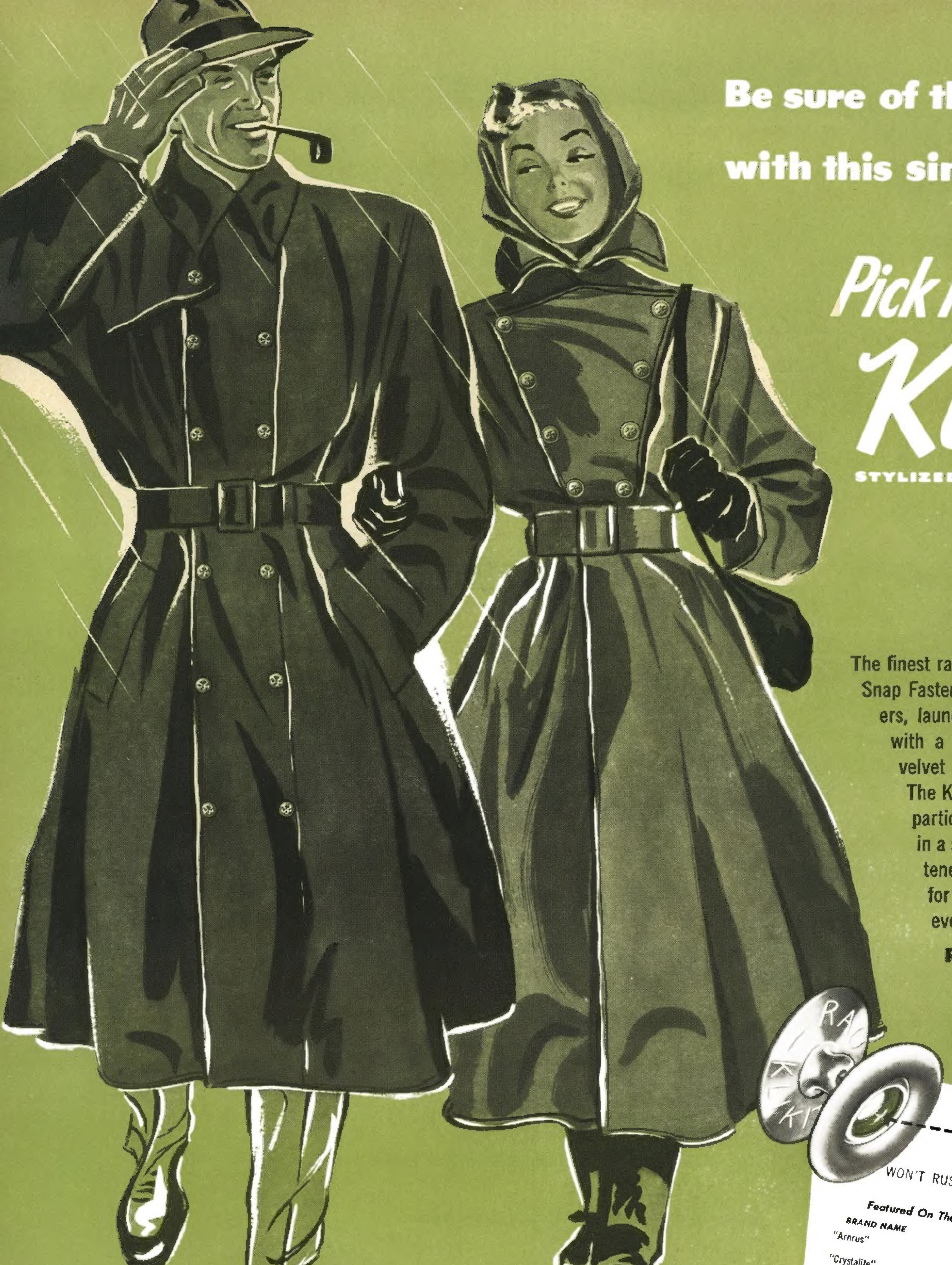


another MARK TWAIN *first*
"Panorama"
Painted Sport Shirts

- - - the most distinctive men's leisure shirt you've ever worn. Here is the same smartness that until now has been found only in hand-painted neckties. The "Panorama" comes in luxurious Teca or broadcloth.
There are superb pictures of Western life, romantic tropicals and sporty fishing scenes. Long or short sleeves. Guaranteed washable. In grays, blues, greens, maroons, reds and whites. Perfect Father's Day, birthday and graduation gifts.
Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large.
$3.95 to $6.95
Write Dept. "D" for your dealer's name.

Buy by name buy... Mark Twain Shirts

ELDER MANUFACTURING COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS
Manufacturers of MARK TWAIN SHIRTS for Men and TOM SAWYER Apparel for Real Boys



Be sure of the best with this simple test

Pick it with a Klikit

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

STYLIZED SNAP FASTENER

The finest rainwear is styled with KLIKIT Snap Fasteners. Unlike ordinary fasteners, laundryproof KLIKITS are made with a floating spring that assures velvet smooth controlled tension. The KLIKITS shown were designed particularly to provide the ultimate in a serviceable and beautiful fastener for plastic rainwear. Look for KLIKIT Snap Fasteners on every garment you buy.

RAU FASTENER CO.
Providence 7, R.I.

KLIKIT'S PATENTED FLOATING SPRING

WON'T RUST! WON'T BREAK! WON'T SMASH!

Featured On These Leading Brands of Rainwear

BRAND NAME	MANUFACTURER	CITY-STATE
"Arnrus"	National Transparent Plastics	Springfield, Massachusetts
"Crystalite"	Boland Mfg. Co.	Winona, Minn.
"Elasti-Glass"	S. Buchsbaum Co.	Chicago, Ill.
"Esskee"	Esskee Novelty Co.	Corona, L. I., N.Y.
"Harjax Creations"	Harjax Creations Mfg. Co.	New York, N. Y.
"Harber"	Harber Products Co.	St. Louis, Mo.
"Hygrade"	Hygrade Novelty Co.	New York, N. Y.
"Jera-Na"	Jera-Na Mfg. Co.	New York, N. Y.
"Made of Goodyear Vinylfim"	Richards and Assoc.	Chicago, Ill.
"Plastikwear Fashions Travelaire"	National Plastikwear Fashions, Inc.	New York, New York
"Plassie"	Whitewater Raincoat Co.	Whitewater, Wis.
"Protex"	Protex Products Co.	Jersey City, N. J.
"Rain Beau"	Frost Mfg. Co.	Chicago, Ill.
"Royal Sheen"	King Associates	New York, N. Y.
"Storm King"	S. Buchsbaum Co.	Chicago, Ill.
"Seigal"	A. L. Seigal	Middlesex, N. J.
"The Great Coat"	S. Buchsbaum Co.	Chicago, Ill.
"Wat-A-Kote"	Almar Manufacturing Co.	Washington, Georgia
"Warren's Feathertex"	The Warren Featherbone Co.	Three Oaks, Michigan

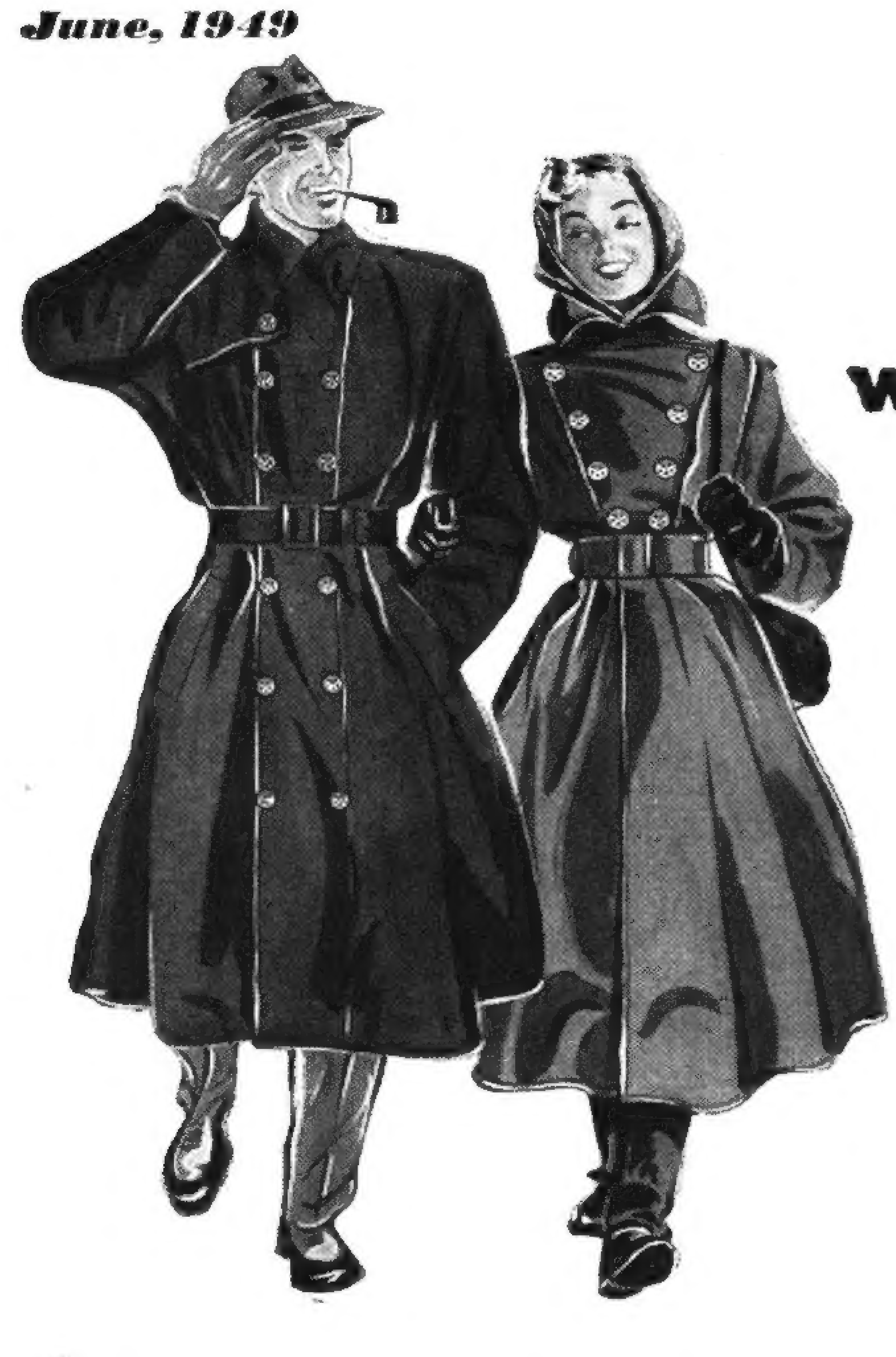
REFUND OR REPLACEMENT GUARANTEED by PARENTS MAGAZINE IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

WATCH FOR OTHER PRODUCTS

IN FUTURE KLIKIT ADS

Coat models courtesy S. Buchsbaum Co.



"outsmart the rain!"

with ELASTI-GLASS*

*REG. U.S. T.M.

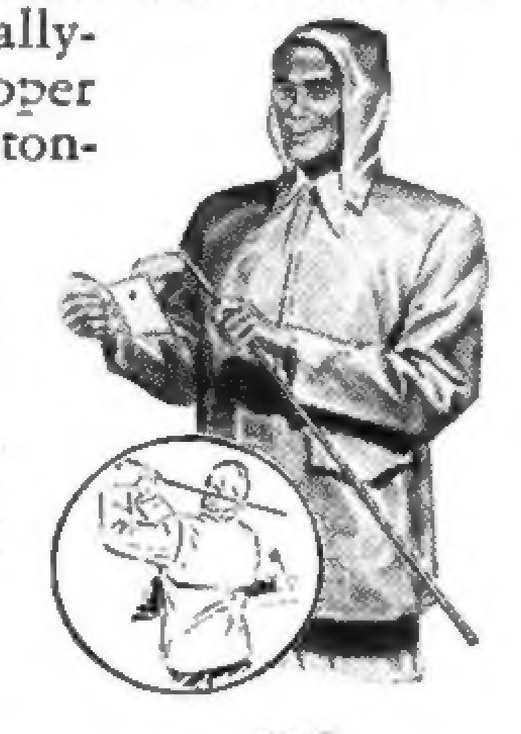
*made of Vinylite PLASTICS

Illustrated on the left—Elasti-Glass "Storm King" men's raincoat with full ventilated yoke back, two-way pockets, in Metallic Tan, Gunmetal, Air Force Blue, or Palladium, with carrying bag, $9.95 ... the new Elasti-Glass double-breasted ladies' "Greatcoat" with gracefully flared skirt, gold-colored "Klik-It" snap buttons, zipper hood in Navy Blue, Green-lite, Wine-lite or Purple with shoulder strap carrying case, $9.95. Booties, transparent crystal, in carrying case, $4.95.

Other Elasti-Glass Coats at $3.95 and Up

Tested and Approved by the "Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc."

Here are breath-taking miracles by the world's first and foremost makers of plastic rainwear. They are Buchsbaum "originals" fashioned from new types of gleaming, supple, waterproof VINYLITE materials. Exclusive Elasti-Glass features include: stitchless, electronically-sealed flat seams that assure greatest strength and proper drape, two-way pockets, three-way belts, attractive button-style Klip-It snap fasteners.



Elasti-Glass All Weather Sport Jacket—so yielding, so feather light, so fully ventilated—you scarcely know you're wearing it. Allows full, free arm action. *100% waterproof and windproof!* Strong, electronically-sealed flat seams. Smart flap pockets, ventilated yoke back, underarm vents, detachable hood. Amazingly compact—can be carried in your pocket. Choice of Metallic Tan, Palladium and Crystal, $5.95.

S. Buchsbaum & Co.

MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1888

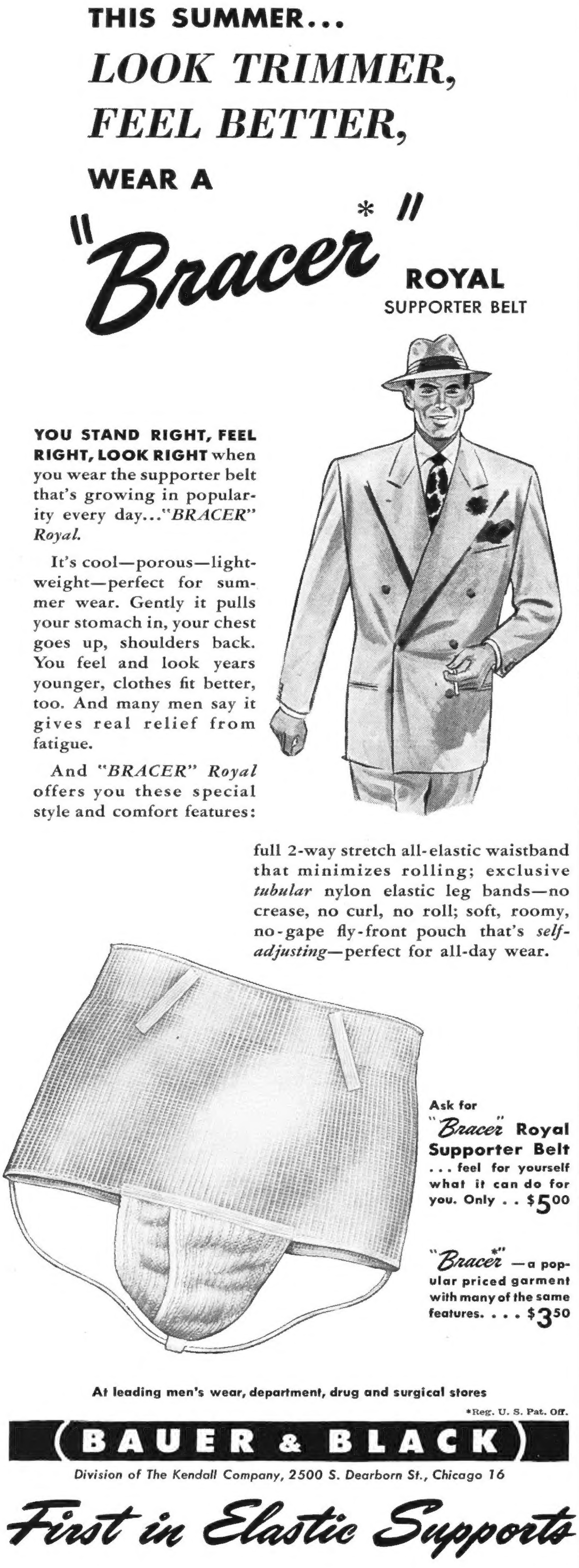
1737 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 16, Illinois

AT THESE LEADING RETAILERS

Here are some of the nation's outstanding retailers who are featuring this new rainwear by Buchsbaum. Space limitations prevent us from listing all dealers. If your city is not listed—write us for names of dealers in your locality.

Aberdeen, Washington: Sanders—**Akron, Ohio:** The M. O'Neil Company—**Albany, Georgia:** Johnston and Glass—**Albany, New York:** C. L. Summer and Company—**Albemarle, North Carolina:** James Clothing—**Albert Lea, Minnesota:** Wallace's of Albert Lea—**Albion, Michigan:** L. F. Blaisdell; Bullen's—**Alexandria, Louisiana:** Wellan's—**Ann Arbor, Michigan:** Kuohn's Mens Shop; Stadel and Sons; Wagner's—**Asheboro, North Carolina:** Hudson-Belk Company—**Asheville, North Carolina:** M. V. Moore and Company—**Atlanta, Georgia:** Davison, Paxon Company—**Atlantic City, New Jersey:** Boardwalk Tie Shop—**Auburn, Alabama:** Olin L. Hill—**Auburn, Washington:** Rottle's Department Store—**Aurora, Illinois:** Alshuler's; Schmitz and Gretencort; S. S. Sencenbaugh Company—**Austin, Minnesota:** Wallace's, Inc.—**Austin, Texas:** University Co-op—**Baltimore, Maryland:** Brager's; Brandau's Men Shop; Buckman's; Father and Son Shop; Algot Frisk; Gage Clothes; The Hub; Hutzler Bros. Company; Little Jeff's Department Store; Princely—**Baton Rouge, Louisiana:** Rosenfield's; Dalton's—**Battle Creek, Michigan:** Brandl Brothers; Faulhaber's Store for Men; Fausey's Inc.; Amos H. Stevens Company—**Bay City, Michigan:** May Clothing Company—**Beaumont, Texas:** The Fair Inc.; The White House—**Beckley, West Virginia:** Silver Brand Clothes, Inc.—**Belleville, Illinois:** Borman's—**Belmont, Massachusetts:** Wm. Filene's Sons Company—**Beloit, Wisconsin:** Dunnick's—**Bennington, Vermont:** E. L. Nichols Store—**Benton Harbor, Michigan:** Rohring Clothing Company—**Berkley, Michigan:** Martin's Men's Wear—**Beverly Hills, California:** Jerry Rothschild—**Biloxi, Mississippi:** Morrison's Men's Shop—**Birmingham, Alabama:** Loveman, Joseph and Loeb—**Bloomington, Illinois:** C. W. Klemm, Inc.; Ulbrich and Kraft—**Bloomington, Indiana:** The Eagle Inc.—**Bluefield, West Virginia:** Silver Brand Clothes, Inc.—**Bluffton, Ohio:** Steiner and Huser—**Blytheville, Arkansas:** Heinemann's Department Store—**Boise, Idaho:** M. Alexander Inc.—**Boston, Massachusetts:** Chandler and Company; Wm. Filene's Sons Company; Gilchrist's; Jordan Marsh Company; Browning King; Leopold Morse Company; R. H. Stearns Company—**Bowling Green, Kentucky:** Hall's Men's Shop; Dave Rabold and Son; Warrens Mens Store—**Brownsville, Texas:** Terry Farris Company—**Brownwood, Texas:** Gus J. Rosenberg—**Brunswick, Georgia:** George W. Owens—**Buffalo, New York:** The Kleinhan's Company; Sattler's—**Cambridge, Massachusetts:** Leopold Morse Company—**Camden, South Carolina:** Outlook Shop; W. Sheorn and Son—**Carthage, Missouri:** Miller's—**Cedar Falls, Iowa:** Baxter Clothing Company—**Cedar Rapids, Iowa:** Armstrong's—**Centreville, Maryland:** Pearle E. Bishop; Howard W. Ryland—**Champaign, Illinois:** Flynn's; Greenman Brothers; Jack 'n' Jill; Kaufman's Inc.; Myers Fashions—**Charleston, South Carolina:** Belk-Robinson Company—**Charleston, West Virginia:** The Diamond; Frankenberger and Company—**Charlotte, North Carolina:** J. B. Ivey and Company; Jack Wood, Ltd.—**Charlottesville, Virginia:** The Young Mens Shop—**Chattanooga, Tennessee:** The Sports Shop—**Chicago, Illinois:** Albert's Stores; Anderson Department Store; B and F Mens Shop; Baer Brothers and Prodie; Carson Pirie Scott and Company; Chicago Rainwear Company; David's Store For Men; Franks Department Store; Gassman; Gildin's; Goldblatt Brothers; Goodfriend Shirt Company; Hobbies and Sports; Home Store; Howard and Company; Tom Hynes; Robert Jarad, Ltd.; L and F Tailors; Mandel Brothers; Morris Men's Shop; The Peoples Store; Maurice L. Rothschild and Company; Saper's Men's Shop; Art Schachtels Men Shops; Sol's Men's Shop; Star Department Store; Tobias Mens Store; Washington Shirt Company—**Cicero, Illinois:** Pruckler Toggery—**Cincinnati, Ohio:** H and S Pogue Company; The Rollman and Sons Company; The John Shillito Company—**Clarksburg, West Virginia:** Loar and White Company—**Clear Lake, Iowa:** Pease the Clothier—**Cleveland, Ohio:** The Colonial Company; Fries and Schuele Company; The Halle Brothers Company; The Higbee Company; The May Company; Harry Schwarz Men's Wear; Stern's Mens Wear—**Clinton, Tennessee:** Clinton Toggery—**Colorado Springs, Colorado:** Goodbar's The Mans Store—**Columbus, Ohio:** The Fair Department Store; Harry Masser Company—**Council Bluff, Iowa:** People's Department Store; Joe Smith and Company—**Cumberland, Maryland:** The Hub; Kaplon's Young Men's Shop—**Dallas, Texas:** A. Harris and Company; Kingsbury; Sanger Brothers; Titche-Goettinger Company—**Danbury, Connecticut:** Arthur's—**Danville, Illinois:** Meis Brothers, Inc.; Snider's—**Davenport, Iowa:** Killian's; Simon and Landauer—**Dayton, Ohio:** The Rike-Kumler Company—**Decatur, Alabama:** W. M. Bailey and Company—**Decatur, Illinois:** Blakeney and Plum; Drobisch-Muirhead—**Delavan, Wisconsin:** Bowers-Kelley Company, Inc.—**Denison, Texas:** Dad and Lad's Inc.—**Denton, Texas:** La Mode—**Derby, Connecticut:** The Howard and Barber Company—**Des Moines, Iowa:** New Utica; Taylors; Younkers of Iowa—**Detroit, Michigan:** Crowley Milner Company; Hessings Mens Shop; Hoffman's Mens Shop; The J. L. Hudson Company; Ernst Kern Company; Pettine Formal Wear; J. L. Stone Company; Leo W. Walser Inc.—**Dixon, Illinois:** Hank Henry, Inc.—**Dows, Iowa:** Charlson's Clothes Shop—**Du Bois, Pennsylvania:** Gus Korb, Inc.—**Durant, Mississippi:** Hugh McLellan—**Durham, North Carolina:** Varsity Men's Shop—**Dyersburg, Tennessee:** Manner's Men's Shop—**East Alton, Illinois:** Thomas L. Van Preter—**East Lansing, Michigan:** Gards; Len Kositchek's Varsity Shop—**East Liverpool, Ohio:** D. M. Ogilvie; Robins and Sant—**East Saint Louis, Illinois:** Al's of East Saint Louis—**Elmhurst, Illinois:** Ollswang's Department Store; Ruby's, Inc.—**Endicott, New York:** Vaughn's—**Enid, Oklahoma:** Newman Mercantile Company—**Eugene, Oregon:** Hendershott's—**Evanston, Illinois:** Washington Shirt Company—**Evansville, Indiana:** Pittilla's—**Everett, Washington:** Rumbaugh MacLain—**Fairbury, Illinois:** Fred Feldman and Sons—**Fairfield, Iowa:** Rockwood's—**Fairmont, Minnesota:** St. Clair and Cizinski; Bob Wallace Mercantile Company—**Fairmont, North Carolina:** Forester's Men's Wear—**Falls City, Nebraska:** Dan C. Arendt Clothing Company—**Falmouth, Massachusetts:** The Store of 3 Wonders—**Fitzgerald, Georgia:** Friedlander's—**Flint, Michigan:** Crawford and Zimmerman; Sackrider's—**Forsyth, Georgia:** E. W. Banks Company; Forsyth Mercantile Company—**Fort Smith, Arkansas:** Tilles, Inc.—**Fort Wayne, Indiana:** Boston Store; Kuthners Mens Wear; Leslie and Company—**Fort Worth, Texas:** Leonards; Meacham's; W. C. Stripling Company; Washer Brothers—**Framingham, Massachusetts:** Gilchrist's—**Frankford, West Virginia:** McClintic's Store—**Frankfort, Kentucky:** Capitol Fashion—**Franklin, New Hampshire:** Holmes and Nelson Inc.—**Frederick, Maryland:** New Schoeder's Inc.—**Gainesville, Florida:** Silverman's—**Galesburg, Illinois:** The Continental Clothing House; Maurita Dale Shop; Stern and Field of Galesburg, Inc.—**Galveston, Texas:** Sam J. Williams—**Gardner, Massachusetts:** Goodnow-Pearson Company—**Gary, Indiana:** Gordons; Millers Toggery; Washington Shirt Company—**Glendale, California:** Harris and Frank, Inc.—**Grand Island, Nebraska:** Greenberger—**Grand Rapids, Michigan:** Earl Cox and Company; Wurzburg Company—**Green Bay, Wisconsin:** Fogels Mens Wear—**Greenville, Ohio:** Ed Cornellis; Seiler Sport Shop—**Greenville, South Carolina:** Stewart-Merritt Company; Stone Brothers Inc.—**Grosse Pointe, Michigan:** Liebold's Men's Wear—**Guthrie, Oklahoma:** Noel Datin Clothing and Shoes; Powell's—**Hagerstown, Maryland:** Hoffman's; Rudisill and Wolber—**Hamilton, Ohio:** Wilmur's, Inc.—**Harlan, Kentucky:** The Quality Shop—**Harlingen, Texas:** Brasher and Jones; The Mans Shop; Pate Brothers; Uptown Men's Wear Inc.—**Hartford, Connecticut:** Brown Thomson Inc.; Leopold Morse Company—**Hartley, Iowa:** The Hub Clothiers—**Hartsville, South Carolina:** J. L. Coker and Company—**Hattiesburg, Mississippi:** Fine Bros. Matison Company—**Haverhill, Massachusetts:** Nichols and Morse—**Hazlehurst, Mississippi:** J. C. Piper Company, Inc.—**Highland Park, Michigan:** Palmer's Men's Wear; Shifman's Mens Wear—**High Point, North Carolina:** Cannon-Fitzer Company; Wright-Womble-Pitts, Inc.—**Hillsdale, Michigan:** F. L. Farnsworth and Son—**Hollandale, Mississippi:** Cates Bargain Store—**Hollywood, California:** Columbia—**Holyoke, Massachusetts:** A. Steiger and Company—**Hopewell, Virginia:** Aldridge Clothing Company; Clark and Pritchard—**Hopkinsville, Kentucky:** S. Klein Department Store—**Huntingdon Park, California:** Eastern-Columbia—**Huntington, West Virginia:** Geo. H. Wright Company—**Huntsville, Alabama:** Fowler's—**Indianapolis, Indiana:** The Wm. H. Block Company; Jules Medias; H. P. Wasson and Company—**Iowa City, Iowa:** Bremers; Dunn's Inc.—**Iowa Falls, Iowa:** Kloves—**Ithaca, New York:** Schmaus Clothes; The Sport Shop—**Jackson, Michigan:** Farnham's, Inc.; Miller's Clothing Store, Inc.—**Jackson, Mississippi:** Thomas Great M Store, Inc.—**Jackson, Tennessee:** The G. H. Robertson Company—**Jacksonville, Illinois:** Myers Brothers—**Jacksonville, Florida:** Revlis Shop—**Jacksonville Beach, Florida:** Jeter's—**Janesville, Wisconsin:** R. M. Bostwick and Son—**Jefferson, Missouri:** Remley's Clothing—**Kankakee, Illinois:** Jaffe and Sons—**Kannapolis, North Carolina:** Belks Bargain Store—**Kansas City, Missouri:** Emery, Bird, Thayer Dry Goods Company; The Jones Store Company; George B. Peck Company; President Shops; Washington Shirt Company—**Kingstree, South Carolina:** Silverman's Department Store—**Kingsville, Texas:** Laws Mens Shop—**Kinston, North Carolina:** L. Harvey and Son Company; A. J. Sutton and Sons—**Kokomo, Indiana:** Jack Maher and Son—**Knoxville, Tennessee:** Dean Clothing Company; S. H. George and Sons; M. E. Green—**Lacrosse, Wisconsin:** Nelson Clothing Company—**Lafayette, Indiana:** Dewenter and Company; Loeb's; Rogers—**La Grange, Illinois:** Lowry's—**Lake Charles, Louisiana:** The Fair Inc.—**Lake City, Florida:** Bruce Clothing Company—**Lakeland, Florida:** Racy's—**Lakewood, Ohio:** The Jay Shoppe—**Lancaster, Ohio:** Mattox—**Lancaster, South Carolina:** Woodley's—**Lansing, Michigan:** Louis Beck Company; Brooks Mens Shop; Gordon's; H. Kositchek and Brothers—**Laporte, Indiana:** Low's Clothing Store—**La Salle, Illinois:** Gordon's—**Lebanon, Tennessee:** McClain and Smith Company—**Lexington, Mississippi:** Flowers Department Store; N. Schur General Merchandise; Williams Outlet Store—**Lincoln Park, Michigan:** Sims Mens Wear—**Lincoln Park, Pennsylvania:** The Sherwood Company—**Litchfield, Kentucky:** Vincent Store for Men—**Logan, West Virginia:** Silver Brand Clothes, Inc.—**Logansport, Indiana:** H. J. Bailey and Sons—**Long Beach, California:** Desmond's; Walker's—**Loris, South Carolina:** The Globe—**Los Angeles, California:** The Broadway; Bullock's; Desmond's; Harris and Frank, Inc.; The May Company; Milliron's—**Louisville, Kentucky:** Goldberg's Tailors; Lehman's Men Wear; Lewis and Hastings; Louisville Military Outfitter; Moseson King—**Lowell, Massachusetts:** A. G. Pollard Company—**Ludlow, Massachusetts:** Mac's Men's Shop—**Lumberton, North Carolina:** Sugar's Men's Shop—**McAllen, Texas:** The Man's Shop—**Macon, Georgia:** Herbert Smart Clothing Company—**Mankato, Minnesota:** Fisher Clothing Company Inc.; Stevenson's Inc.—**Mansfield, Ohio**—Fashion Lane Clothiers; Doc Hamman—**Marianna, Florida:** The Parisian; J. C. Smith Dry Goods Company—**Marion, Ohio:** Smith Clothing Company—**Marshalltown, Iowa:** Gildners—**Memphis, Tennessee:** J. Goldsmith and Sons; B. Lowenstein and Bros. Inc.—**Michigan City, Indiana:** Cush and Ginther; Chas. White Men's Wear—**Middlesboro, Kentucky:** Tamer's—Middletown, Ohio: Central Store—**Millville, New Jersey:** Prince's—**Milwaukee, Wisconsin:** Boston Store; Gimbel Brothers; Johnnie Walker Stores—**Minneapolis, Minnesota:** Carr's; Dayton Company; L. S. Donaldson Company; Goodyear Rainwear Company; Powers Dry Goods Company, Inc.; Washington Shirt Company; Wessner Clothiers and Tailor—**Missouri Valley, Iowa:** Bradley Clothing Company—**Monroe, Louisiana:** Sig Haas and Sons; Masur Brothers Inc.—**Monroe, Michigan:** Heil's Clothiers; Kessells Fashion Shop—**Morgantown, West Virginia:** The Jacobs Clothing Company—**Morton, Illinois:** Smart Shop; Witzig's—**Moultrie, Georgia:** Heller's—**Mount Healthy, Ohio:** Anthony's Men's Shop—**Mount Holly, North Carolina:** Paul Derr—**Mount Pleasant, Iowa:** John A. Laugor—**Muskegon, Michigan:** Harold's Mens Wear; Square Clothing; Vets Mens Wear—**Napoleon, Ohio:** Augenstein and Hoeffel; Hoy's—**Nashville, Tennessee:** Yorke Men's Shop—**Natchez, Mississippi:** The Hub Credit Clothiers—**Nebraska City, Nebraska:** Dammast Clothing Company—**New Albany, Indiana:** P. A. Niemaier Company—**Newberry, South Carolina:** Bergen Clothing Company—**New Brighton, Pennsylvania:** Deitrick's Specialty Shop; Mother Goose Shoppe—**New Castle, Indiana:** Cliff Payne—**New Orleans, Louisiana:** Sam Bonart Uniforms Inc.; Hellman's; D. H. Holmes Company, Ltd.; Krauss Company, Ltd.; Maison Blanche Company, Ltd.—**Newport, Tennessee:** C. E. McNabb and Son—**Newton, Kansas:** Hogans—**New York, New York:** B. Altman and Company; Bloomingdales; Bodee's Mens Shop; Phil Brinn Inc.; Commodore Mens Shop; Arnold Constable; Davega Stores Corp.; Leonard Franks; Gimbel Brothers; Goodyear 42nd Street; H. King and Company; David Landau Inc.; James McCreery and Company; Pennsylvania Mens Shop; Safe Rainwear Company; Saks 34th; Weber and Weber; White and White Inc.—**Norman, Oklahoma:** Arwoods Department Store—**North Birmingham, Alabama:** The Fair Department Store—**Oakland, California:** The H. C. Capwell Company; Larry Cunningham's; Hale Brothers Stores, Inc.—**Oak Park, Illinois:** Washington Shirt Company—**Oklahoma City, Oklahoma:** Harbour Longmire—**Okmulgee, Oklahoma:** Ramsay Dry Goods Company—**Olympia, Washington:** Gottfeld's; Kresek's Sport Store—**Omaha, Nebraska:** Berg Clothing Company; J. L. Brandeis and Son; Nebraska Clothing Company; Philips Department Store—**Opelika, Alabama:** Hill and Sanderson—**Orlando, Florida:** Walter Menges—**Ottawa, Illinois:** Stiefels—**Ottumwa, Iowa:** T. J. Madden Company; J. B. Sax Company—**Owosso, Michigan:** D. M. Christian Company; Storrer's—**Oxford, Ohio:** Peters and Son—**Paducah, Kentucky:** O'Bryan-Hamilton; B. Weille and Son, Inc.—**Palatka, Florida:** Palatka Clothing Company—**Palo Alto, California:** T. C. Christy Company; Hink's; Smith's "On the Circle"—**Pasadena, California:** The Broadway; Bullock's; Harris and Frank, Inc.—**Pawtucket, Rhode Island:** Shartenberg Inc.—**Pensacola, Florida:** Douglas-Allen; Means Haberdashery; Perlman's—**Peoria, Illinois:** The Bell Clothing and Shoe House, Inc.; P. A. Bergner and Company; The B & M; The Clarke's Store, Inc.; Kleins—**Philadelphia, Pennsylvania:** Gimbel Brothers; Mann and Dilks; Strawbridge and Clothier; John Wanamaker—**Pikesville, Maryland:** The Men's Shop—**Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania:** Gimbel Brothers—**Pittsfield, Massachusetts:** England Brothers Inc.—**Point Pleasant, West Virginia:** Fisher's Department Store—**Pontiac, Michigan:** McNally's; Waites Inc.—**Port Arthur, Texas:** Bluestein's; The Fair Inc.—**Port Huron, Michigan:** Scott Reed; Andy Thomas Men's Wear—**Portland, Maine:** Wm. Filene's Sons Company; Grant Knowles—**Portland, Oregon:** Faturos and Green—**Portsmouth, New Hampshire:** Sheldon's—**Portsmouth, Ohio:** The Criterion; Ziegler's—**Providence, Rhode Island:** The Shepard Company—**Puyallup, Washington:** Gerstmann Brothers—**Quincy, Florida:** The A. L. Wilson Company—**Racine, Wisconsin:** Zahn Dry Goods Company—**Raleigh, North Carolina:** Huneycutt Inc.; McLeod and Watson Company—**Rantoul, Illinois:** Holland's Military Store; Huletts Department Store—**Richmond, Indiana:** Cooper-Evans—**Richmond, Virginia:** Miller and Rhoads, Inc.; Thalhimer's—**Rich Square, North Carolina:** C. M. Slade—**Rochester, Minnesota:** Hanny's Men's Wear; Stevenson's—**Rochester, New York:** The National Clothing Company—**Rock Falls, Illinois:** S and K Clo. Store—**Rock Hill, South Carolina:** Langston's, Inc.—**Rocky Mount, North Carolina:** Bulluck Clothing Company; Bunting, Hardy and Minges; John B. Exum's—**Rome, New York:** C. Oliver Rudd—**Rossville, Georgia:** H & C Mens Wear; Personality Shop—**Royal Oak, Michigan:** Codling's Men's Outfitters—**Russellville, Arkansas:** E. V. Cook Mercantile Company; Cowan-Goodwin Company—**Sacramento, California:** Hale Brothers Stores, Inc.—**Saginaw, Michigan:** Mautner and Krause; Wm. P. Tredo Company; Zauel's—**St. Augustine, Florida:** The Lew Shoppe; St. Augustine Men's Shop—**St. Louis, Missouri:** Boyd-Richardson Company; Famous & Barr Company; Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc.; Stix, Baer and Fuller Co.—**San Benito, Texas:** Terry Farris Stores, Inc.; J. & O. Men's Wear—**San Diego, California:** Harris and Frank, Inc.; Marston Company; Walker-Scott—**Sandoval, Illinois:** Thrift Dress Shop—**San Francisco, California:** City of Paris; The Emporium; Hale Brothers Stores, Inc.; Roos Brothers; The White House—**San Jose, California:** Hale Brothers Stores, Inc.—**San Mateo, California:** City of Paris—**San Rafael, California:** Albert's Town and Country Shop—**Santa Monica, California:** Harris and Frank, Inc.—**Sapulpa, Oklahoma:** Butlers Men's Store; Katz Department Store—**Sarasota, Florida:** The Sport Shop—**Savannah, Georgia:** Harris The Hub—**Schenectady, New York:** H. S. Barney; The Carl Company—**Seattle, Washington:** Eddie Bauer, Inc.; Frederick and Nelson, Inc.; O'Connor's Men's Wear—**Seminole, Oklahoma:** Adwan's Specialty Shop; Hammons Men's Wear—**Sheffield, Alabama:** Olim's—**Shelby, North Carolina:** Loy's Men's Shop; Roberts-Carpenter Men's Shop—**Shelbyville, Kentucky:** Briggs-Hower—**Sherman, Texas:** Taylor-Vaughan—**Sidney, Ohio:** Rhees Clothes; Rike's Shop for Men—**Sioux City, Iowa:** Jack Robinson; Younker-Davidsons—**South Bend, Indiana:** Minkow's Store; George Wyman and Company—**Spartanburg, South Carolina:** Belk-Hudson Company—**Springfield, Illinois:** S. A. Barker Company; B. and F. Toggery—**Springfield, Massachusetts:** Forbes & Wallace—**Springfield, Missouri:** Rubensteins—**Springfield, Ohio:** The "Reco" Store; Jack Thornton's Inc.—**Stanley, North Dakota:** Brooks Clothing—**Sterling, Illinois:** Bradley's, Inc.; Dorsey's (Esq.); Economy Store—**Stillwater, Oklahoma:** Bonney's—**Sumter, South Carolina:** Belk-Stroman Company—**Syracuse, New York:** Dey Brothers and Company; E. W. Edward and Son; Freds Hat Shop; Rob-Roy's—**Tallahassee, Florida:** Alford Brothers, Inc.; French Shop—**Tampa, Florida:** The Outlet—**Terrell, Texas:** The Dunlap Company; Martin-Jarvis Company—**Thomasville, Georgia:** Louis Steyerman and Sons—**Texarkana, Texas:** Kline's—**Tifton, Georgia:** Rollins Men's Shop; Tifton Clothes Shop—**Toledo, Ohio:** LaSalle and Koch Company; Lion Dry Goods Company; A. O. Sprenger; Tiedtkes—**Towson, Maryland:** Oliver's Store for Men—**Troy, North Carolina:** The Fashion Shop; Troy Mens Shop—**Tulsa, Oklahoma:** The Froug Company, Inc.; Vandever's—**Urbana, Illinois:** W. B. James, Clothier; Mona's—**Valdosta, Georgia:** Briggs' Clothing; Keller Clothing Company—**Vallejo, California:** City of Paris—**Valparaiso, Indiana:** Salberg's Toggery—**Versailles, Ohio:** Reed Brothers—**Vicksburg, Michigan:** Anderson's Town and Country—**Vicksburg, Mississippi:** The Valley Dry Goods Company—**Vineland, New Jersey:** Silverman's—**Vinita, Oklahoma:** Byrd and Pyeatt—**Warren, Ohio:** The Griswold Company; Strouss-Hirshberg Company; Wolkoff's—**Washington, D. C.:** The Goldenberg Company; The Hecht Company; Lansburgh and Brother; Metropolitan Haberdashers; Mitchel's Sporting Goods; The Mode; Woodward and Lothrop—**Washington, Indiana:** Donaldson's Toggery—**Washington Court House, Ohio:** Wise's—**Waterbury, Connecticut:** The Howland-Hughes Company—**Waterford, Wisconsin:** A. M. Rittmann and Son—**Waterloo, Iowa:** Gildner's; Milroy's; New York Fashion—**Watkins Glen, New York:** Leo Freudenheim—**Waukegan, Illinois:** Lovinger's—**Waverly, Illinois:** Ryan's Clothing Store—**Wayne, Nebraska:** Larson Clothing Store—**Welch, West Virginia:** Silver Brand Clothes, Inc.—**Wellesley, Massachusetts:** Wm. Filene's Sons Company—**Wellston, Missouri:** Zorensky Brothers—**West Lafayette, Indiana:** Gullion's, Inc.—**Wharton, Texas:** Bernstein's—**Wheaton, Illinois:** Phil Richmond—**Wichita, Kansas:** Bell Clothing Company, Inc.; B. Davis Clothing Company; Henry's Inc.; McVicar's Clothing Company—**Willmar, Minnesota:** Habicht and Habicht—**Wilmington, North Carolina:** McFadyen Brothers; Young Men's Shop—**Wilson, North Carolina:** Howard Adkins, Inc.—**Winchester, Massachusetts:** Wm. Filene's Sons Company—**Winona, Minnesota:** Stevenson's—**Winston-Salem, North Carolina:** Varsity Shop—**Winter Park, Florida:** R. C. Baker—**Worcester, Massachusetts:** Denholm and McKay Company—**Xenia, Ohio:** The Criterion—**Youngstown, Ohio:** Strouss-Hirshberg Company—**Ypsilanti, Michigan:** Wild and Company—**Zeeland, Michigan:** Boonstra Company.

ALSO AVAILABLE AT ALL BOND STORES AND NATIONAL SHIRT SHOPS, Principal Stores, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & COMPANY; MONTGOMERY WARD & COMPANY**



THIS SUMMER...

LOOK TRIMMER, FEEL BETTER,

WEAR A "Bracer*" ROYAL SUPPORTER BELT

YOU STAND RIGHT, FEEL RIGHT, LOOK RIGHT when you wear the supporter belt that's growing in popularity every day..."*BRACER*" *Royal.*

It's cool—porous—lightweight—perfect for summer wear. Gently it pulls your stomach in, your chest goes up, shoulders back. You feel and look years younger, clothes fit better, too. And many men say it gives real relief from fatigue.

And "*BRACER*" *Royal* offers you these special style and comfort features: full 2-way stretch all-elastic waistband that minimizes rolling; exclusive *tubular* nylon elastic leg bands—no crease, no curl, no roll; soft, roomy, no-gape fly-front pouch that's *self-adjusting*—perfect for all-day wear.

Ask for "Bracer" Royal Supporter Belt ... feel for yourself what it can do for you. Only . . $5.00

"Bracer*" —a popular priced garment with many of the same features. . . . $3.50

At leading men's wear, department, drug and surgical stores

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BAUER & BLACK

Division of The Kendall Company, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 16

First in Elastic Supports

Editorial: Where there's a wheel, there's a way

Continued from page 6

by the curb could always sidle over and find the name on the hubcap, which no one ever seemed to want to steal in those golden days.

The Automobile Show was It. You could see every make under one roof, and those shiny miracles were attended by sages who spoke knowingly of the mechanical advantages of the car without benefit of the high-powered phrase. A man could, without embarrassment, schedule a series of trial spins (and take a boy with him) as he tried out competing brands, and drive miles on these demonstrations without any sense of obligation to the friendly salesman.

Think back over your own cars. Evoke your own life in their names. We recall a T Ford all our own (and later on an A we never drove under sixty); a Graham with four forward speeds, and a second gear so worn that it screamed like a stuck pig; a Terraplane convertible that could start faster than a rocket ship (or approximately that fast); a Du Pont with a custom body designed by a boatmaker, replete with brass fixin's, aluminum casings, with wheels as big as table tops, and boasting a canvas top that in its day baffled the efforts of six strong and determined men to put it up.

Now we drive a shiny Diving Bell that goes faster, stops quicker, runs cheaper, smoother, safer, longer and quieter than any that ever came before it. But all those others were our loves, and even while we know that even in a few years this one may go in the remembered album, for the moment it has to serve and earn its way into that hallowed group.

And so, the American male and his car, the miracle of the wheel, that no woman can come between. We caught that intense truth as we invaded Detroit for the preliminary work on the Esquire Automobile Show you find in this issue. We talked to presidents and mechanics; planners and planers. They are a dedicated lot, perhaps unique in American business. They have the faces of generals, students, fighters, immigrants. But you can walk into any bar and grill in Detroit (that city of beautiful girls and paradoxically battered cars) and talk without introduction to the man at your elbow—as long as it's about automobiles.

The subject has always been stated. All you have to do is say what's on your mind. The conversation was started long before you came and it will continue long after you leave:—in bars, in homes, in shops, in garages, in barns, in drawing rooms. Our automobile issue simply brings you some of these fascinating things we picked up in Detroit, that belong to everybody.

In Tibet, the wheel of life turns.

And, in America, every male is born into the great rotary club.

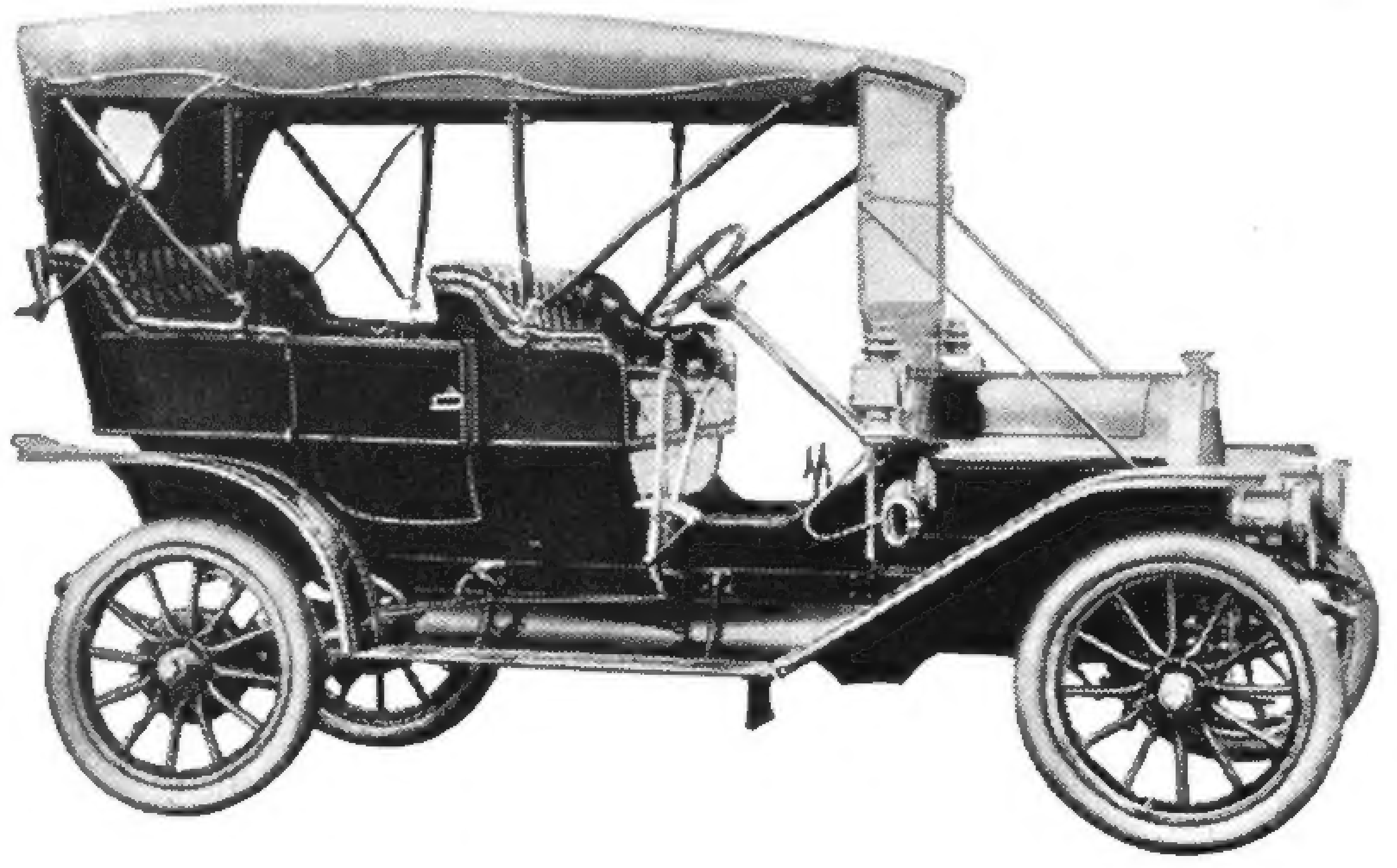
* * *

College men, now hear this: We noted in this column a few months ago the blissful condition of our art director, who picks "queens" for college proms or beauty contests, and still has the nerve to call his work, work. While he is busy mulling over his delectable photographs, we are about a more serious task, although still pointed at the campus. We have written every college undergraduate group we could think of, shooting first for the faculty member on journalism, and inviting the unpublished writer to test his lance against the battle-hardened points of our staff readers. A rugged assignment, naturally, but like any old tournament hands, we want a fair show for all, and to make sure of this, undergraduate writers are requested to submit their manuscripts to our New Discoveries Department, where a sympathetic reading is guaranteed. Just thought you'd like to know: in case some of those term papers look more like literature than an "A".

* * *

In this month's The Sound and the Fury you may read the words of a man we admire greatly, a Mr. Alaint MacPherson, Jr., high-level thinker and dreamer, with the courage to swim upstream. Our man MacPherson advocates skirts for men, with a respectful obeisance to the Scotch kilties, the skirted Greek Palace Guards, the Fiji Constables, and other hard-bitten characters who have eschewed the bifurcated garment.

Our compliments, Mr. Mac: may your scribe increase. ╫



For Men of Distinction...

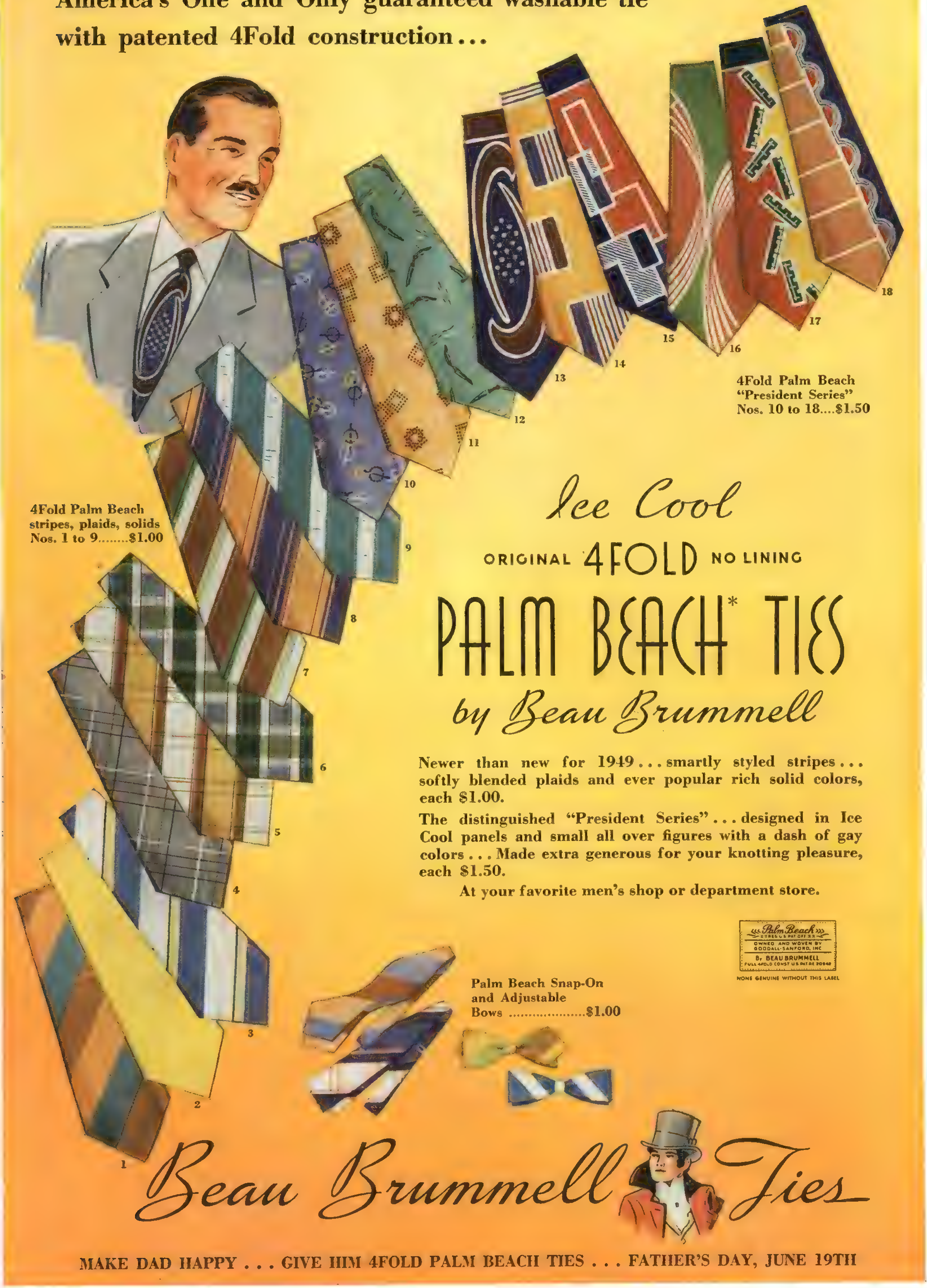
LORD CALVERT

MAGIC FOR MANHATTANS. Good taste is shown by Men of Distinction in drinking moderately—and in requesting the finest when they do. With the magic it lends their drinks, Lord Calvert—*so rare...so smooth...so mellow*—pays tribute to their high standards.

Mr. John Loder, Distinguished star of Broadway and Hollywood.

LORD CALVERT IS A CUSTOM BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

America's One and Only guaranteed washable tie with patented 4Fold construction...



4Fold Palm Beach
"President Series"
Nos. 10 to 18....$1.50

4Fold Palm Beach
stripes, plaids, solids
Nos. 1 to 9........$1.00

Ice Cool

ORIGINAL 4FOLD NO LINING

PALM BEACH* TIES

by Beau Brummell

Newer than new for 1949 . . . smartly styled stripes . . . softly blended plaids and ever popular rich solid colors, each $1.00.

The distinguished "President Series" . . . designed in Ice Cool panels and small all over figures with a dash of gay colors . . . Made extra generous for your knotting pleasure, each $1.50.

At your favorite men's shop or department store.

Palm Beach
REG U S PAT OFF
OWNED AND WOVEN BY
GOODALL-SANFORD, INC
By BEAU BRUMMELL
FULL 4FOLD CONST U S PAT RE 20942

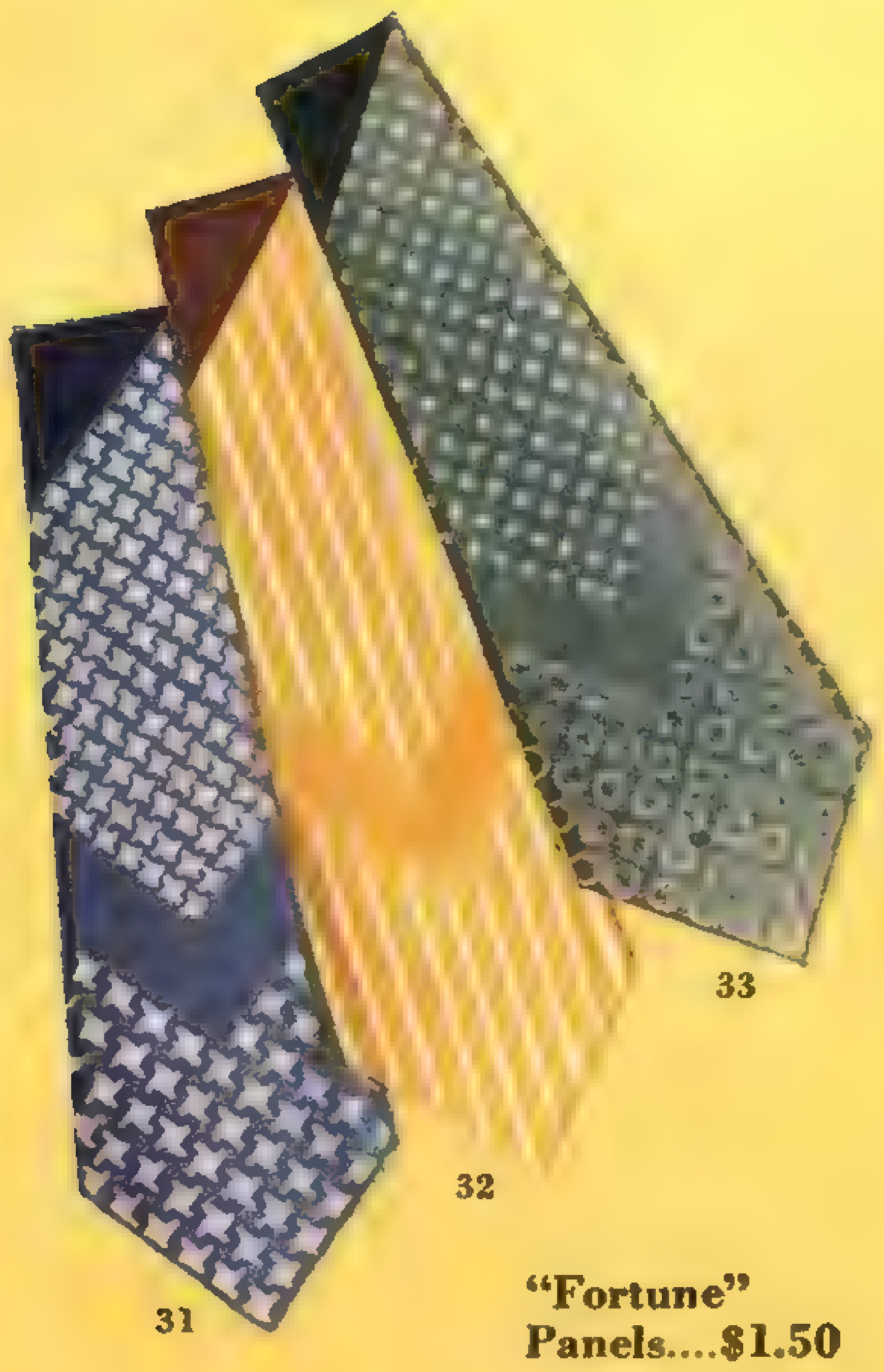
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS LABEL

Palm Beach Snap-On
and Adjustable
Bows $1.00

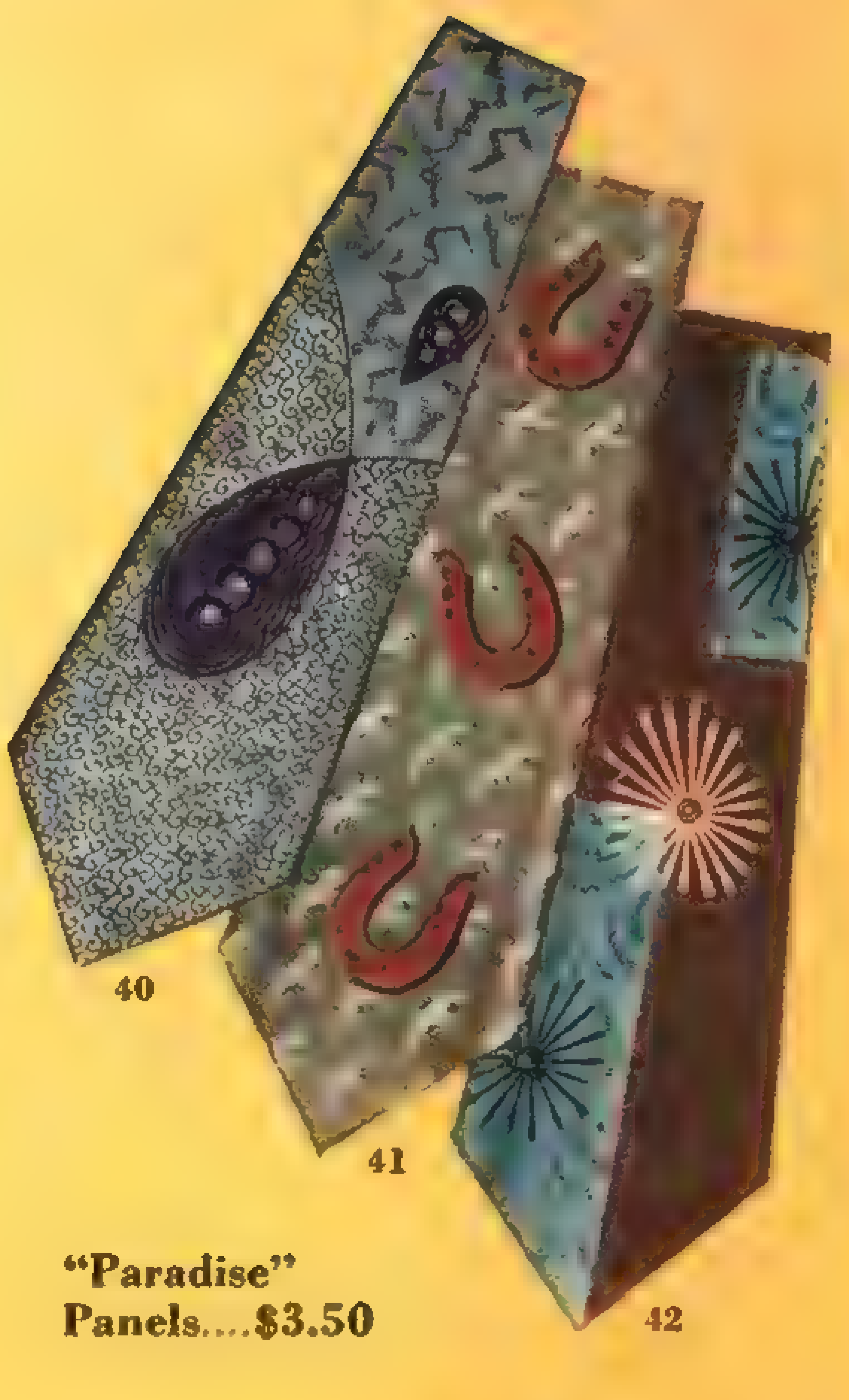
Beau Brummell Ties

MAKE DAD HAPPY . . . GIVE HIM 4FOLD PALM BEACH TIES . . . FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 19TH

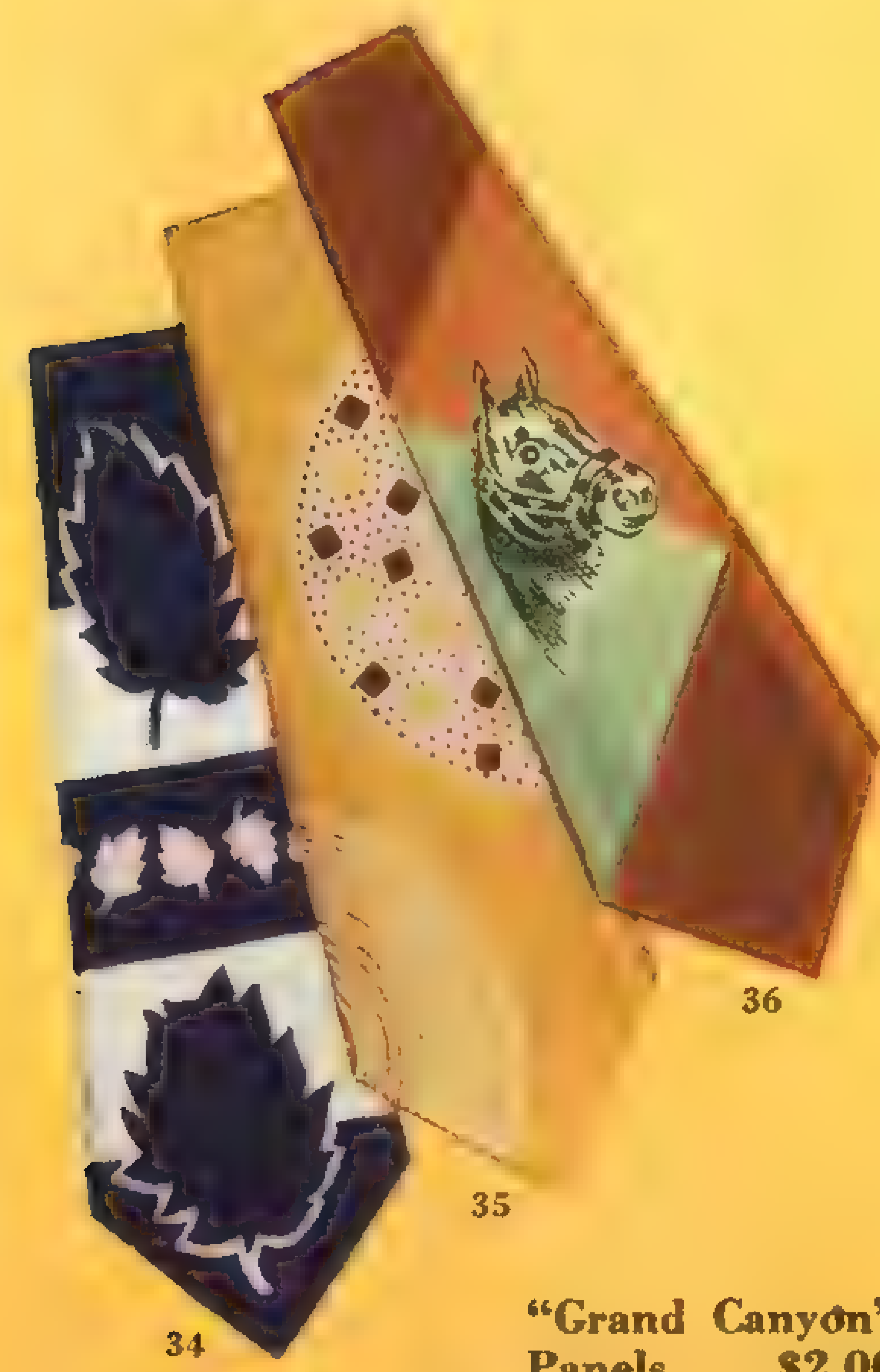
*Trade-mark registered Goodall-Sanford, Inc.



"Fortune"
Panels....$1.50



"Paradise"
Panels....$3.50

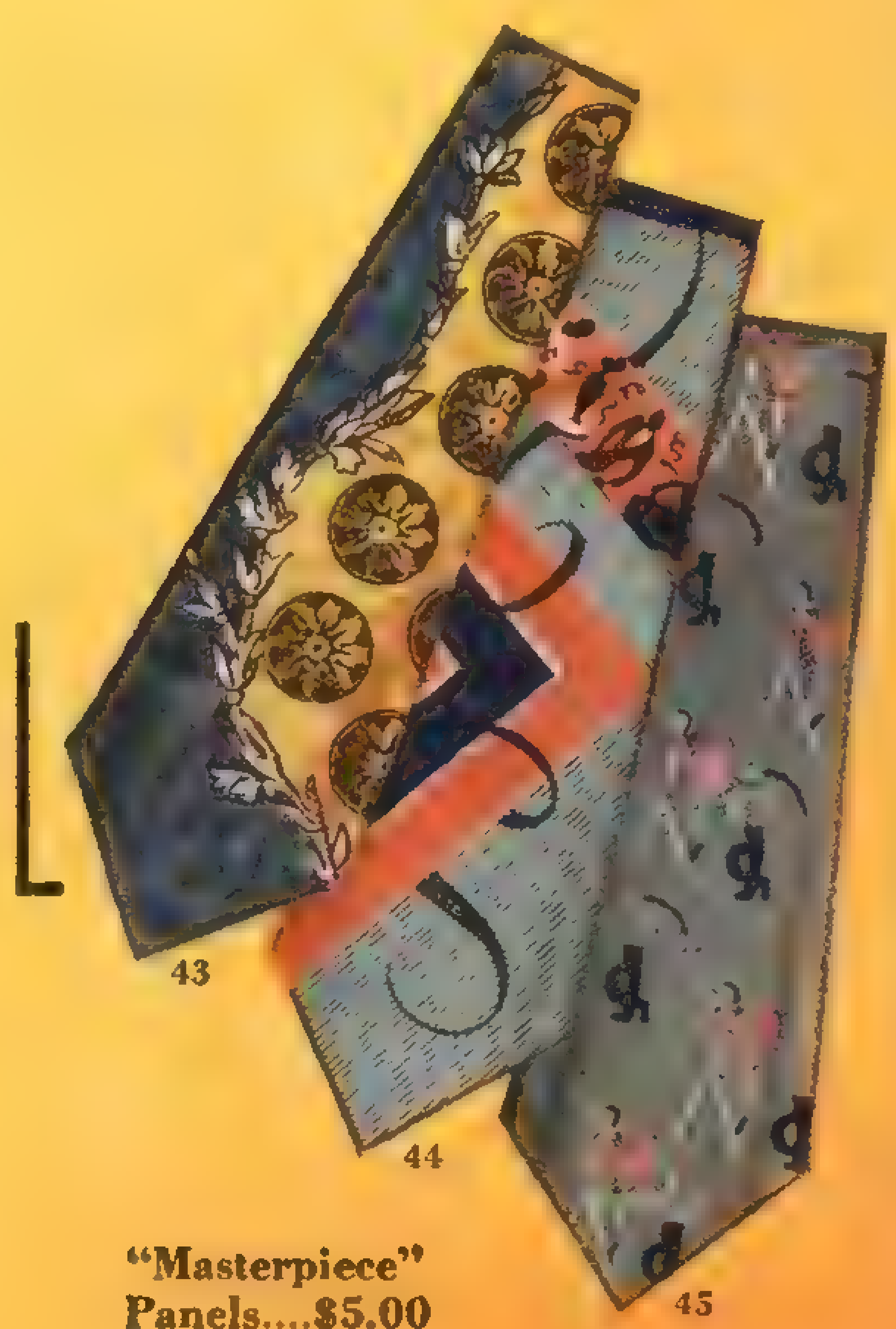


"Grand Canyon"
Panels........$2.00

His preference...

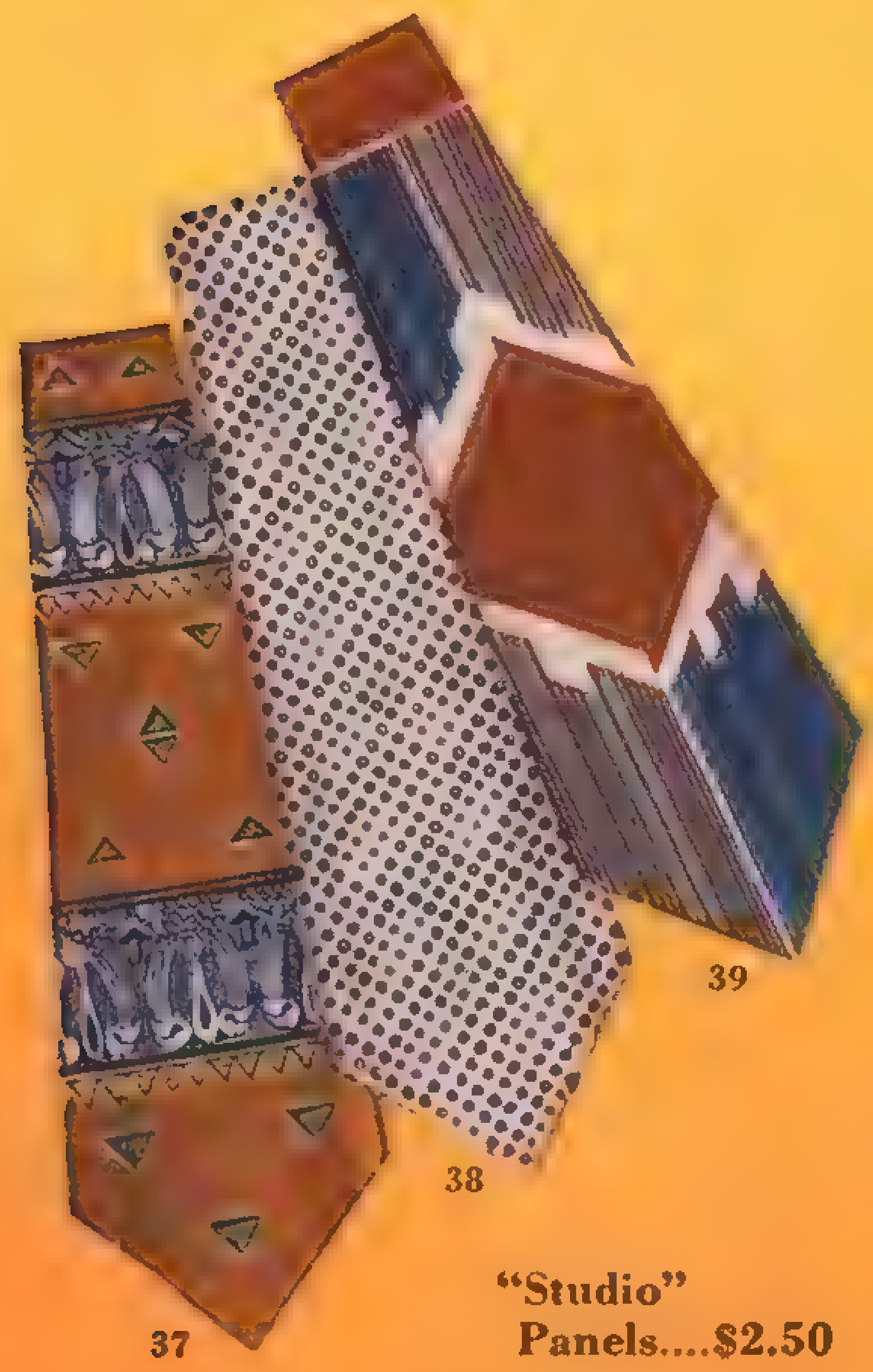
BEAU BRUMMELL
· TIES ·

...the most illustrious name in neckwear

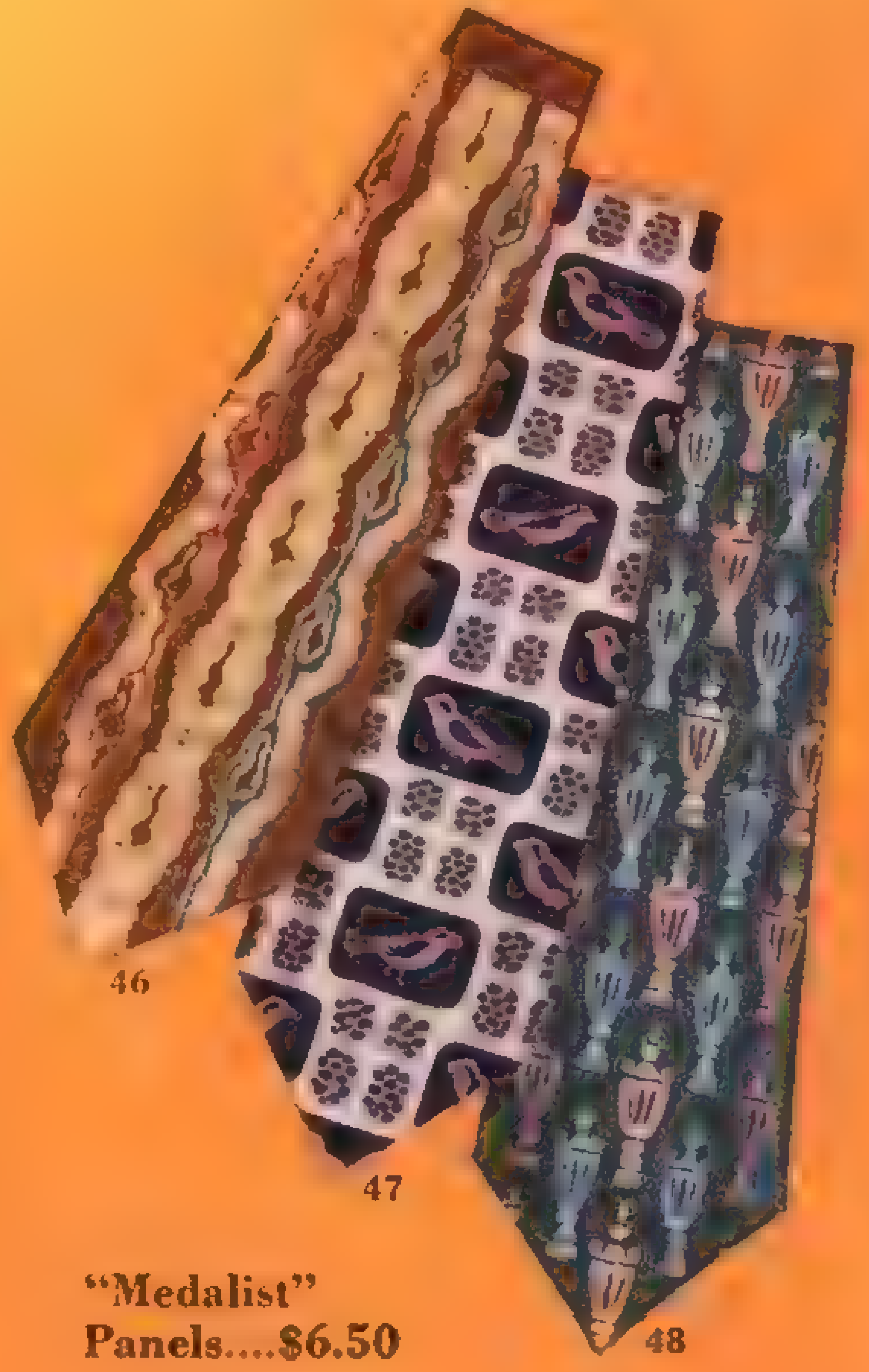


"Masterpiece"
Panels....$5.00

Fashioned in rich luxurious fabrics and colors that add distinction to your appearance . . . There is a difference . . . if it's a Beau Brummell Tie. See them at your favorite men's shop or department store.



"Studio"
Panels....$2.50



"Medalist"
Panels....$6.50

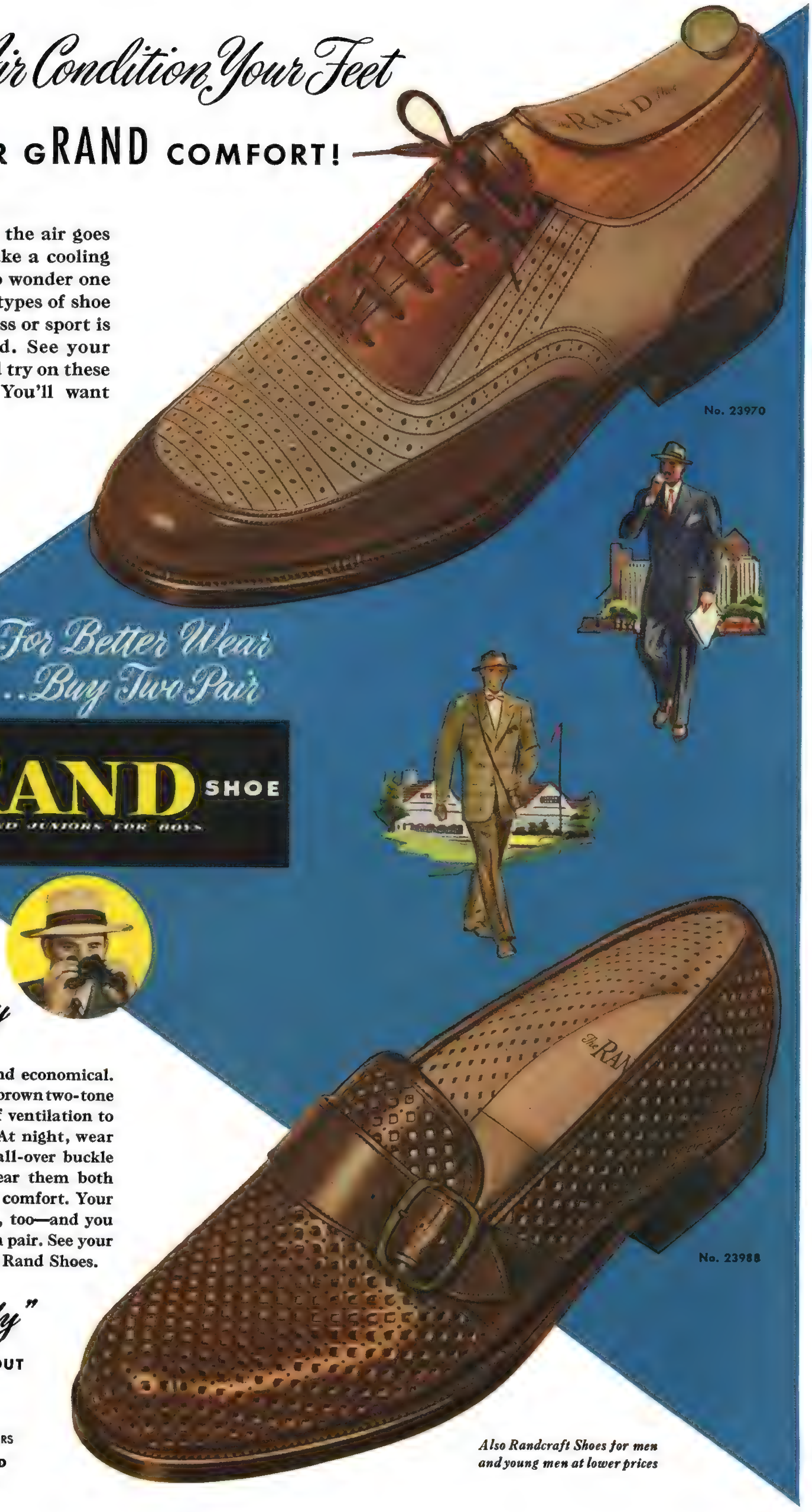
REMEMBER . . . DAD PREFERS BEAU BRUMMELL TIES . . . FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 19TH

Beau Brummell Ties, Inc., Cincinnati 6, Ohio

Air Condition Your Feet

FOR gRAND COMFORT!

The air comes in . . . the air goes out . . . your feet take a cooling breath each time. No wonder one of the most popular types of shoe these days for business or sport is the Rand ventilated. See your Rand dealer soon and try on these oh, so cool shoes. You'll want both styles, we bet.


The RAND
No. 23970
For Better Wear
...Buy Two Pair
THE RAND SHOE
ALSO RAND JUNIORS FOR BOYS
The RAND
No. 23988

Wear a Fresh Pair Each Day

It's wise, comfortable and economical. Wear that "run-around" brown two-tone Rand (above) with lots of ventilation to cool your business day. At night, wear this brown ventilated-all-over buckle loafer Rand (below). Wear them both *every* day for really cool comfort. Your feet feel fresher—you do, too—and you get better wear from each pair. See your dealer—buy *both* pair of Rand Shoes.

BY *"Randy"*

YOUR STYLE SCOUT

MADE BY
THE WORLD'S LARGEST SHOEMAKERS

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND
Division of International Shoe Company
ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

Also Randcraft Shoes for men and young men at lower prices

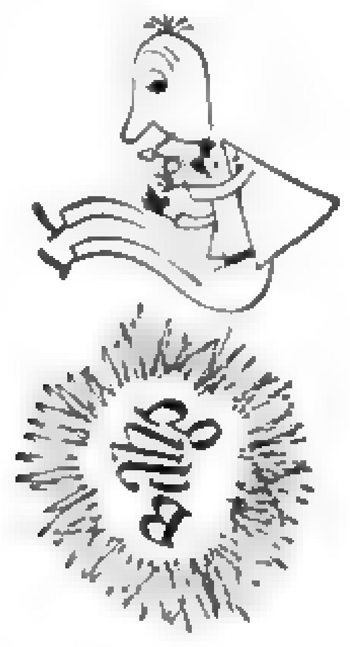
THE SOUND AND THE FURY

playing with fire

In E. B. Marden's story *You Don't Need Brains* (March 1949) gas in a room is exploded by a cigarette which a man is smoking. As far as I know, it is impossible to light a gas-air mixture with a glowing cigarette because the cigarette is never hot enough when smoked in the ordinary way.

I have tried to light gas, ether, pentane, alcohol and many other inflammable vapors with a cigarette and the only one which will light from a cigarette is carbon disulphide. If the man had thrown away his cigarette and started to light a new one as he came into the room, then the gas-air mixture certainly would have exploded, but it is always the match, not the glowing cigarette, which constitutes the greatest fire risk when people smoke where there are inflammable vapors.

Walter S. Hughes
Ojai, Calif.



Editor's Note: *We are glad to be able to say that while E. B. Marden's protagonist led a furtive, questionable kind of life, he died with an authentic bang. We cite no less an authority than the National Board of Fire Underwriters whose experts indorse Harry Ryder's fictional death with enthusiasm. We are justified in assuming that as a chain smoker, Harry took a puff from his cigarette as he entered Connie's gas-filled room, thus raising the temperature of the cigarette from around 975 degrees Fahrenheit to a possible 1832 degrees. Since the ignition temperature of New York City's illuminating gas is 1094 degrees, Harry didn't have to inhale very deeply to conclude his affairs. Esky hastens to add that he does not advise readers interested in any sort of future to try Mr. Hughes' experiments with inflammable vapors.*

praise for a critic

Richard B. Gehman's article *Where Are the Postwar Novels?*, in the March issue of your magazine is a provocative and intelligently-worded indictment of the lack of vitality in contemporary writing. I believe that I have read all of the important books written since 1945, at least the novels, and Gehman's article expresses my sentiments exactly. I have given this article to a number of friends to read and have discussed it with them and I find that although his opinions arouse some controversy all agree that he is an excellent critic and perhaps the best in Esquire since the days of William Phelps. It seems to me that it would be to your advantage to have Gehman do another summary of books about the postwar period.

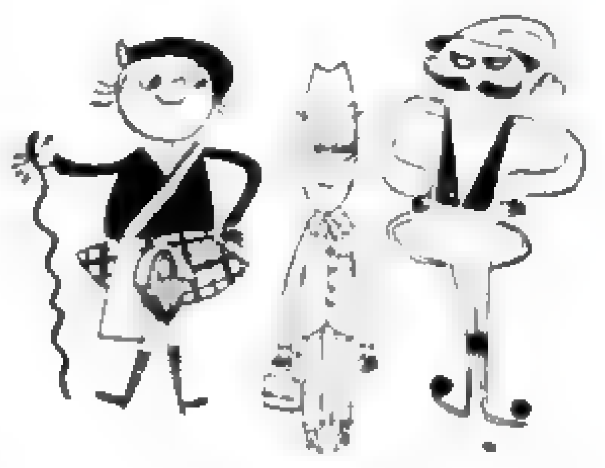
Spofford G. English
Washington, D. C.

bold-look skirts

Lo and Behold! Will the Bold Look stay, and will the man in the street be on his way towards more individualism, boldness and comfort in his manner of dress? Is he heading for an era in which he will be free to choose his fashion according to his wishes, his likes, his comfort, and his personality?

Is he slowly on his way out of his present-day out-dated, impractical and uncomfortable gear for everyday wear? On his way to regain his freedom of choice in matters of dress, color, taste without fear of being called names or effeminate, just like the men from other ages, and presently, in other parts of the world, have enjoyed without discrimination and without losing their manhood?

Has World War II, which scattered men all over the four corners of the world, brought us to the realization we men of the West are tied down by conventionalisms, prejudices, narrow-mindedness and false pride? Is this Bold Look a result of it, a turning towards more self-expression in dress?

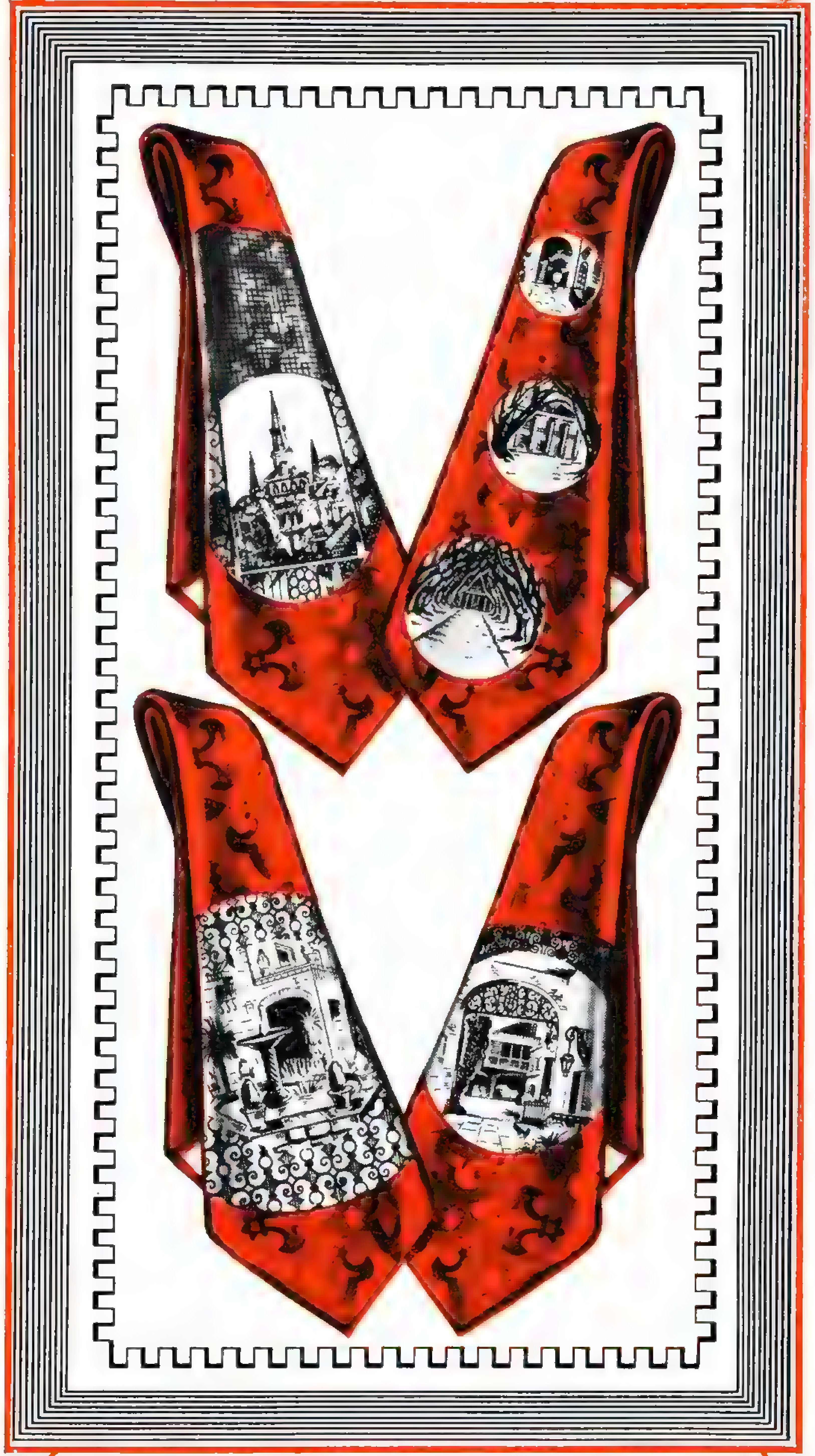


Have the millions who saw service in Eastern Europe, the Middle East, Asia, the Indies, and the Pacific Islands, and saw these men wear what they liked, whether pants, shorts, skirts or robes indiscriminately, so long as they proved to their liking and comfort? Are these millions inclined to accept such freedom without prejudice or fear of losing their prized manhood?

Let all the Sound and Fury break loose, let all who may raise the roofs, nonetheless, here it goes for you to expand or decry. What would the reception be among the brawn and rugged to the casual adoption of skirts for the He-Man? Casual tailored manly looking dresses, leave out the frills and trims for the gals, just plain comfortable dresses or garments that would accentuate the athletic builds to a T and bring out the

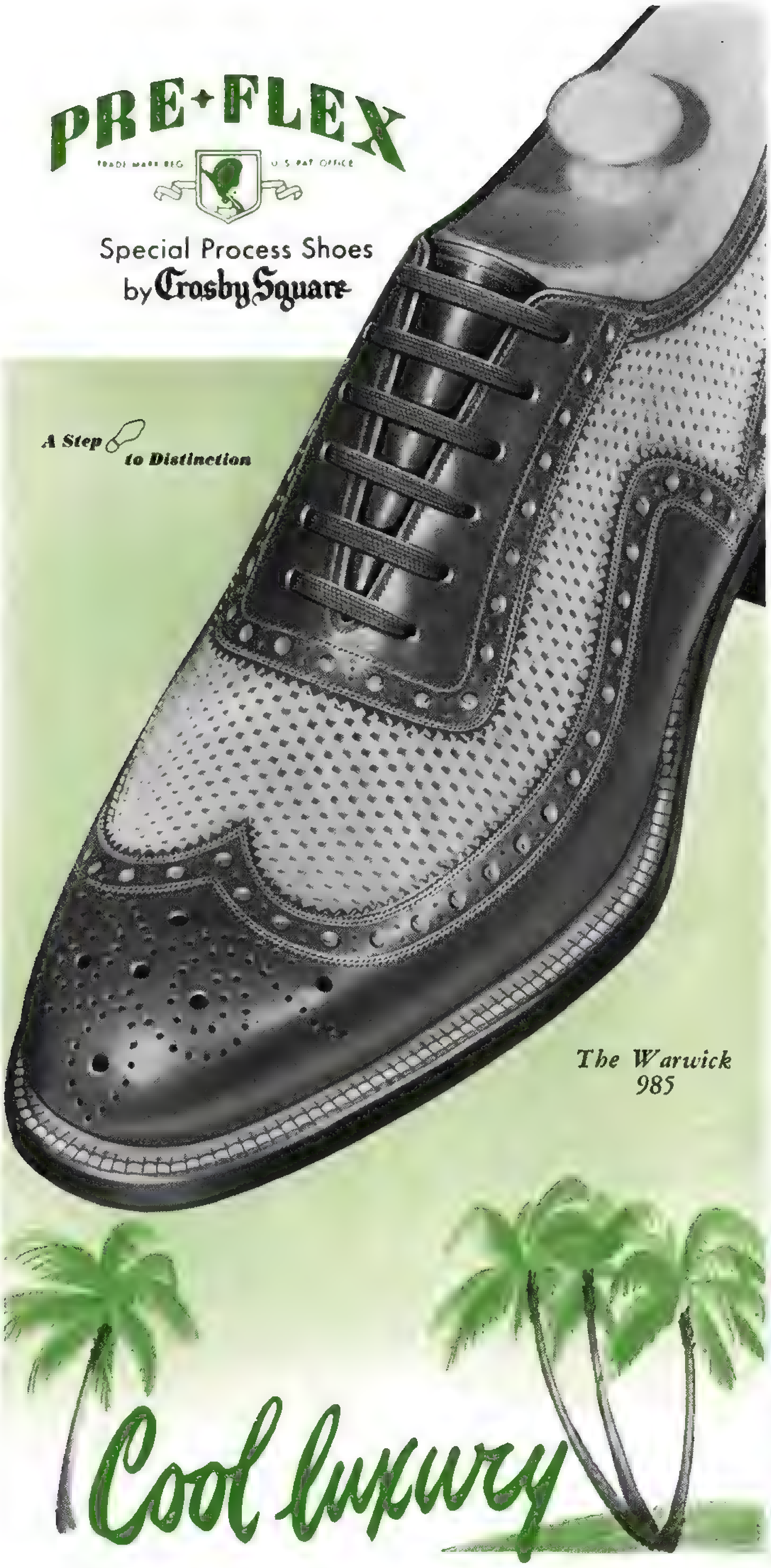
Continued on page 16

Regal Ties
Recapture Beauty and Spirit of Historic South
Charming Old Colonial Mansions, Ivy-Walled Gardens, Magnolia-Covered Balconies, and Colorful Courtyards inspire Neckwear Designs that recall Old Plantation Days.



DESIGNS ILLUSTRATED ABOVE ARE PART OF AN EXCLUSIVE COLLECTION OF $3.50 PURE SILK PANEL PRINTS
Regal Ties
$1.50 to $5.00 at Better Stores
If your favorite store can't supply you, write us enclosing check and your order will be filled by the Regal Tie dealer nearest you.
Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co., Mfrs. St. Louis 1, Mo. New York Office, 385 Fifth Ave.

PRE-FLEX
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
Special Process Shoes
by Crosby Square



Miami Mesh
in Pre-Flex Shoes by Crosby Square

Coolest of the cool — yet trim and dressy.
A happy, handsome combination of open-weave
fabric and supple leather. . . . Limber soles
and nailless construction give you healthful comfort
from the first step. See them now at leading stores.
The House of Crosby Square, Division of Mid-States
Shoe Co., Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin

Pre-Flex and Airfilm grades, $12.95 to $15.95.
Authentic Fashion grade, somewhat less.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 15

manly attributes of the brawn?

Look at the Scotch with their proud kilts, the Greek Palace Guards in their skirts, the Fiji Constables in theirs, none have by any means an effeminate look, nor have they lost their prized manhood for it!

Do not misjudge or misconstrue the intentions in this proposition. It is not meant as a wholesale adoption of the skirt, but rather acceptance of its use on casual occasions for comfort and ease. It may prove to have advantages after all, comfortable, economical and smart, specially, for indoor affairs or quiet evenings at home . . .

Alaint MacPherson, Jr.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Editor's Note: *We asked a few of our lady friends why they started wearing* slacks. *They said it was because trousers were "comfortable, economical, and smart."*

hurry up and wait

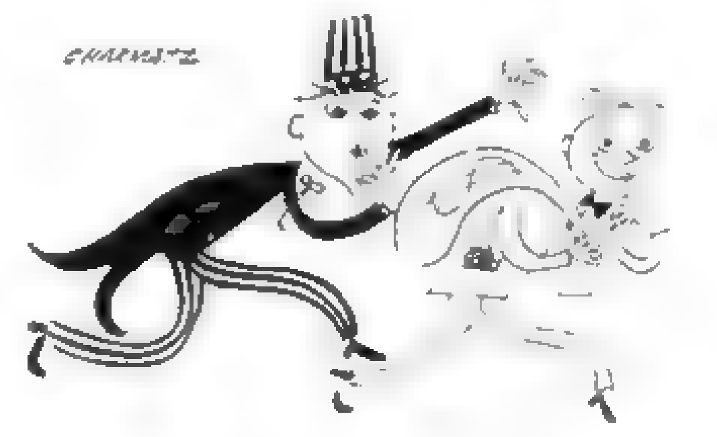
I have just read your February issue and have stumbled across what seems to be a budding debate on the G.I. Fraulein story.

I have been in Germany since 1946 and I think I have seen quite a few examples of what the two readers (Snedeker and Morgan) are trying to get across to the American reading public, and I both agree and disagree with them on several points.

They say, (and I quote) "But is it not also true that to most men of G.I. age, after so long a time, calico looks like silk?"

Obviously Mr. Morgan has not been in Germany or else has not read the marriage rules set up by military government for marriages between Americans and Germans. If he would have read the marriage rules, he would have noted the "red tape" and "hurry up and wait" paragraphs and subparagraphs (footnotes also) that made mixed marriage in Germany almost more than true love could stand. Believe me, Mr. Morgan, the old rules were bad enough, but the new ones (they came in about two months ago) are really superduper examples of the Army policy of making sure that if a G.I. is to marry a German, the marriage has a better than even break of being a success.

Pfc Eugene M. Rohling
APO 696, New York City



did anyone say uncle? reader's query

I found Len Zinberg's story *The Man Who Wouldn't Say Uncle* quite interesting but puzzling.

What was the purpose of depositing the $50,000 in two bank accounts, thereby making it necessary to establish two aliases? Wouldn't the net result have been the same as far as the informer's fee is concerned if the government had been advised that Anderson

Continued on page 18

pops concert

change pop's song from "how can
I keep that collar down" to
"happy days" with a father's day
gift of collar-bobs.*
color selector below comes with four
colors . . . an impressive father's
day gift at $5.00 plus tax.

COLLAR BOBS

collar-bobs keep
collars down—fresh
looking day and
night. they're easy
to use, on in a jiffy,
off in a flash. single
sets in tiny pearl,
zircon, aquamarine, emerald, topaz,
sapphire, ruby or ocean pearl
buttons. $1.50 plus tax. at better
stores everywhere or write

collar-bobs

collar-bobs company
san antonio,
texas

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY...

A RAZOR BLADE THAT YOUR FACE CAN'T FEEL

Made of new *DURIDIUM* metal . . . a wartime discovery! 5 lawyers, 2 doctors, 11 accountants, 6 executives, 15 engineers and 341 other noted Americans report that new SILVER STAR *DURIDIUM* blades take off whiskers utterly without any feeling of the blade's edge, without any cutting sensation whatsoever!

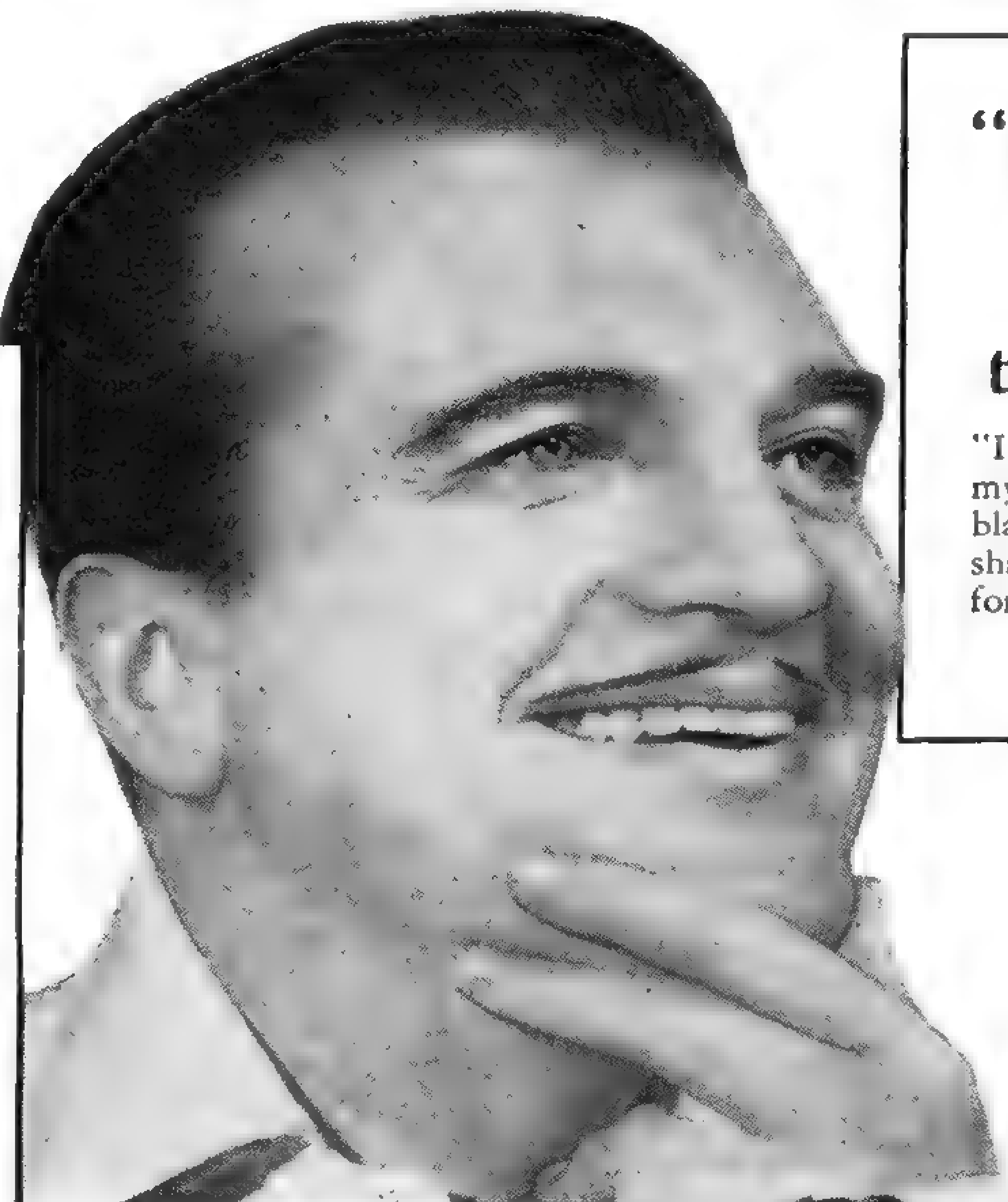
HERE'S the best shaving news since man first started removing his whiskers. It's about the new Silver Star double edge blade, made of DURIDIUM . . . the razor blade your face can't feel! This new blade takes off your whiskers cleanly and completely! Without annoyance of any kind! It's an utterly new shaving experience.

The new Silver Star DURIDIUM blade costs no more than standard blue or plain steel blades . . . Yet if you can feel this Duridium blade when you shave, we'll gladly refund your money. Get Silver Star DURIDIUM blades today . . . five for 25¢ . . . and enjoy something brand new in shaving . . . "the razor blade your face can't feel!"

"Couldn't feel a thing!"

"I've always been a tough man to shave! Imagine my surprise, when I first used the Silver Star, to find my difficult beard coming off without my feeling a thing—not even a suspicion of the Silver Star edge!"

LEON HENDERSON, *World-famous economist*



"I had to feel my face to know I shaved!"

"I just couldn't believe the blade was cutting my whiskers—there was no sensation of the blade's edge! I had to feel my face to know I shaved. Finest shave I ever had! I'm grateful for DURIDIUM!"

JOHN LODER, *Famous screen and stage star*

"Didn't know the whiskers were off!"

"My first Silver Star shave was music to me! Couldn't feel the blade at all—didn't know the whiskers were off until I felt my chin."

GUY LOMBARDO, *America's top orchestra leader and speed boat champion*

"Never dreamed I'd find such a blade!"

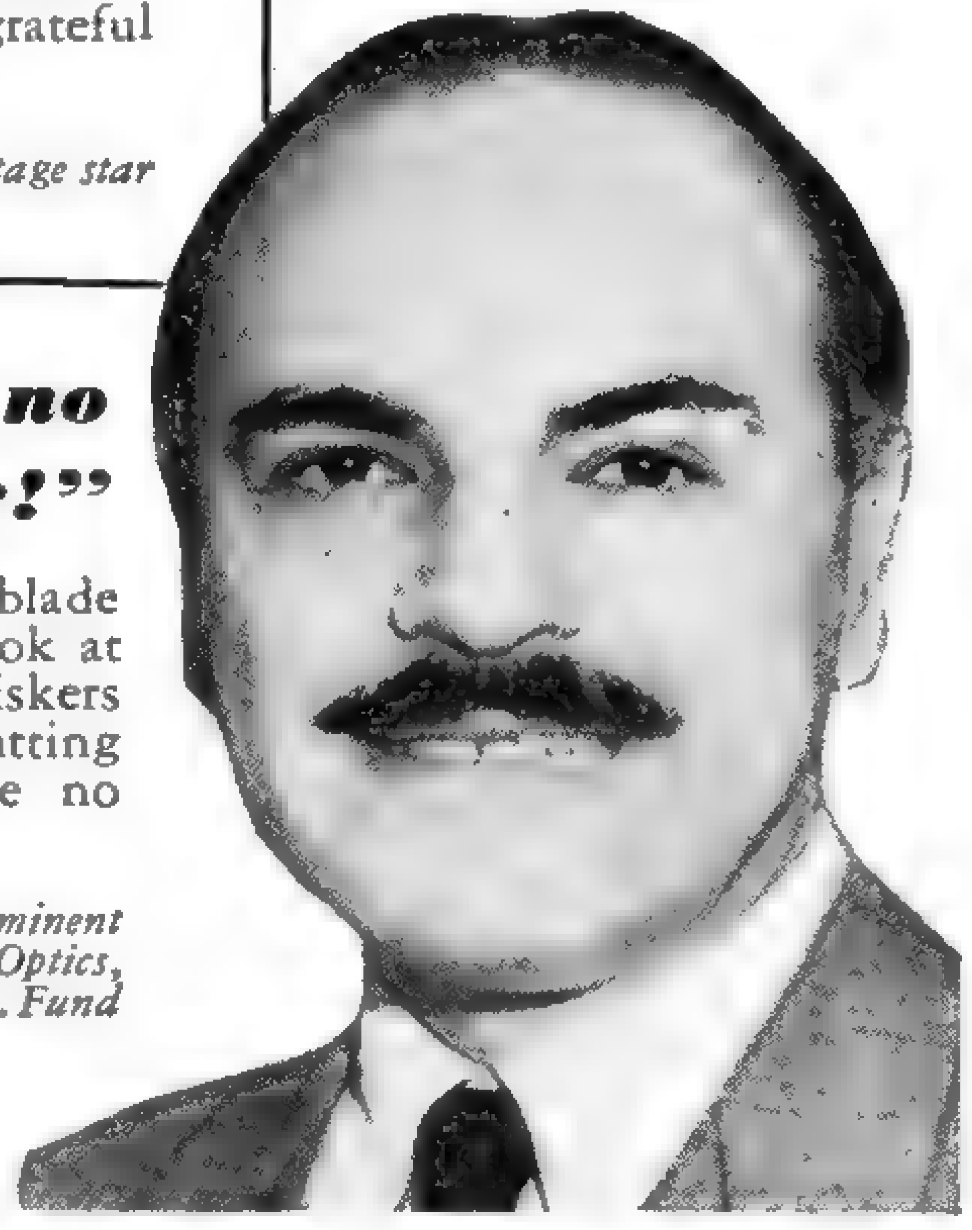
"Keeping clean-shaven was a nuisance until I tried the wonderful Silver Star. DURIDIUM sure is a great improvement over plain or blue steel."

DR. FRANCIS GOLDEN, *Author of "For Doctors Only"*

"Was not aware there was a blade in the razor!"

"With my tough whiskers, it's easy to understand my astonishment when I tried the wonderful Silver Star. I was not even aware that there was a blade in the razor, yet the shave I got was a masterpiece!"

MUSGRAVE HYDE, *Noted architect*



"As if there were no blade in the razor!"

"The Silver Star DURIDIUM blade is a beauty any way you look at it! It takes my obstinate whiskers off without the slightest cutting sensation—as if there were no blade in the razor!"

H. WALTER GILLIS, *Eminent educator, President School of Optics, Wartime Chairman, Greater N. Y. Fund*

"Once over and my face felt like a baby's!"

"With the new DURIDIUM Silver Star, every shaving stroke was smooth and easy as a skilled artist's brush. Never felt the blade at all! Just once over and my face felt like a baby's!"

RUSSELL PATTERSON, *Well-known illustrator*

"A NEW SHAVING EXPERIENCE"

"It was a revelation to see the DURIDIUM Silver Star take my whiskers off without any cutting sensation or annoyance of any kind. It was an entirely new shaving experience!"

ED FITZGERALD, *popular radio star of "Breakfast with the Fitzgeralds"*

"SAVE AT LEAST 70 STROKES . . . !"

"If there were a par for razor blade performance Silver Star would crack it every time! I never felt the blade's edge when I shaved with Silver Star. It took off my whiskers so easily I must have saved at least 70 shaving strokes!"

GENE SAZAREN, *famous golf champion*

©1949—A. S. R. Corp.

Silver STAR

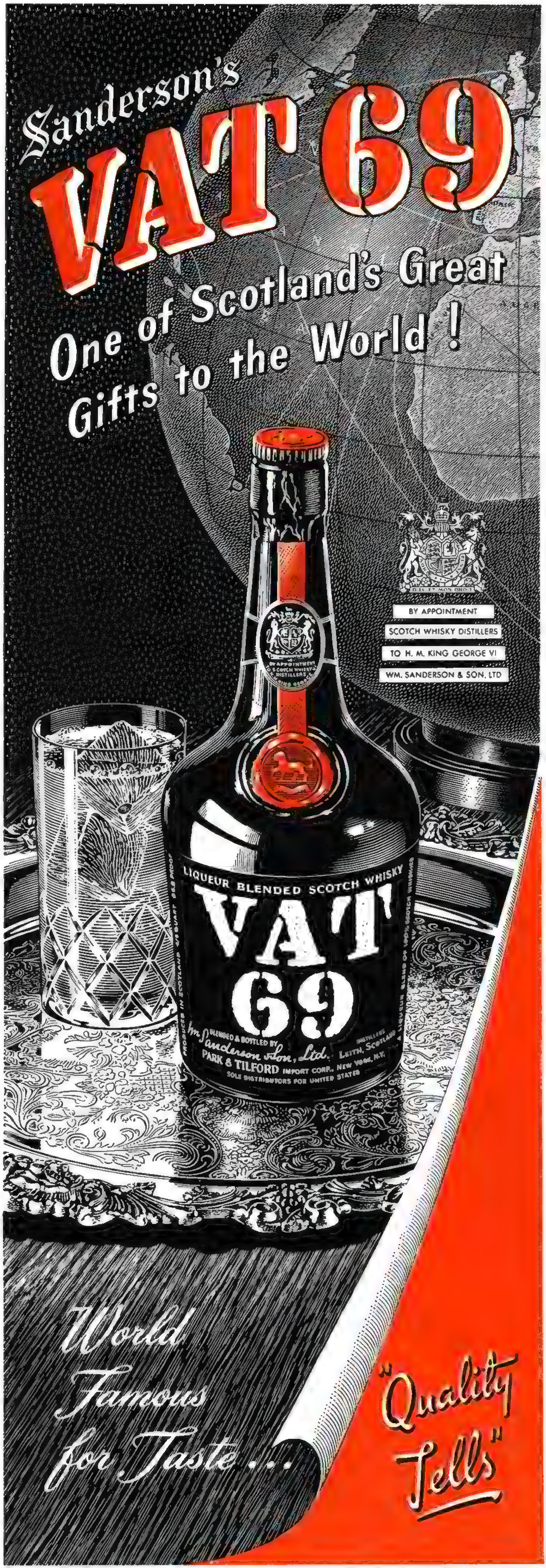
MADE OF DURIDIUM

The Razor Blade your face can't feel

AN A.S.R. PRODUCT
Silver STAR
DURIDIUM
DOUBLE EDGE
Silver STAR
5 FOR 25¢
Silver STAR
DURIDIUM

5 FOR 25¢

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP., BROOKLYN 1, N. Y.


Sanderson's
VAT 69
One of Scotland's Great Gifts to the World!
BY APPOINTMENT
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
Blended & Bottled by
Wm Sanderson & Son, Ltd.
Distillers Leith, Scotland
PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N.Y.
Sole Distributors for United States
World Famous for Taste...
"Quality Tells"

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 16

had $50,000 in one account which he had not reported?

Furthermore, what was gained by the whole transaction? If Anderson had reported this income he would have had to pay over $23,000.00 tax. On account of his subterfuge he paid $25,000 and received $2,500 as a tax informer. Considering the expense he had been put to to maintain his deception, I cannot see where he would have been any better than even, if he had gotten away with it.

Meyer Davis
New York, N. Y.

author's reply

As to the two points Mr. Davis raises: First, a little history of the story. It was written in 1947. At that time, due to the higher taxes, and a little "fictional license," the informer was able to save some $9,000. I purposely had him get this under two different names, split the fee in two, so that the idea of paying income tax on the reward would never occur to the reader and thus spoil the surprise ending. In other words, if he had received the nine grand in one sum, some readers would immediately have guessed he would have to pay tax on such a comparatively large sum. However, Esquire, being a bug on facts, held the story for about two years, and revoked a good deal of my "fictional license." We finally got the figures straight, but in the meantime (1949), Uncle Sam happily double-crossed us by reducing the tax rate slightly, which in turn cut the informer's take.

It should be stressed that in the story the main character is not trying to cheat the government solely for the purpose of saving money—it's pointed out that he really hasn't any use for the extra dough. Rather, he does it for the kick he gets out of solving this "problem," the satisfaction of having outsmarted Uncle. I'm sure most taxpayers get exactly the same sort of bang whenever they figure some way of chiseling even a buck from their taxes.

Len Zinberg
New York, N. Y.

call it a mirage

Herbert's Reno cartoon in your February issue, page 86, was funny, but hellishly inaccurate. There are no saguaro cactus or eroded tablelands around Reno. His Nevada landscape was strictly Arizonian.

If he has a wife or money to get rid of, I suggest a few weeks around the Washoe County Court House or the clubs, with side trips into the Sierras or the deserts. He will have a magnificent time and see magnificent scenery, but he will see a saguaro only if he dreams.

Glenn M. Kelly
White Plains, N. Y.

Continued on page 104

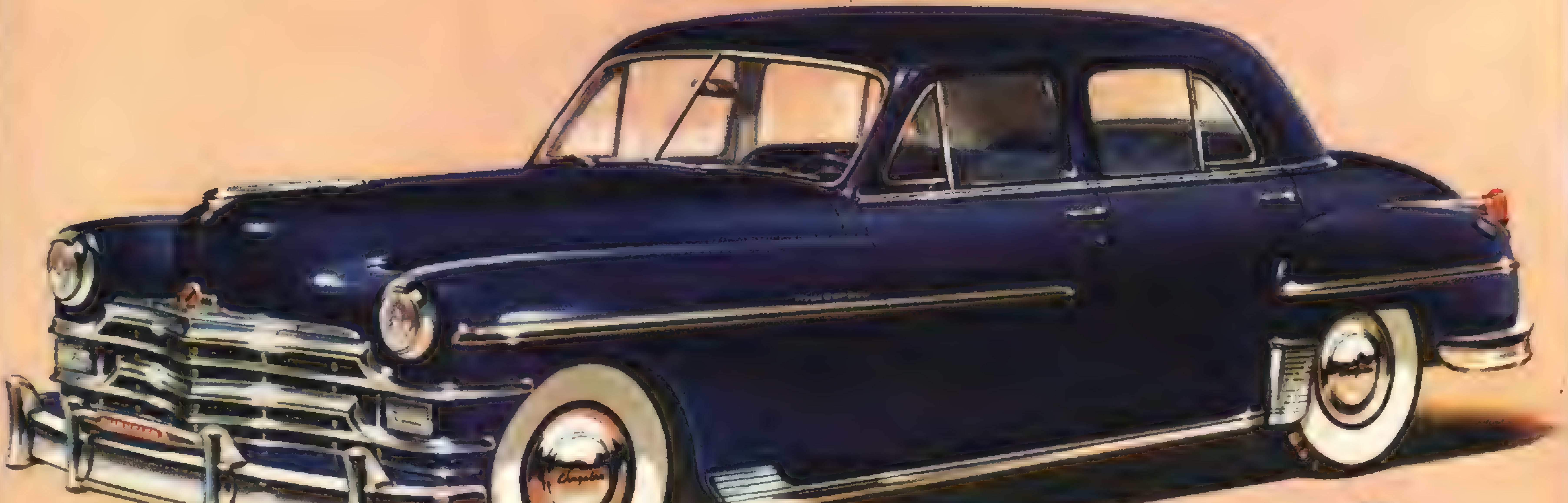
You're Really Cool in
WINTER KOOL
with FLEXO-FIT Shoulder & Armhole for better fit and Comfort
Winter-Kool
Tailored by Taneytown

You don't have to pay a million to get a suit that looks like a million! What a pleasure to wear a suit so cool, so smart, so comfortably fitting—at a popular price! Ask for WINTER-KOOL, the air-conditioned suit with wear-conditioned fabric. At leading stores everywhere. Write for name of nearest dealer.

TANEYTOWN CLOTHES
36-38 S. Paca St., Baltimore 1, Md.
200 Fifth Ave., New York City

The Beautiful

The Beautiful Chrysler | *Silver Anniversary Model*



PRESTOMATIC FLUID DRIVE TRANSMISSION*

*gyrol Fluid Drive

It's your kind of car . . . created with common sense and imagination in engineering. There's more for your money in performance. Smoother, faster acceleration from our high compression Spitfire engine. The greatest driving advance of all—Prestomatic Fluid Drive Transmission. Softer, smoother Safety-Level-Ride. Exclusive Safety-Rim wheels! Safeguard Hydraulic Brakes, Cyclebonded Brake Linings. Waterproof Ignition System! More headroom, legroom, and shoulder room. Wider chair-height seats. New well-bred beauty. It's the best car value in our 25-year history for safety, comfort, convenience and performance. See it . . . drive it!

AGAIN YOU GET THE GOOD THINGS FIRST FROM CHRYSLER

New Chrysler

KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
LUCK AT LAST
KENTUCKY TAVERN
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Distilled and Bottled by
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Owensboro – Kentucky

Glenmore's Kentucky Tavern, "The Aristocrat of Bonds," is the only Bottled-in-Bond that has been made by the same family in the same distillery for three generations . . . and the Glenmore distillery has made more Kentucky Bourbon than any other distillery. This unmatched experience assures you uniform high quality. That's why . . .

KENTUCKY TAVERN

© Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky

NO OTHER BOND CAN MATCH THAT KENTUCKY TAVERN TASTE

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Al Stump

Every college has a legendary character—a guy who swipes busses, breaks into sorority houses, or performs miraculous feats which usually prevent him from finishing his education at the institution. The University of Washington had such a legend in Shanty Malone. Formerly sports editor of the University of Washington *Daily* AL STUMP first heard about Shanty during his own years at Washington. Not long ago, while doing horse-race stories at Bay Meadows, he hung out at Malone's in San Francisco and, so he tells us, "came to love the joint . . . figured the country should know." So he wrote the article, *Meet Me at Shanty's* on page 41. After college, Al Stump was sports editor on his home-town Vancouver, Washington *Columbian*, moving on to the Portland *Oregonian* as a sportswriter and later doing a brief spell in the Navy correspondent corps. At 32, he is now free-lancing for magazines, finds it easier on his nerves than meeting newspaper deadlines. A frustrated baseball player, he has yet to "earn a nickel any way but by writing sports."

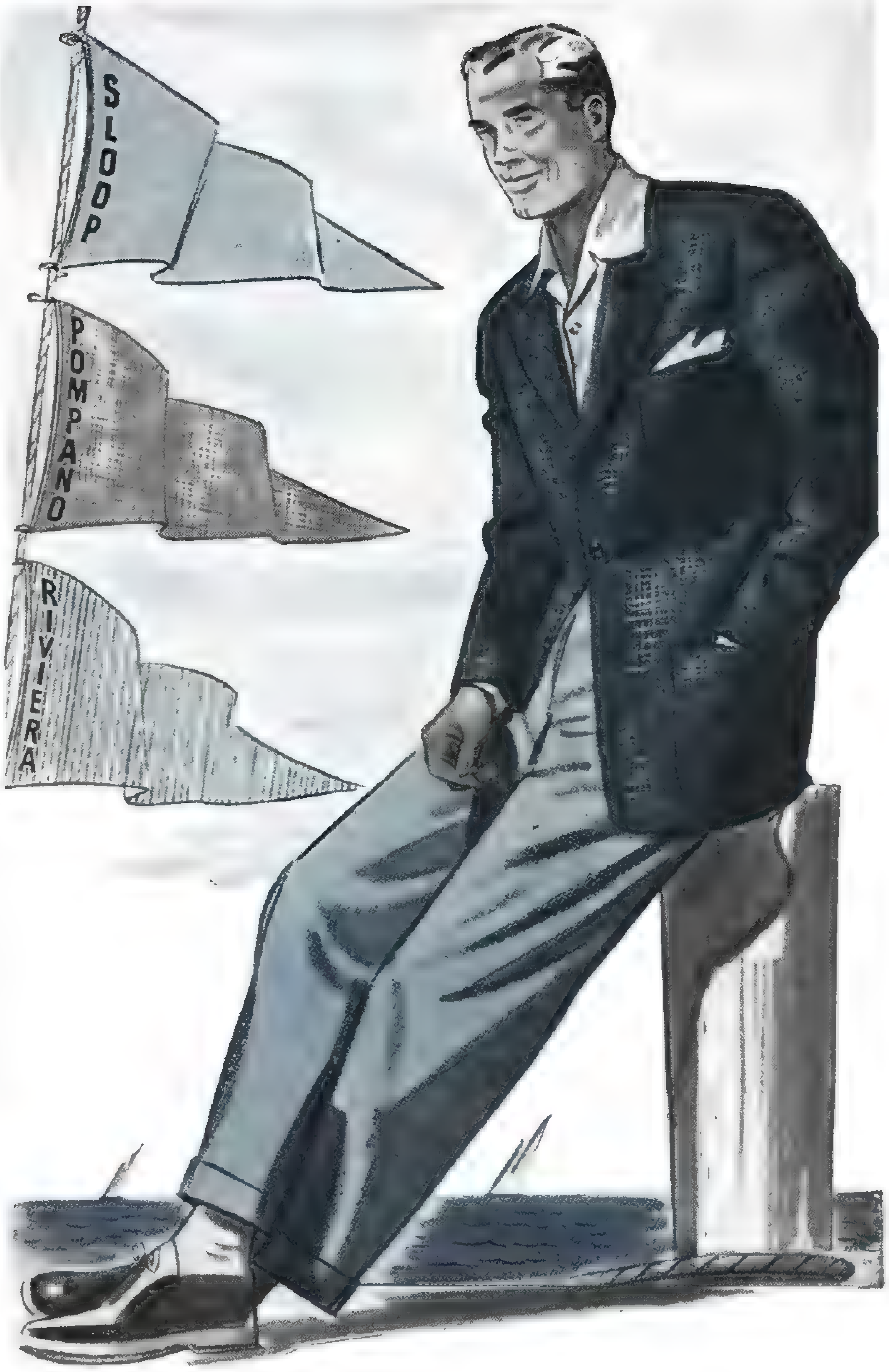
Val Duncan

Making his second appearance with Esquire, VAL DUNCAN tells a short short story with a new twist on an old theme. Instead of "who done it?" *Murder on the Menu*, page 56, is a "who *is* it?" tale. When he isn't occupied with the problems of hard men in tough spots, Duncan does feature writing for *Newsday*, Long Island daily, whose staff he joined when the paper was founded in 1940. Foregoing a college degree in the mid-thirties, he took a trip through Spain, was detoured by the Civil War there, and wound up in Scotland and his native England where he gathered material for an American newspaper series. Three years of his life were spent editing an Air Force paper, followed by a short period of house hunting with his wife and five-year-old son. They found the place where they wanted to live in Newport on the north shore of Long Island. Besides the usual attractions, the fishing was good and the sailing better. That closed the deal.

Hans Ruesch

Although he was born in Naples and spent many of his years in Switzerland and France, HANS RUESCH picked up the Broadway jargon once he got to the States and began to write in the American idiom as proficiently as he had in the French, German, and Italian. His *Gentleman in Distress* on page 74 is the comic story of a Runyonesque group of characters and their New York dilemma. The tale is well-thought out, but Ruesch would have to go some to tell a more interesting story than that of his own life: he attended the University of Zurich, but left to become an automobile racer, competing in races from Helsinki to South Africa, winning the International Donnington Race. When France went to war, he became a writer for the French Ministry of Information, leaving Paris "two jumps ahead of the Nazis," and coming to the United States via Bordeaux and Lisbon. Previously a writer of comedy, he last appeared in Esquire with a terrifying work called *No Man's Island*.

Continued on page 22



offshore breeze...

. . . blows right through the colorful feather-light fabrics in these exclusive Ayrstar warm weather styles. Wear the casual coat or slacks separately, mix 'em or match 'em — anyway you look at them, they're comfortably cool, handsome, and surprisingly inexpensive . . . in the pennant fabrics sketched above . . .

The Sloop — Faded denim, Sanforized, washable, new shades of Blue, Red, Brown, Grey. Coat about 10.95, slacks 5.50 *(sketched)*.

The Pompano — Open weave Butcher Linen* in Grey, Navy, Maroon, Brown, Natural. Coat about 20.00 *(sketched)*, slacks 8.50. * *Rayon and cotton fabric*

The Riviera — Crisp, lustrous rayon-cotton striped cord in Blue, Grey, Brown, Green. Coat about 18.50, slacks 8.50.

If None at Your Favorite Store Order from

STERN APPAREL CORP.
2101 SUPERIOR AVE., N. E.
CLEVELAND 14, OHIO

Ayrstar ORIGINAL

SINCE 1875
HEUBLEIN'S
MANHATTAN
The Club
COCKTAIL
G. F. Heublein & Bro. Inc.
HARTFORD, CONN.

Expecting Guests?

Let Hugh Bline — your barman in a bottle make the drinks!

Choice of eight cocktails:

MANHATTAN 65 proof
DRY MARTINI 65 proof
GIBSON (very dry Martini) 75 proof
SIDE CAR 60 proof
DAIQUIRI 60 proof
OLD FASHIONED 70 proof
WHISKEY SOUR 60 proof
STINGER 65 proof

Better Cocktails with less work!

Don't do it the hard way! *Do it the Heublein way!* Serve professional cocktails—made of the finest liquors by *cocktail specialists.* No fuss, no waste—just stir with ice and serve.

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

HEUBLEIN'S *Club* COCKTAILS ®

Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 21

A recent letter from Ruesch indicates that he is in Algiers. He asked us what we wanted him to bring us and suggested, perhaps, a young native girl. We said yes.

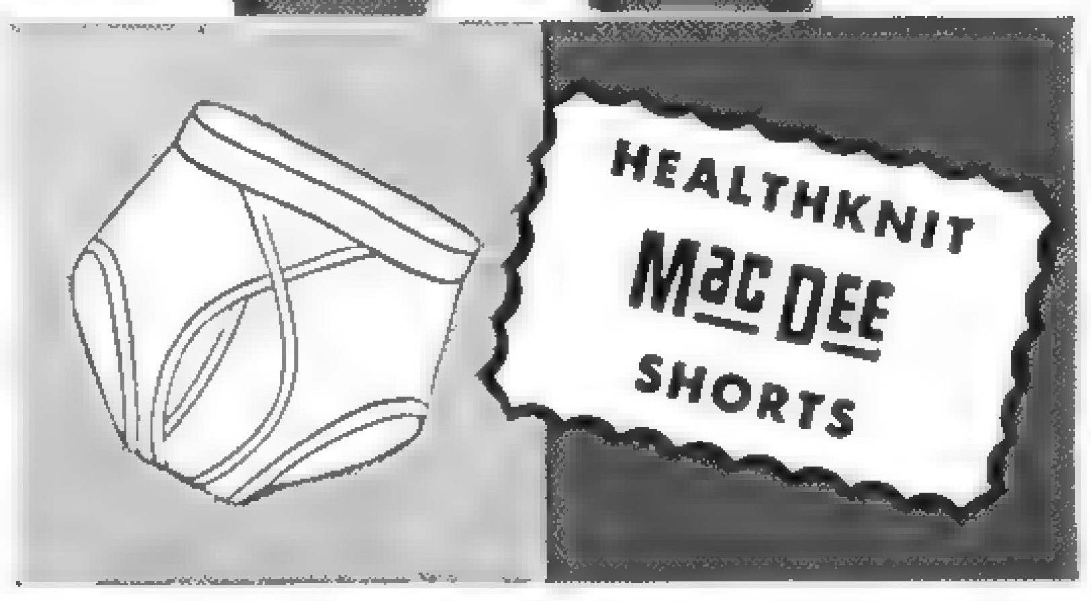
Richard Wormser

Few readers realize the difficulties that arise when two men sit down to write a book together. Obviously surmounting the personality, environment, and education obstacles, RICHARD WORMSER and DAN GORDON teamed up to produce the two-part western novel, *Sleep All Winter*, beginning on page 42. Wormser has been writing for about twenty-five years, including a number of short stories and novels. Following the late war, in which he was a horse patrolman for the U. S. Forest Service, he went to work for the motion-picture industry and is currently working on a movie for Twentieth Century-Fox. He owns a ranch about five miles from Palomar Observatory. Here the horses run wild and unattended, and minus all the dude trimmings; Wormser does the same whenever he can get away. Dan Gordon spent ten years in the Navy as a deep-sea diver which doubtfully fitted him for writing Westerns.

Dan Gordon

He lived for a year on Wormser's ranch, and the two men began collaborating on fiction. Gordon says that he has had a warm spot in his heart for Esquire since an editor once took time to scribble a one-line note when all other magazines were bombarding him with rejection slips. In their spare

Continued on page 24



HEALTHKNIT
Kut-Ups
SHIRTS

for good looks there's no fit like Healthknit

The only shorts with patented cantilever action. Automatically lifts for just-right masculine support, as waistband spreads to hug your middle! Seamless seat, too, for greater comfort.

The undershirt that's really different—in looks—in action! Inverted cut-up "V" (see illustration) gives with every motion—prevents binding, bunching, creeping!

NO BUTTONS TO BREAK—
EASY TO WASH—NO IRONING!

★

Same expert workmanship materials and patented features available in Boys' Sizes, too!

INSIST ON
Healthknit
STANDARD KNITTING MILLS, INC.
Knoxville 3, Tenn.
New York Chicago San Francisco
Licensee for Canada, S. Lennard and Sons Limited, Dundas, Ont.

OMEGA

The Most Treasured Name in Time

Leaders in science, industry and world affairs unerringly choose an Omega watch, knowing that throughout the world Omega is considered without peer . . . for the authentic beauty of its designs . . . for the amazing accuracy of its mechanism. Own an Omega and you own the most prized instrument of Time.

OMEGA
AUTOMATIC
CHRONOMETRE

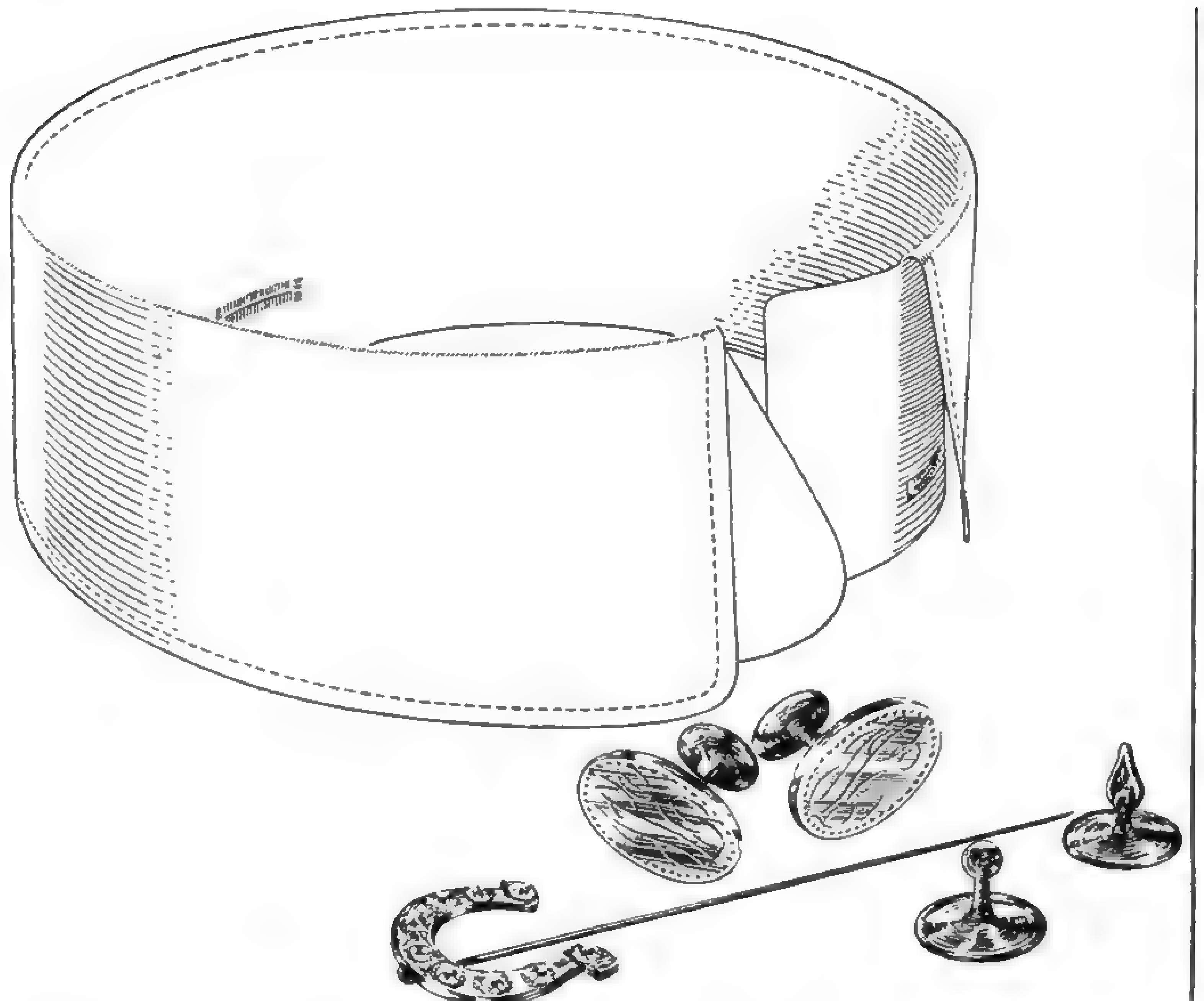
Significantly . . .

▶ The Swiss watch industry acclaims Omega the most accurate watch ever made.

▶ Fifty-two nations of the world have unanimously and repeatedly selected Omega the exclusive Timer of the Olympics.

Illustrated, Omega Centenary, world's finest self-winding chronometer . . . created in limited numbers for the fortunate few. Case, dial, lapped numerals, hands, buckle, all 18K gold. In silver presentation box. Complete, $450, tax incl. At leading jewelers all over the world.

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK



Life with Father —When father was a gay young blade his taste in clothes may have been different, but not his choice of a fine cigar like Dutch Masters. Then, as now, this great cigar was one of the better things of life — a pleasure father and son can always share.

DUTCH MASTERS CIGARS

relax in

DAKS REGD

for that air of effortless ease so characteristic of English tailoring. No belt, no pressure around the middle, hidden sponge rubber pads keep a polite but firm grip on your shirt. Your first pair of Daks will start you on a whole collection. $29.50 to $37.50.

the famous English comfort-in-action trousers

Write for name of nearest dealer
to Dept. E3, Simpson Imports, Inc., 9 East 35 Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 22

time, Wormser and Gordon plan irrigation projects for the ranch, but will probably stick to writing.

Jack Masey

The adults back in Brooklyn who clucked agreeably over JACK MASEY's early scrawls and prophesied that someday he'd be a caricaturist, were, as it happened, quite right. He had attended the High School of Music and Art and The Cooper Union, both in New York City, when he joined the Army. While serving in five European campaigns, he says, "I managed to caricature everyone in my unit. Some fifty drawings were printed in a book called *You on K.P.* in Luxembourg. I was able to spend some time at L'Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, attending classes in oil painting. Following discharge from the Army, I was employed by Norman Bel Geddes as a model artist for a project dealing with the Battle of Midway Island; joined the art staff of *The Architectural Forum*; then entered the Yale School of the Fine Arts. I am collaborating with another Yale student, Donald Wilson, on a book called *The Yale Animal.*"

When ROBERT SWITZER's first nationally published story appeared in Esquire in 1946, the reading public received an unexpected treat and Switzer received repeated offers from publishers wanting him to do a novel. He produces, however, when he is ready, and to date a novel has not been forthcoming. Once again, in *The Death of a Prize Fighter* on page 39, he displays his tight, clean style that is an editor's dream: there is never any editing to be done. When he sends us a story, it is ready for the presses. Perhaps his proficiency is directly traceable to his varied life, for he has had what seems to us to be an ideal training for a writer: barker on a glass-bottom boat in Florida, private secretary to the superintendent of the Canadian Pacific R.R., turkey raiser in Canada, etc. At 26, Switzer is constantly traveling and few people can say where he is at a particular moment. But as long as stories like this one come in, we'll wonder about other things. #

BY APPOINTMENT WINE MERCHANTS
TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI.

HARVEY'S

IMPORTED

Sherries & Ports

—for over 150 years the World's Assurance of Quality

To generation after generation, the name Harvey has been synonymous with the finest in Sherries and Ports. We suggest that *your* wine cellar should contain your personal assortment of the famous Harvey wines listed below.

HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S VERY SUPERIOR BRISTOL DRY SHERRY
HARVEY'S CHOICEST FULL PALE BRISTOL CREAM SHERRY

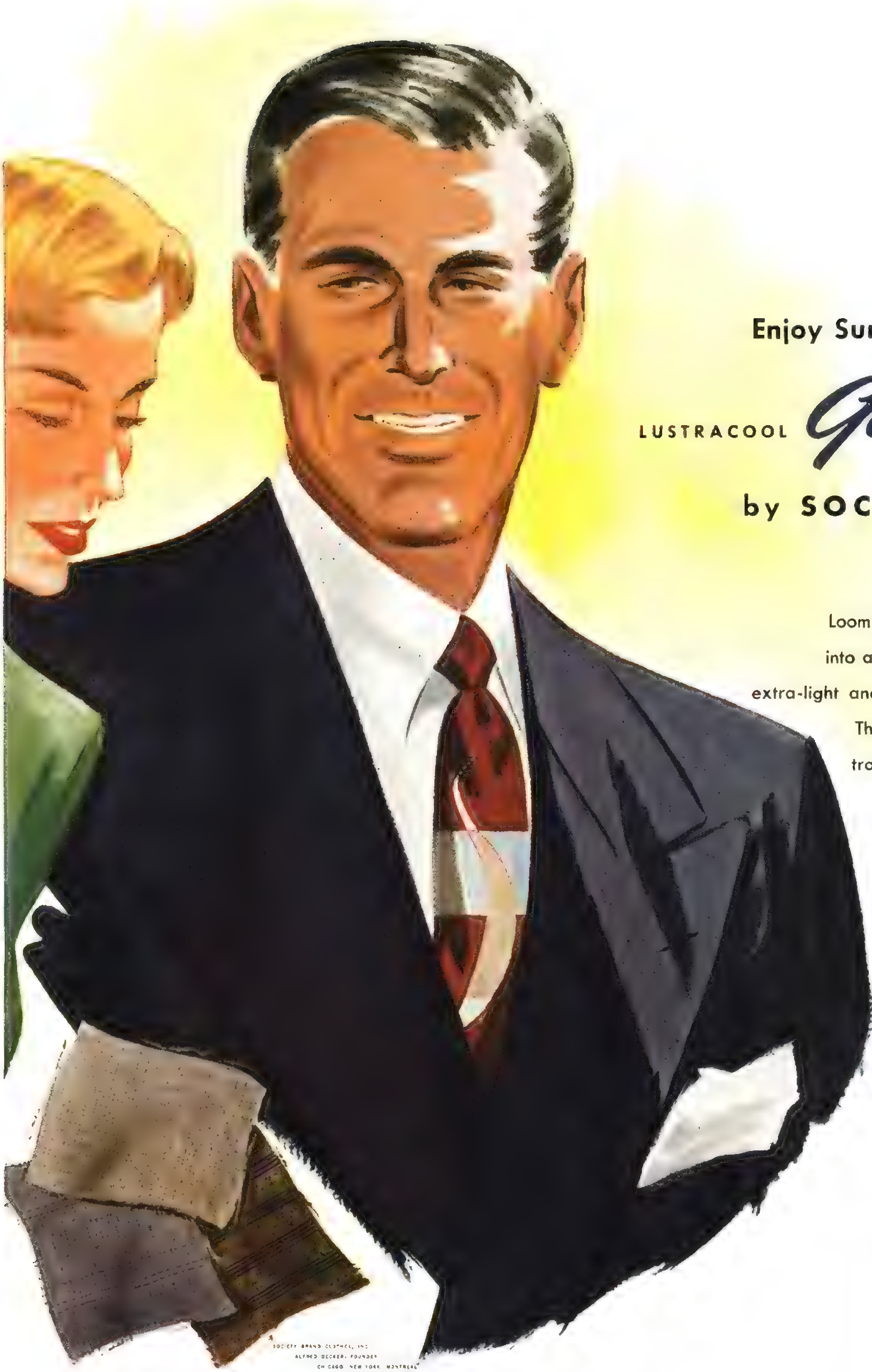
SHERRIES

HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM
Choicest full pale Oloroso. Rich.
HARVEY'S BRISTOL MILK
Deep, golden Oloroso. Medium rich.
HARVEY'S BRISTOL DRY
A very superior pale, light Fino.
HARVEY'S AMONTILLADO
A pale, Amontillado dry sherry.
HARVEY'S SHOOTING
A medium-priced Oloroso sherry.
HARVEY'S GOLD CAP
A golden Oloroso. Medium rich.

PORTS

HARVEY'S HUNTING PORT
A superior, soft, tawny wine.
HARVEY'S GOLD CAP PORT
An exceptionally fine ruby Port.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK



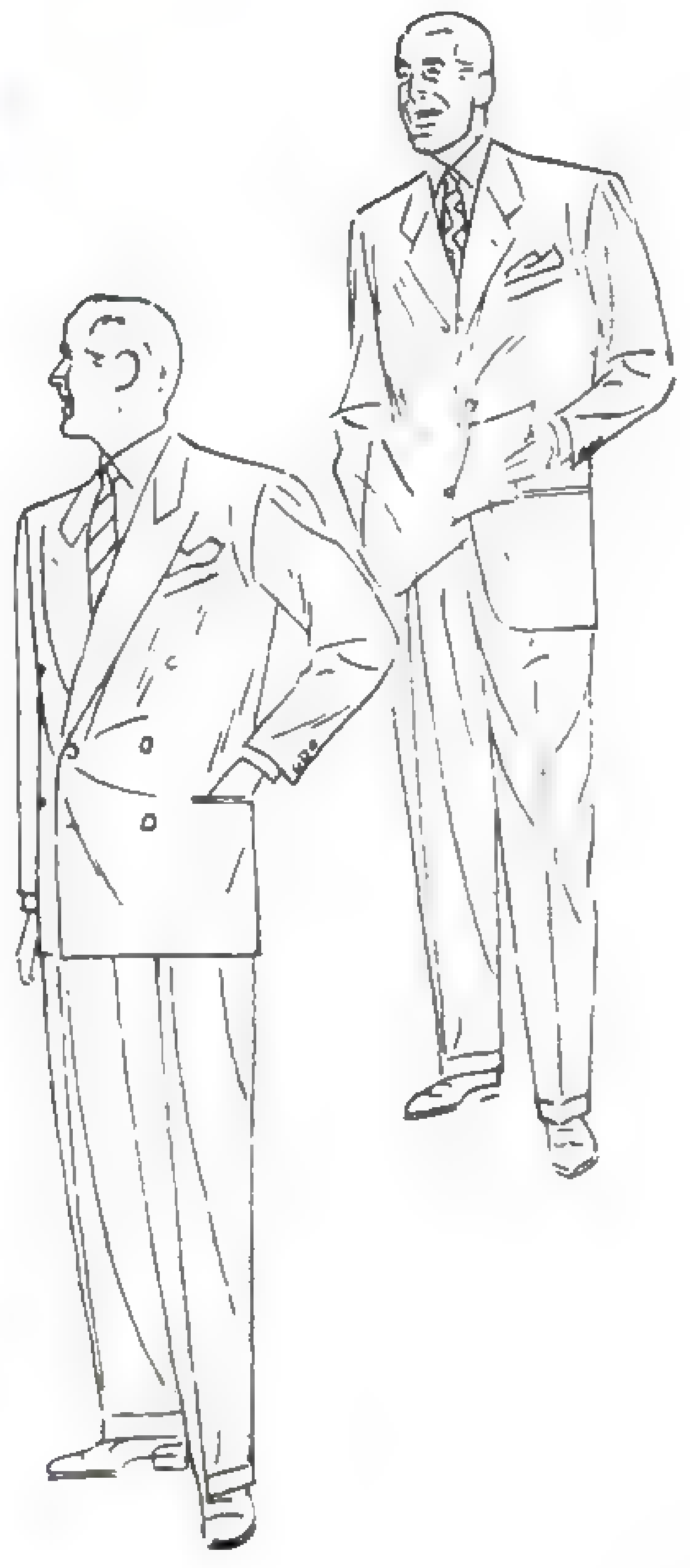
Enjoy Summer Comfort in

LUSTRACOOL *Gabalite*

by SOCIETY BRAND

Loom the finest gabardine yarns into a fabric that's super-porous, extra-light and supple! That's Gabalite! Then add the skilled tailoring traditional with Society Brand . . . and you have the perfect clothes for summer comfort and style.

SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, INC
ALFRED DECKER, FOUNDER
CHICAGO NEW YORK MONTREAL
© 1949 S. B. C. INC.



Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original formula developed with care. There is nothing better in the market
BOTTLED BY
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY

WRITTEN ON THE LABEL...TRUE OF THE WHISKY FOR 79 YEARS!

"There is nothing better in the Market."

As you enjoy Old Forester, remember that its superb richness and smooth, full-bodied flavor are the result of one family's determination since 1870 to produce only the finest Kentucky Whisky. Today, this same family is still carrying on this glorious tradition—still preserving the truth of that famous statement, written on the Old Forester label 79 years ago!—"There is nothing better in the market."

100 Proof
Bottled in Bond

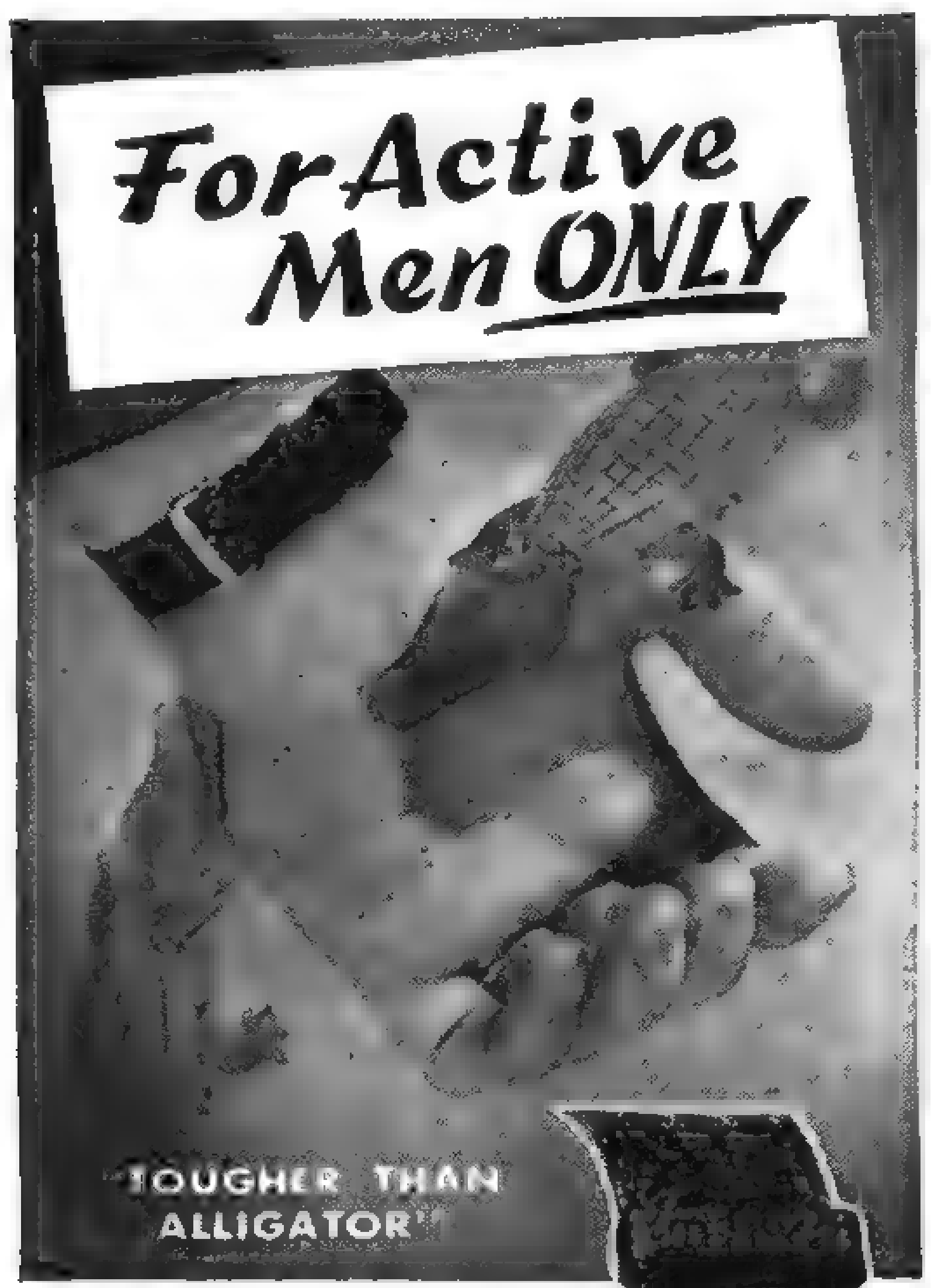
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION...
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

Get that WONDERFUL *Seaforth* FEELING!

Top off your shave with Seaforth Lotion and enjoy the bracing air of the Scotch Highlands—the cool crispness of heather and fern!
Seaforth Lotion soothes and cools ...smells fresh, not fragrant. Start your days—and dates—with That Wonderful Seaforth Feeling!

Seaforth! SHAVING LOTION

In handmade stoneware jug, Only $1.00



The Nation's Watch Strap

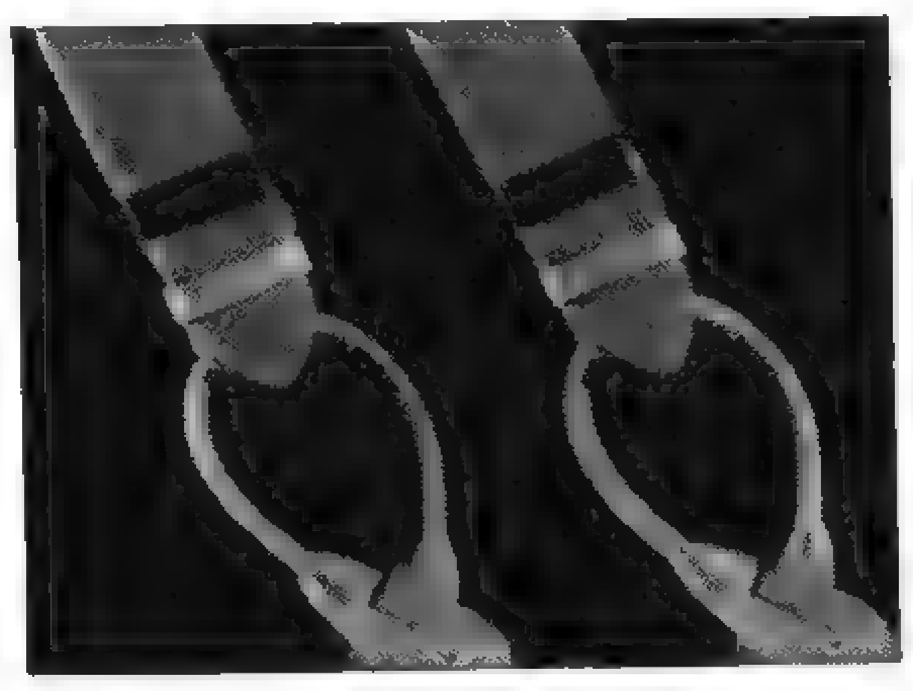
Polygator

You'll really go for this rough, tough and handsome gator-grained strap. Wear it anywhere and everywhere — at work or play. Never a pinch or a pull. Made of the new miracle material Polythene. *Guaranteed* not to rot, rip, stretch or crack.
Attractive shades of tan, brown, black and white. If not at your favorite druggist or tobacconist, pin a dollar to this ad and mail to...

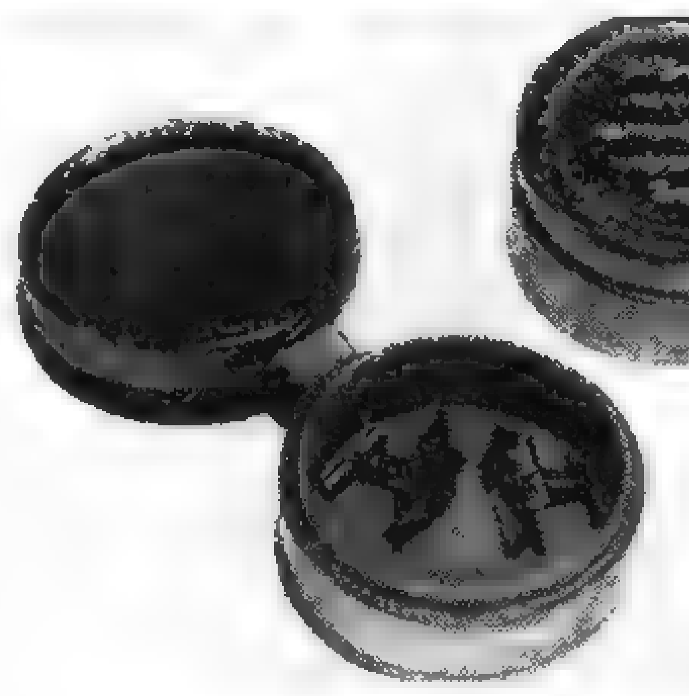
Costs $1 Worth 5 Times the Price.

POLYGATOR
1807 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo 7, N. Y.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



ATTRACTIVE and exceptionally comfortable buckscloth suspenders from England come in wonderful colors with leather fittings. Scarlet, hunting yellow, light blue, brown, maroon, white. They're very soft and pliable and light on the shoulders. For tweeds as well as business clothes.



THE FORGETFUL fellow who can never find his own socks, shirt or cuff links can use a little leather box to remind him that a "stud in hand is worth two under the bed". The motto is in gold, the box in walnut-colored leather with leather lining. Nursemaids, wives and tired mothers please note.

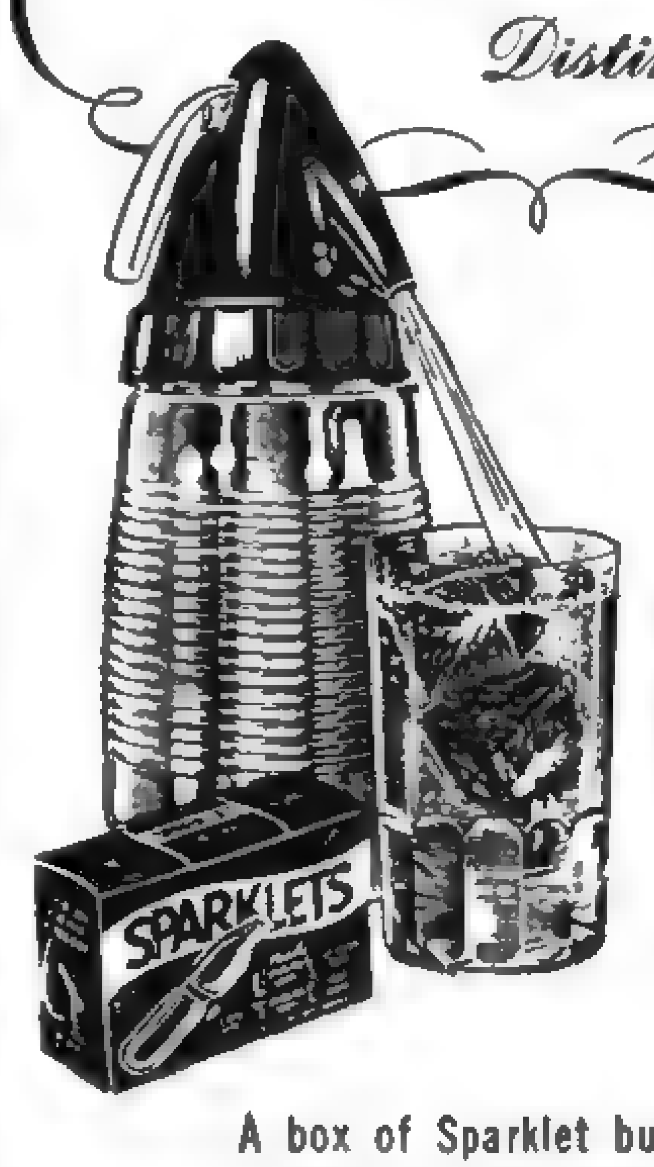
THE VERY SMALLNESS of this inexpensive powderette gives it a special charm. The Mother of Pearl top is made of shells from Trinidad, the base is polished brass. Takes considerably less room than a more usual-sized compact but is equipped the same way with sifter, puff and mirror.

IN NEED OF NOTHING. If she has everything by way of material necessities, you might please her with a gift in the luxury class . . . a Brittany lace pillow or a handkerchief or sachet case embroidered with "Fond Thoughts" or "For Remembrance". Not seriously useful but lovely and feminine.

For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City 17, New York

Ranger

Sparklet
REFILLABLE SYPHON
The Gift of Distinction

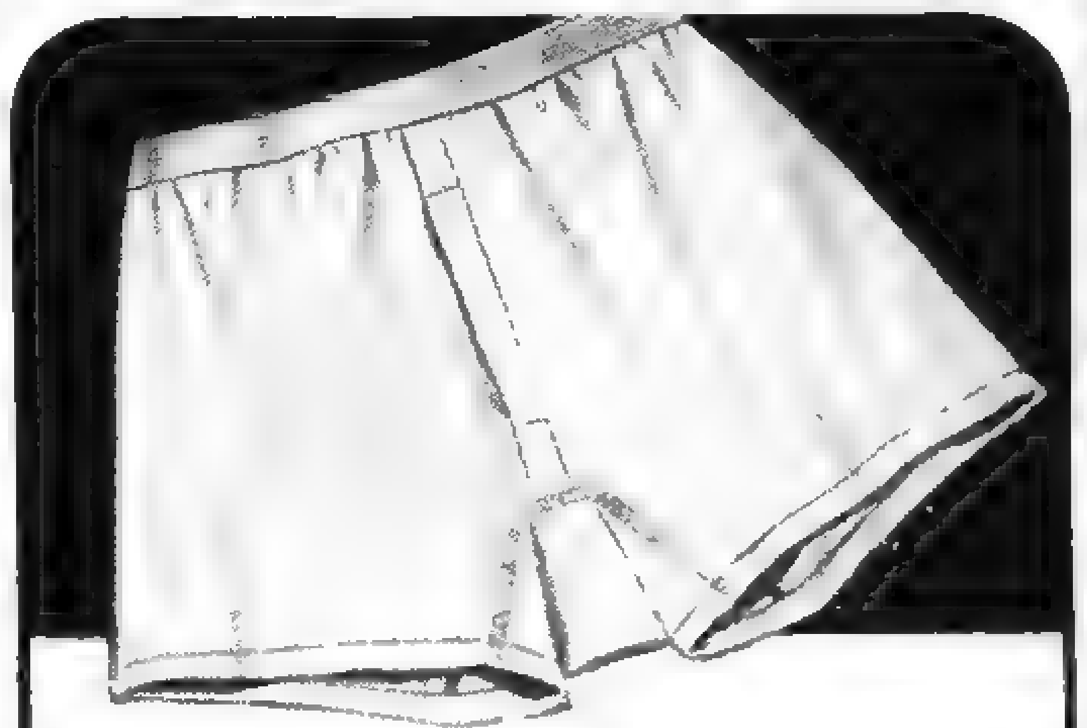


for Father's Day, June Weddings, & Anniversaries. Turns ordinary tap water into sparkling soda.

$10

A box of Sparklet bulbs makes a case of lively club soda

SPARKLET DEVICES, INC.
DIVISION OF KNAPP-MONARCH CO., ST. LOUIS 16, MO.



COTTON KNIT SHORTS
FOR MEN

Roomy comfort knitted in to stay. Kitten-soft, fine-combed yarns — balloon seat, elastic waistband. And they never go near an ironing board. **$2.**
Tee shirt to match, $2.
Sleeveless, $1.50.

AMHO KNIT

at better stores, or write Dept. E
AMERICAN HOSIERY CO.
Division of A. Kuehnert & Co.
150 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

ARPEGE
MY SIN
BY
LANVIN
the best Paris has to offer

California styled
DRESS SHIRTS...in desert colors
3.95
Button Spread
Spread
2 or 3 letter monogram $1

Dress shirts in colors that set a smart tone to your appearance. Custom detailed with no-band collar, set-in sleeves, French cuffs, Mother-of-Pearl buttons. And really low priced... for workmanship as beautiful as this!

ORDER BY MAIL send for catalog

John Blye

565 5th Ave., N. Y. 17
Dept. E69

Enclosed find check ☐ or money order ☐ for______shirts.

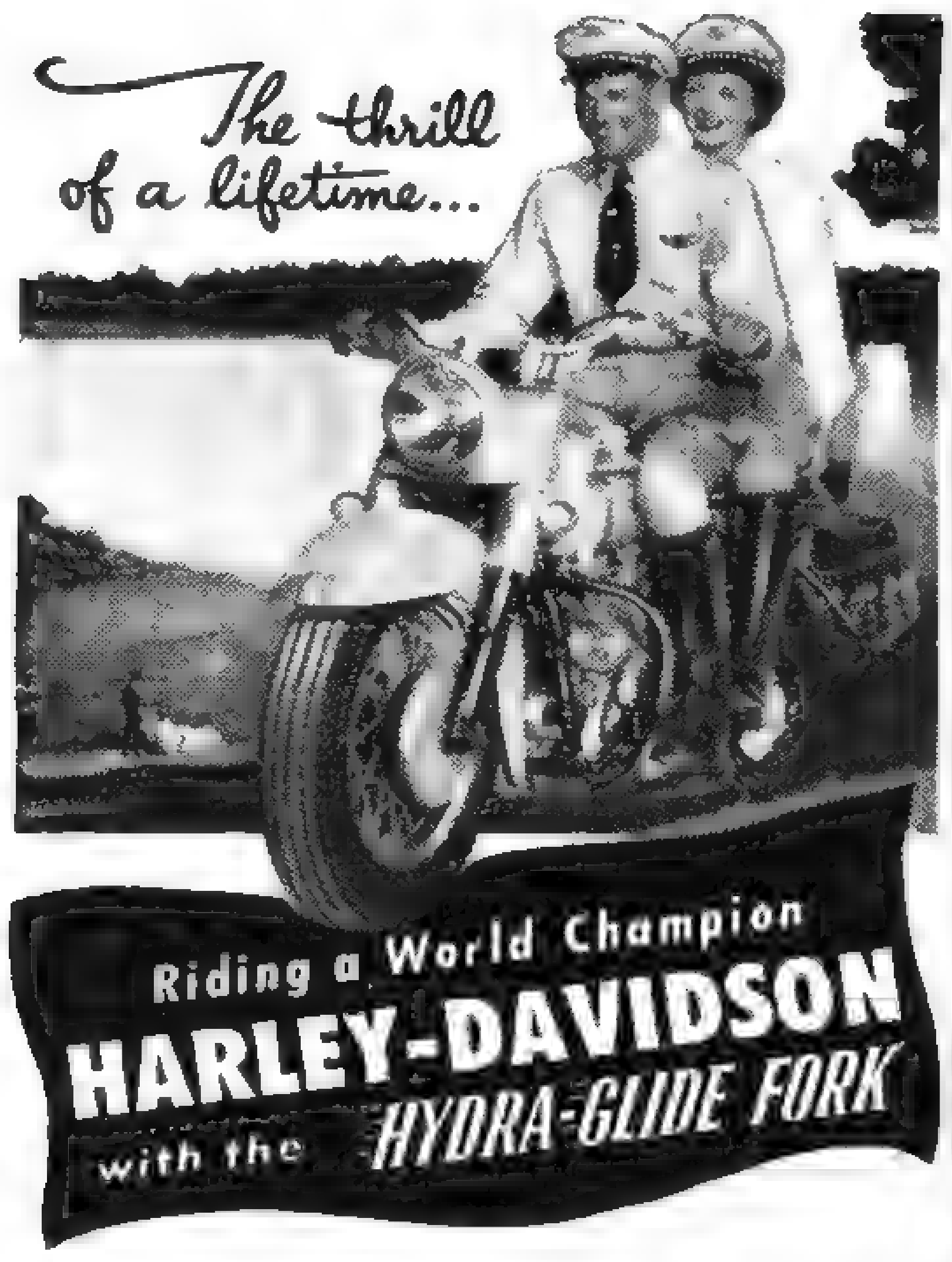
Colors:
Blue ____☐
Grey ____☐
Pink ____☐
Lavender ☐
Cream ___☐

Sizes:	14	14½	15
	15½	16	16½
	17	17½	

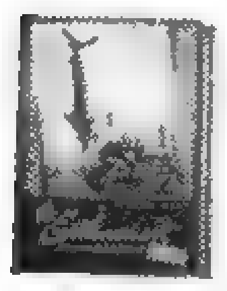
Sleeve: 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36

Collar Styles: Spread ☐ Button Spread ☐

Name______
Address______
City______Zone____State______
Add 2% Sales tax in New York City



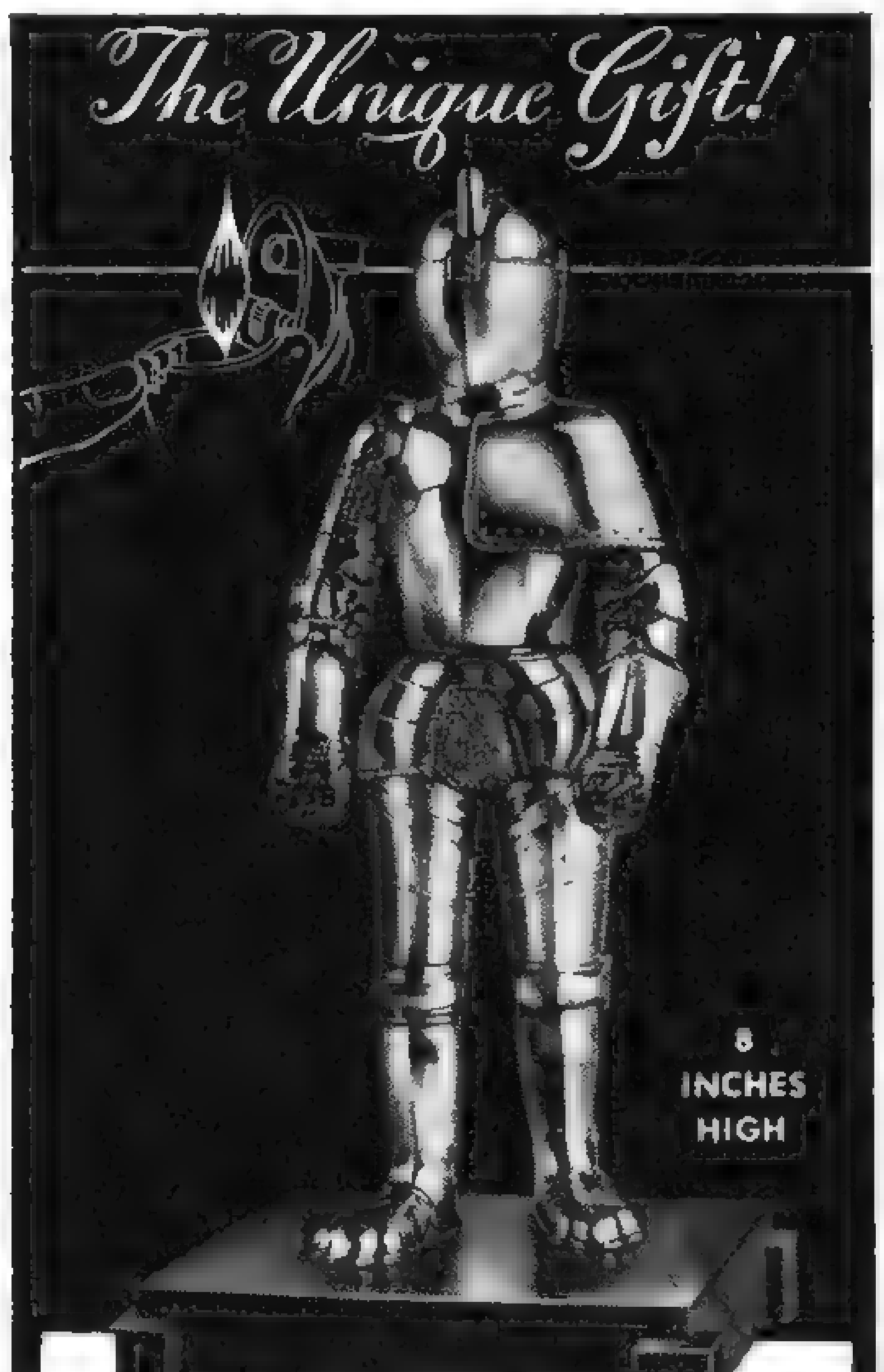
"You ain't seen nothin' . . ." in motorcycling 'til you swing aboard this Harley-Davidson HYDRA-GLIDE streamliner! Man! What performance! You take off like a "jet job", skim over rough roads like a flying cloud, float like a breeze over bumps, steer with finger-tip ease, stop at a touch of the brakes! Even on longest trips you're fresh as a daisy, ever ready for more fun as you take in exciting race meets, endurance runs, hill-climbs, gypsy tours, and wonderful vacation trips. Whether you're an oldtimer or a newcomer, if you're looking for the greatest thrill in the world's greatest sport . . . *this is it!* One ride will convince you. See your Harley-Davidson dealer today. Mail the coupon now!



HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. E, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

Send free copy of ENTHUSIAST magazine, filled with motorcycle action pictures and stories; also literature on latest models.

Name____________________________________
Street or R. F. D.____________________________
City______________________Zone___State_____



Knight in Armor
table lighter

Authentic reproduction of 17th century Earl of Pembroke armor, accurate to minutest link and greave. Touch the visor . . . helmet snaps open . . . and there's your light! Positive action, dependable as the knights of old. 8" tall including sturdy black plastic base. Precision diecast to give years of unfailing service. Gleaming chrome finish won't rust or tarnish. Takes standard lighter-flints and fluid; vapor-seal prevents rapid evaporation. Makes a decorative and distinguished accessory for desk, den or table. ORDER NOW to delight any man on your list.

$7.50 *at better stores everywhere* or ORDER BY MAIL

ERIC WEDEMEYER, Inc.
230 Fifth Ave., New York 1
(We ship postpaid)

"FLIGHT BOOTS"

Fit Every Occasion

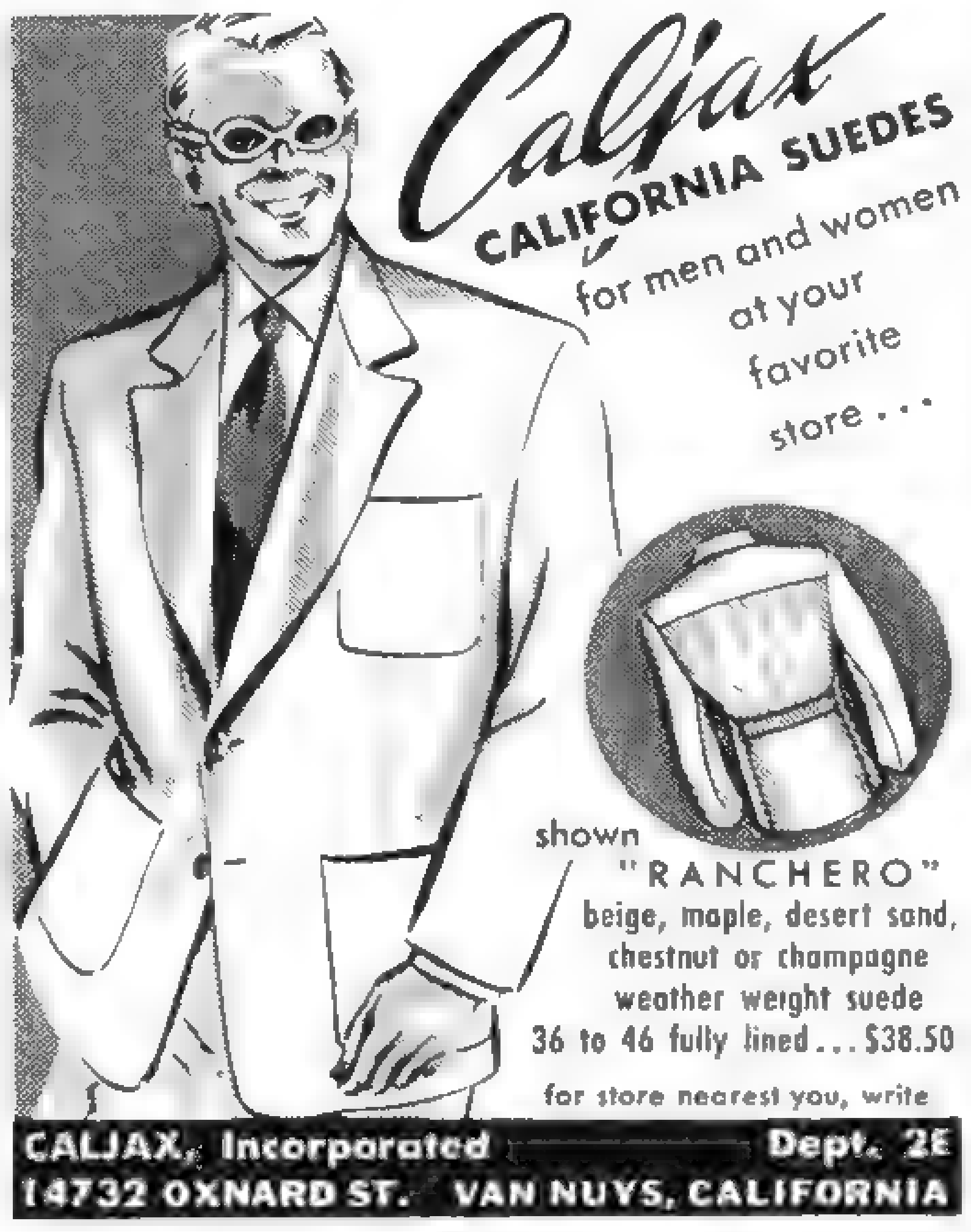
ORDER NOW FOR QUICK DELIVERY
Specify black or tan — Widths B, C, D or E—Sizes 6-12.

Fine quality smooth grain leather 10 inch boot—full leather-lined. Finest bootmaker-leather outsoles. Tuck in trousers or wear outside. Easy on—Easy off!

ALL LEATHER FOR ALL WEATHER

$16.50

NATIVE BOOT COMPANY
171 School Street Holbrook, Mass.



Caljax CALIFORNIA SUEDES for men and women at your favorite store . . .

shown "RANCHERO" beige, maple, desert sand, chestnut or champagne weather weight suede 36 to 46 fully lined . . . $38.50

for store nearest you, write

CALJAX, Incorporated Dept. 2E
14732 OXNARD ST. VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA

FIREARMS & SWORDS

You don't want to miss our new thrill-packed catalog. Fascinating background and illustrations of 3300 authentic pieces. Exceptional values in hard-to-find items. For your 180 page catalog, simply send 50c to cover postage and handling, with your name and address, to

ROBERT ABELS 860-E Lexington Ave.
New York 21, N.Y.

LINGUAPHONE

is your *Passport* to the World

in your own home, alone or in a group, you can now learn to speak

SPANISH • PORTUGUESE
FRENCH • RUSSIAN
ITALIAN • GERMAN

or any of 23 other languages by the world-famous

LINGUAPHONE Conversational METHOD

You learn the new languages by listening to voices of native teachers. It is amazingly simple; thousands have succeeded. Educators hail Linguaphone as a notable advance in simplifying the mastery of languages. That is why so many Linguaphone Sets are used in schools, colleges, universities, as an aid to *fluent* speaking.

Available to Veterans under G I BILL OF RIGHTS

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

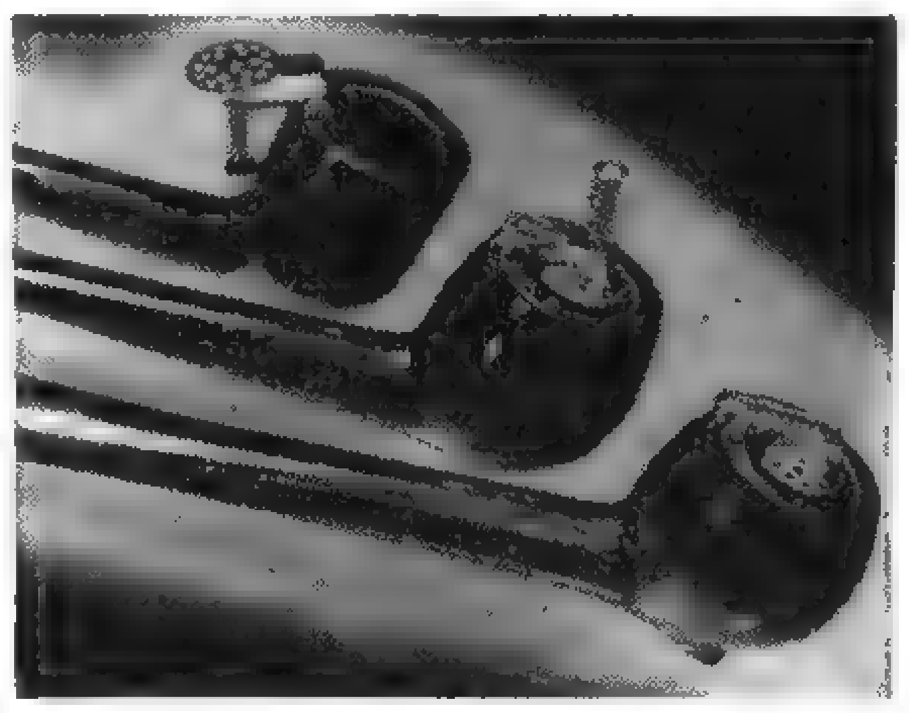
LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
8 RCA BUILDING, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
8 RCA Bldg., New York 20, N. Y.
Send me the FREE Linguaphone Book.
I am ☐, am not ☐ a World War II Veteran
I want to learn...............language.
Name ....
Address.................. City.........

TALKING SHOP

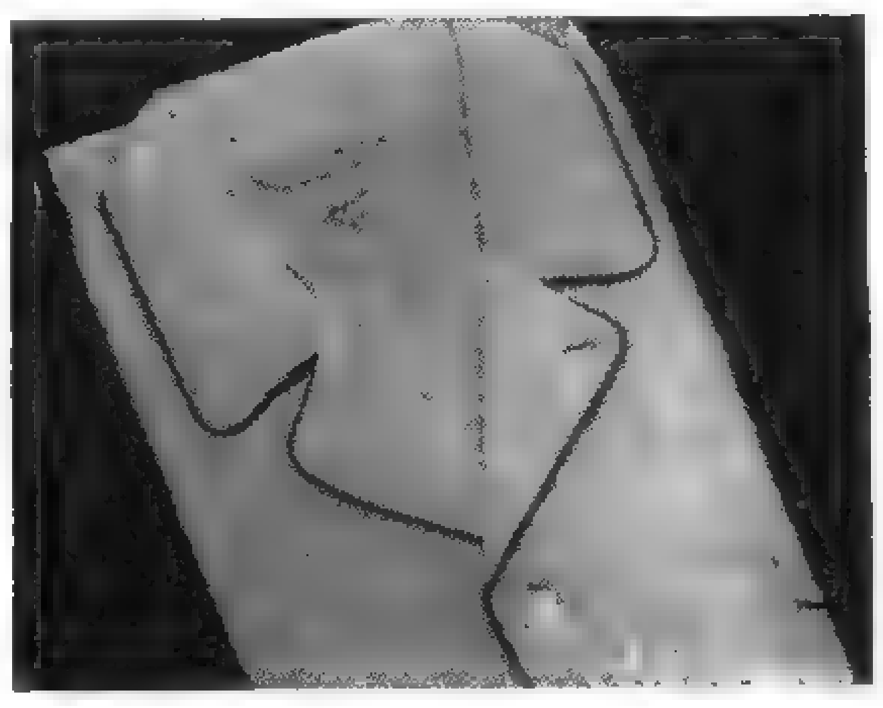
HEAVY SMOKERS might do well to try a tobacco developed by the Kentucky Agricultural Experiment Station. It contains as little as 1/10 the nicotine in other tobaccos (classified by the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture as Type 31-V). Cigarettes, cigars and pipe mixture have a new and different taste.

A PIPE SMOKER complained one day about the difficulty of keeping a pipe well-packed and lit—dirty fingers, endless matches, etc. Someone took him seriously and designed a pipe with a built-in tamper which keeps the pipe lit, avoids wear and tear on the fingers and prevents ashes from flying.



A HARVARD MAN knows the pleasant Puritan, solemn but benign; the Yale man identifies with the "afraid of no one" bulldog; and a Princetonian is reminded by the eager tiger to "keep fighting"—in a gentlemanly fashion. There's a mascot for every college and university in the country.

LIKE A PRINCE he'll go to bed or lounge around in soft silk pajamas, tailored and handsome. In both light and dark colors with contrasting piping, they can be initialed on the pocket. The V-neck collar buttons closed or is left open. The same cut and clear colors come in rayon at half the price.



For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address

Aqua-maid*

HIGHBALL STIRRERS

A great little mixer, she's always in circulation at your bar. Mixes with the best highballs. Made of plastic in 8 assorted colors: aqua, topaz, green, rose, azure, blue, fuchsia, ruby; in solid colors of ivory, black and in crystal.

Beautifully gift-boxed.
8 for $2.00
4 for 1.10

Martini Mixers to match 2 for $1.10

ICE TONGS
Ivory, crystal or ruby $1.00 each

All Postpaid. No C.O.D.'s. *Patent Pending

CRYSTALIER CO.
485 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

For VACATION SCHOOL TRAVEL HOME

Mark Everything with Cash's WOVEN NAMES

12 Doz. $3.50
9 Doz. $3.00
6 Doz. $2.40
3 Doz. $1.80
NO-SO Cement 25c (to attach without sewing)

Identify quickly. Protect positively. Personalize distinctively.

Ask your dealer, or write for samples Cash's S.Norwalk 2, Conn.

ANKLE PROTECTION

Justin's AERO Shoes

Looks right for dress or sports. Lustrous brown Calf. Full Calf lined. Leather soles. Rubber heels. Designed by Army flyers and made by the famous Justin bootmakers.

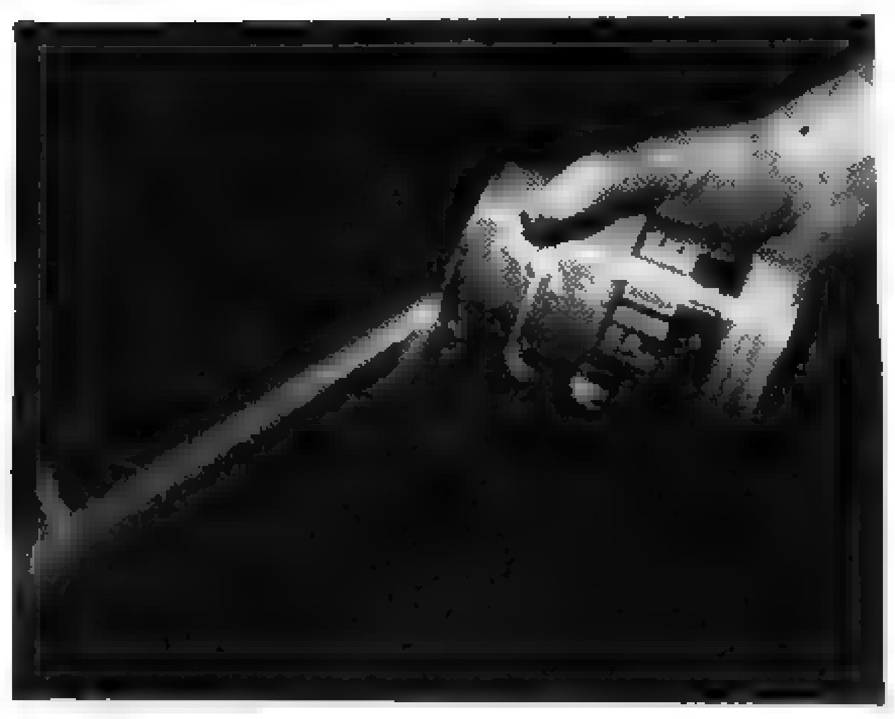
Order by mail giving size & width. $22.50 Postpaid.

MADE IN U. S. A.

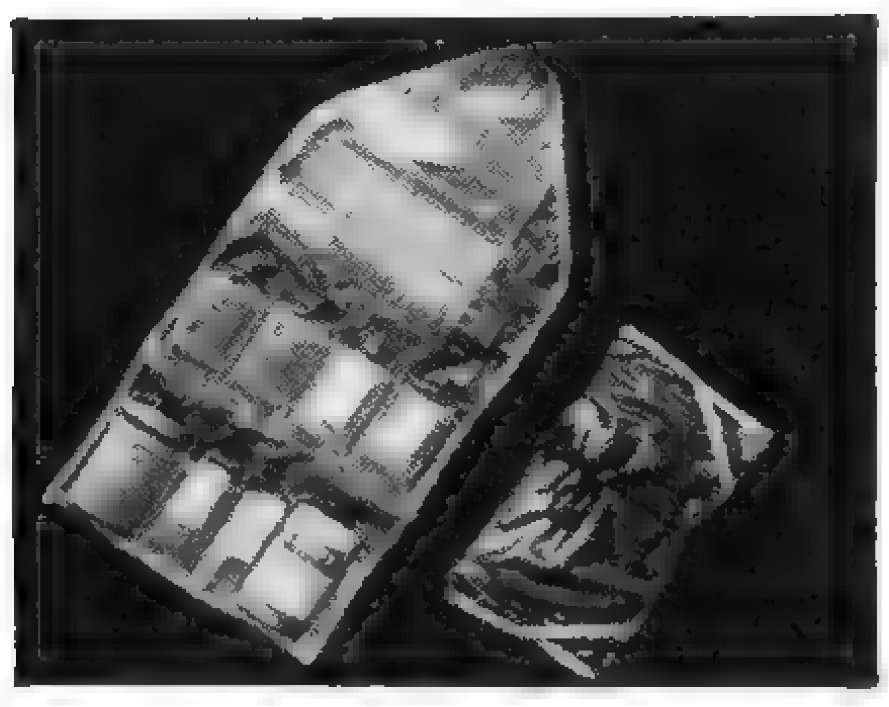
Write for Catalog of Western Boots

JUSTIN BOOT & SHOE CO. Box 548-E Ft. Worth, Tex.

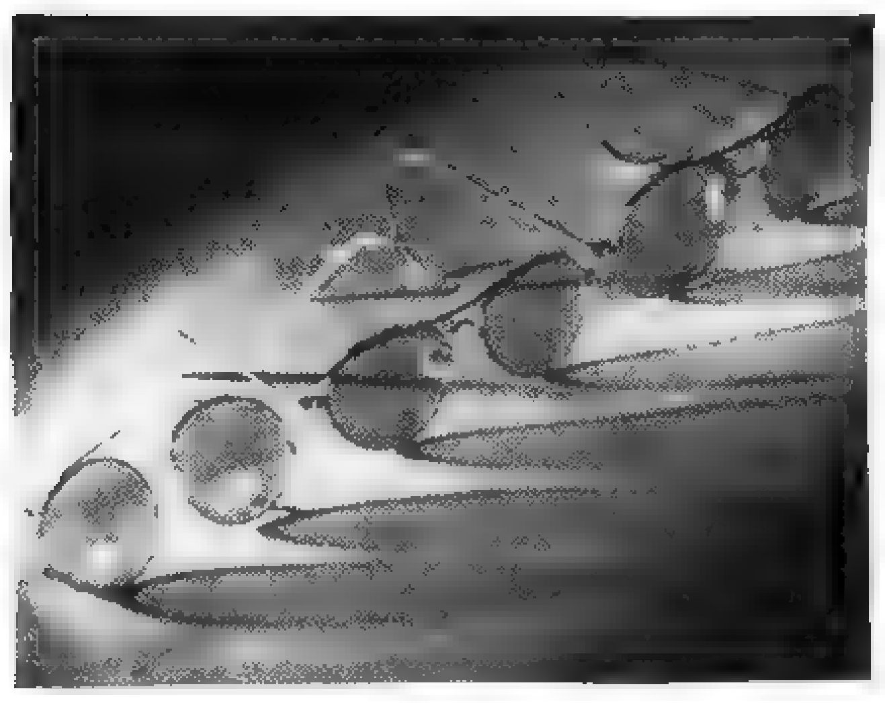
WITH ESQUIRE



THE GREAT DAMAGE in the 2300 fires that occur daily could be prevented if every home, office, car and garage had efficient extinguishers readily at hand. Experts highly recommend a small one very low in cost which puts out any type of fire with a pressure stream of non-damaging chemicals.



PIGGY BANK savings can buy a tidy travel kit for father's day that has and holds everything—cologne, shave lotion, brushless shave, hair dressing, talc, tooth powder and brush, comb, razor, blades, even aspirin. It's all good, very usable and very handy especially for summer weekends.



EASY ON THE EYES not only for night driving but for watching television, these yellow lens glasses reduce the glare. Helpful too, when driving through mist or ground haze. Handsomely made in both men's and women's sizes with 24K gold-plated frames. Snap-on type is also available.

VACATION TIME approaches. You had better look at the luggage you have on hand. It probably needs a going over with a good leather cream to shine and soften it up. This cream is also used on new leather to preserve it. For gloves, shoes, leather furniture and all leather items.

---

to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Ranger

GIFT IDEAS FOR FATHER OR WEDDING ATTENDANTS

TRAVELER'S LIQUOR SET

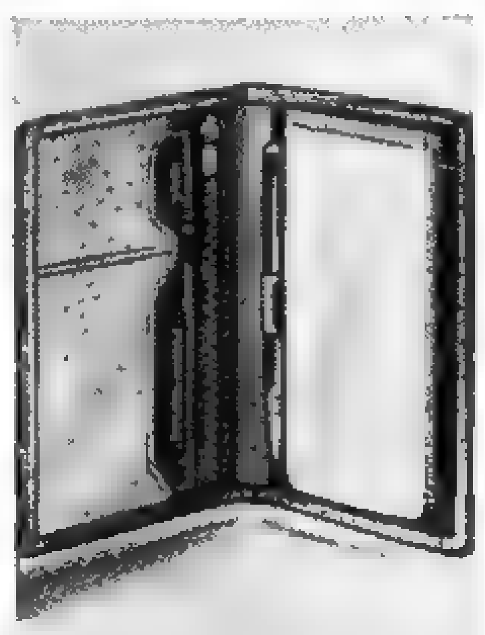
Carry your own "set-ups" and save. 12 Tumblers, Spoon and 3 leather-covered Flasks stamped "Bourbon", "Scotch", "Rye", Topgrain cowhide zippered case **$16.50**

Memo & Bill Fold

Zippered safety pocket, two "longfold" compartments, leather-covered address book and stamp case. Detachable memo pad. Repel-expel pencil. Special value.

Golden Pigskin. . . . . **$8.50.**

Black or Brown Morocco. . . . **$8.00.**



Topgrain Leather Tie-Fold lined with regimental stripes. Holds 12 or more ties. Hanger disappears neatly when folded.

Sun Tan or Russet . . . **$5.**

Items initialed in gold if desired. No initials on C. O. D.

Prices Include Tax
Sent Postpaid
Satisfaction assured.

545 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.
MU. 6-0128

CUSTOM BUILT LUGGAGE
Leed's
FIFTH AVE. NEWYORK

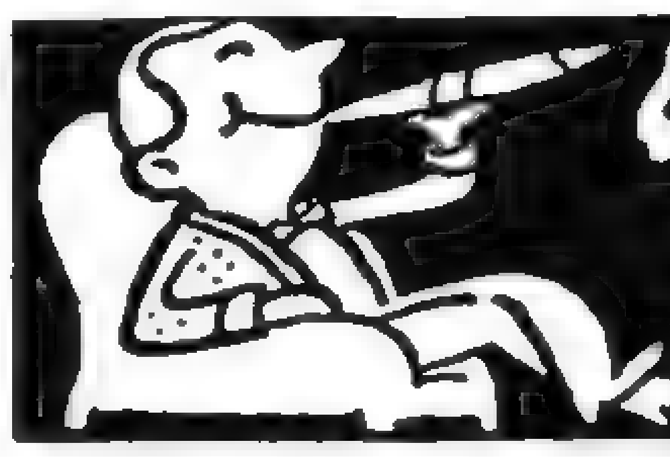
Oh, my aching back!

and for that tired stiff arm, hip and leg...

HERE'S SOOTHING RELIEF! When you've overexercised and muscles are sore and stiff, clock the fast relief you get with Absorbine Jr.! It's cooling, it's soothing! $1.25 a bottle at all drugstores.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.



FOR THE CIGAR SMOKER

FATHER'S DAY SPECIALS—ORDER BY MAIL

Blended Havana Domestics (**BOXES OF 50**) Clear Havana Domestics

Blended Havana Domestics	Reg. Price	JONAS PRICE
Admiration Joys	7.50	**5.75**
Optimo Panatelas	7.50	**4.00**
Tampa Nuggets or Jewels	3.75	**3.25**
Nat'l Bloom Cuban Queens	7.25	**4.50**
Waitt & Bond Yankees . .	3.75	**3.25**
J. C. Winter's Specials . .	3.00	**2.65**

Clear Havana Domestics	Reg. Price	JONAS PRICE
La Primadora Coronations . .	12.00	**9.75**
Cuesta Rey Queens	12.00	**8.50**
La Corona Corona (25) . . .	8.75	**8.00**
Bering Regalias	8.75	**7.00**
Ignacio Haya Palmas (or Bonitas)	12.50	**10.00**
La Diligencia Sublimes . . .	3.75	**3.25**

IMPORTED MANILLAS
from the Phillipines
Full 5" PERFECTOS $5 per 100
Made by La Isabella

Factory Seconds of Famous National Brand!
D W G (Makers of R. G. Dun) Seconds
5¼" PERFECTO, Guar. Long Filler Box of 50 $3.75

IMPORTED CIGARS

DIRECT FROM HAVANA, CUBA—BOX OF 25	Reg. Price	Jonas Price
PERFECTO SIZE (Partagas, Belindas, Romeo y Julieta, H. Upmann)	8.75	**7.00**
CORONA SIZE (Partagas, Belindas, Romeo y Julieta, H. Upmann)	13.75	**11.00**

ALL CIGARS GUARANTEED FRESH

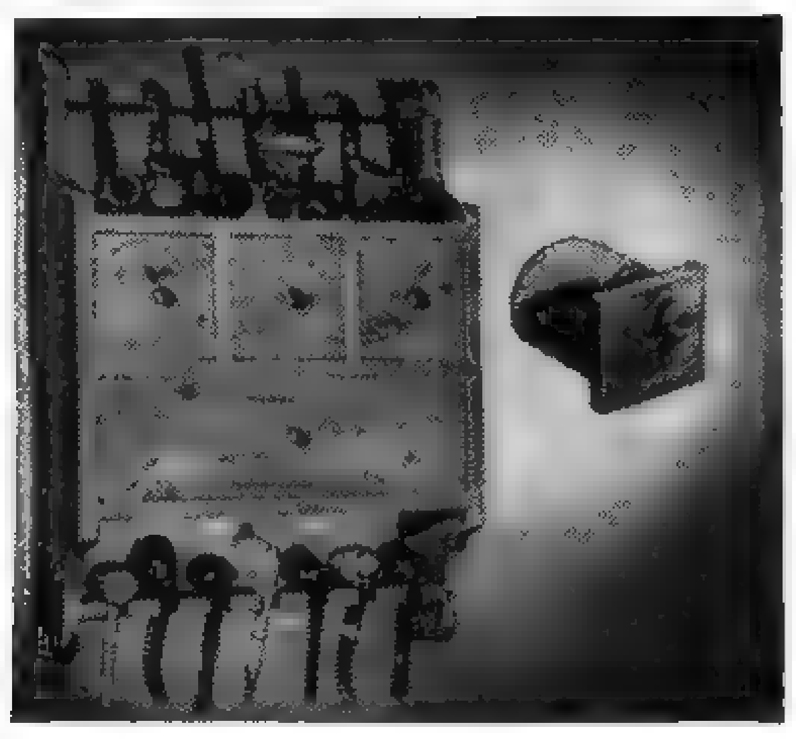
Cigars not to your taste may be returned for refund or credit.

WE PAY POSTAGE

WRITE FOR LATEST *FREE* CIRCULAR OF OTHER VALUES!

1. Domestic and Imported Havana Cigars. 2. Factory Seconds of Nationally Famous Brands. 3. Amazing Values in Pipes and Pipe Tobaccos

JOSEPH JONAS, INC. Over 50 Years on NASSAU ST. Est. 1861
120 Nassau St., New York 7, N. Y.



A Pipe Man's Pipe Rack

Does Everything A Good Pipe Rack Should Do

1. Holds 14 (count 'em) pipes
2. Has 3 air-tight humidor tobacco drawers
3. Has large drawer for all accessories
4. Hangs smartly, conveniently on wall

Hand made of choice pine in mellow, honey tone knotty pine or fine mahogany finish

Size 13" x 18" $14.50 Express Chgs. Col.
Check or Money Order *No C. O. D.'s Please*

Write for Catalog of **UNIQUE WALL FURNITURE**

Yield House
BOX 179 NO. CONWAY, N.H.
Dept. E-6

CATCH MORE FISH *Day or Night*

GLO-WORM HOOKS

Fish can't resist 'em! Ready-baited with scientifically scented luminous rubber *Glo-Worms*. Can be used over and over again. **Results Guaranteed!** *Double your money back if Glo-Worm Hooks don't prove the best bait you ever used.* At Dealers, or **Order Direct. 12 for $1.00 Postpaid.** Dept. H

• GLO-LURE, INC., Medford, Wis.

SHOE of the MONTH

Give your feet an all-summer holiday in the breezy comfort of these ultra-smart Concord Casuals. This Hand Woven, open pattern is a Concord exclusive. Hand sewn vamp and "kicker-back," flexible leather sole. Relax in smart comfort.

ORDER BY MAIL — ***Immediate Delivery***

Quality insured by 45 years of fine shoemaking. Order Model E-16 TODAY. State exact shoe size and width. Available *now* in sizes 6 to 12, B, C, D. **$9.95**. Add 25c for mailing.

Satisfaction or your money back.

CONCORD SHOES, Inc., Milwaukee 1, Wis.

Personalized Tie Tender

PERSONAL PROPERTY OF JAMES SMITH

This handsome addition to a man's closet allows easy one-hand selection with all ties visible. Individual plastic hangers hold ties securely and move freely on chrome bar. Sturdy plastic mahogany back 15" long holds 30 to 50 ties.

30 ties $3.50 postpaid
40 ties $3.75
50 ties $4.00

Price includes name or initials
SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s

Dept. E2 **UTTAL'S** Mount Vernon, N.Y.

CHINESE WATER PIPE

Unusual and different
Available in limited quantity

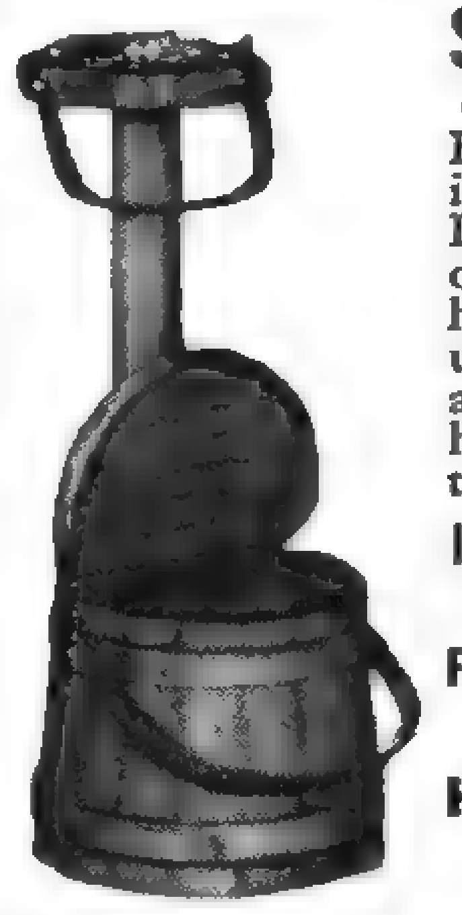
A beautiful imported water pipe that will give you the most satisfying smoke of your life.

Made of gleaming brass—exquisitely engraved. This genuine Chinese pipe contains a pair of tweezers, a brush and a built-in box for tobacco supply. *A "must" for every pipe collector.*

$7.50 Postpaid.

Send check or money order (No COD's please)

R.WM. HALL 54 WEST 25th ST. N. Y. 10, N. Y.



SMOKING STAND

• • • Authentic Sugar Bucket Base. Maple finish. Perfect for Office, Den, Rumpus Room, or Living Room. 22" high. Base 9" across—useful for storing pipes and tobacco. Leather hinges. Red glass ash tray.

IDEAL GIFT FOR FATHER'S DAY $9.95 Prepaid

Sorry, no C.O.D.'s

HELEN JIRANEK
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, N. Y.

GOOD 2 WAYS

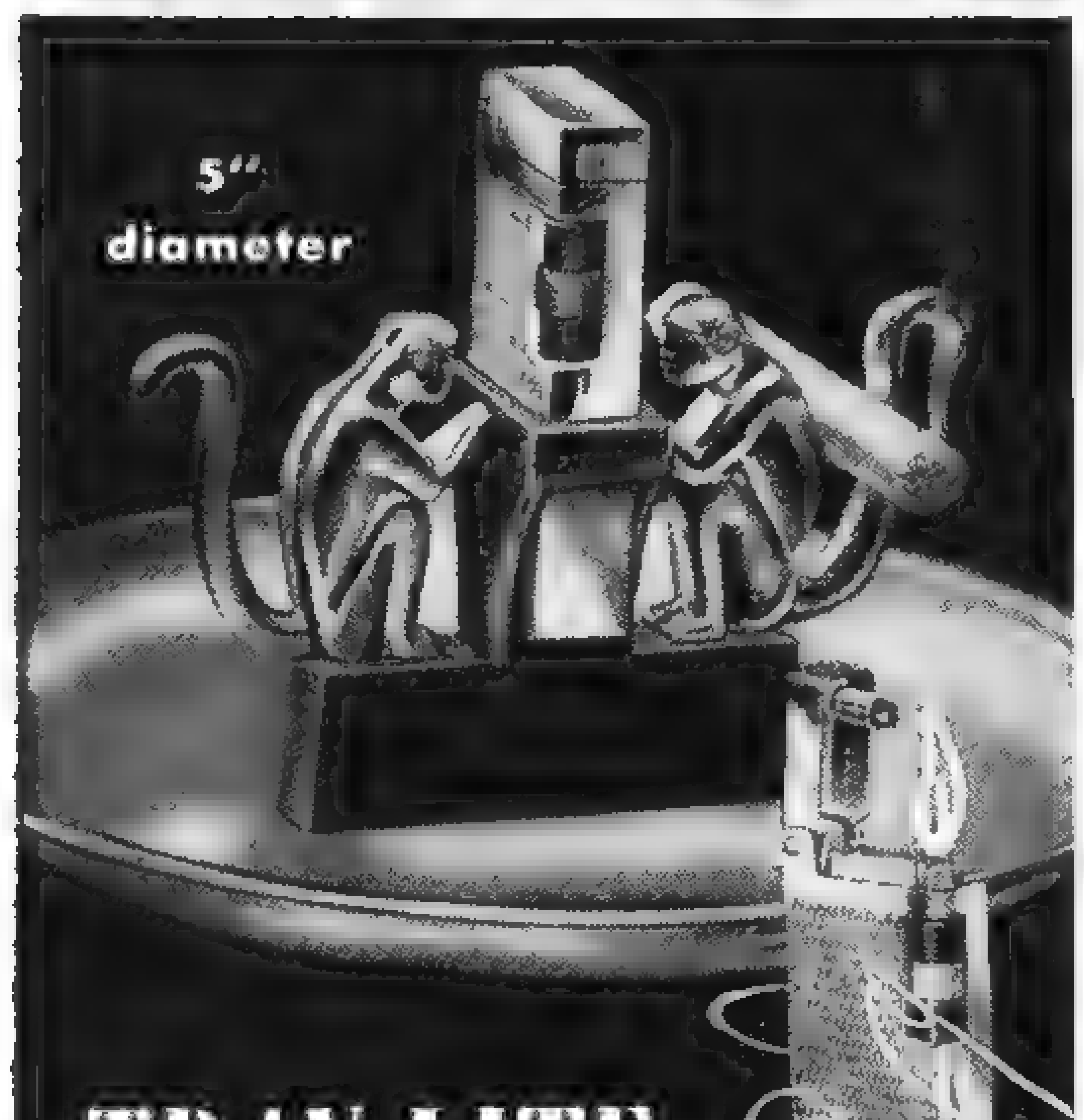
GOOD—by itself
GOOD—as a friendly mixer

RUM and MAPLE
Pipe Mixture
ORIGINAL BLEND No. 53
The Friendly Mixer
RUM and MAPLE

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

DE LIGHT FULLY DIFFERENT

new unusual gift!



TRAY-LITE
ash tray and lighter set

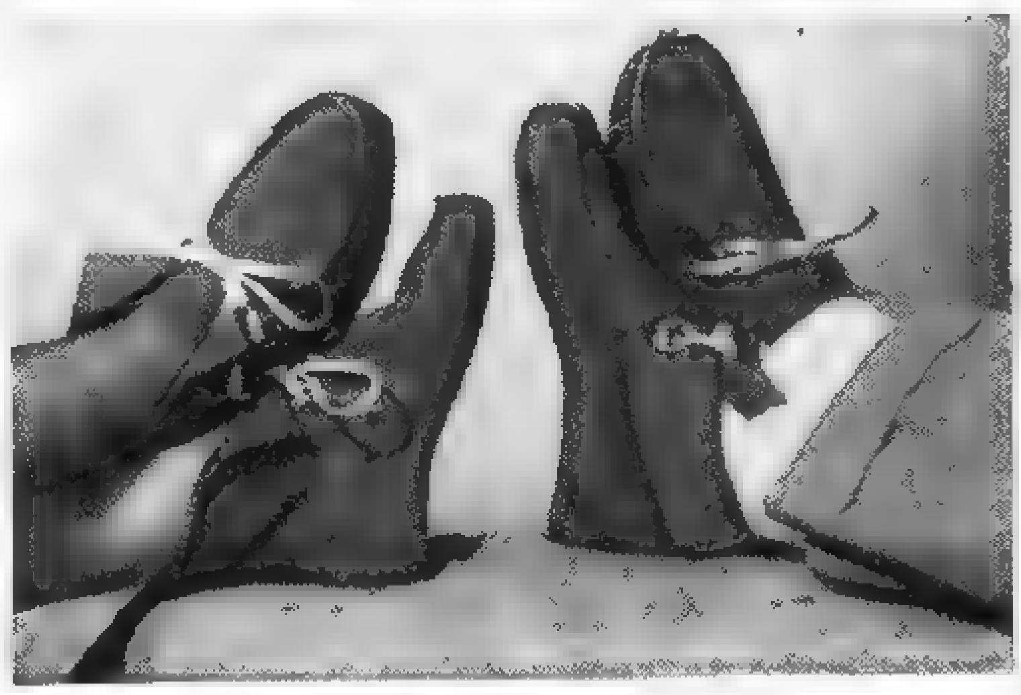
Here's something delightfully different . . . distinctive and eminently practical! A useful and decorative gift for home, office or study . . . a *personal gift too*, because the slender, graceful lighter fits pocket or purse!

The roomy ash tray is richly chrome plated . . . features a unique twin-monkey ornament which serves as cigarette rest. The world famous *Swiza* pocket lighter is precision made . . . handsome and dependable. Its smooth, finger-tip roller action assures instant light every time . . . superbly crafted for years of unfailing performance. TRAY-LITE is truly a triumph in design, quality and value. A splendid gift for Father's day and any occasion. Order today!

$7.50 at better stores everywhere — OR ORDER BY MAIL

Money back guarantee. Sorry, no C.O.D's.

eric wedemeyer, inc.
230 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.
We ship prepaid



APACHE MOCCASINS from the Indian Reservation Country, of glove-soft sueded cowhide with flexible padded soles. Versatile cuff may be worn rolled up or down.

HANDCRAFTED in Natural, Brown, Red, Royal Blue, Emerald Green, Gold, Indian White.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN. In sizes 4 to 8, $4.95
In sizes 9 to 12 . . . . $5.95

FOR CHILDREN, in Natural, Brown, Red and Green. Sizes 5-7-9 . . . . . . $2.95
Sizes 11-13-2-3 . . . . $3.95

Order by mail today. Send check or money order and we pay postage. Or order C. O. D., plus postal charges Immediate delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed, of course.

OLD PUEBLO TRADERS
Box 4035 Dept. EA Tucson, Arizona

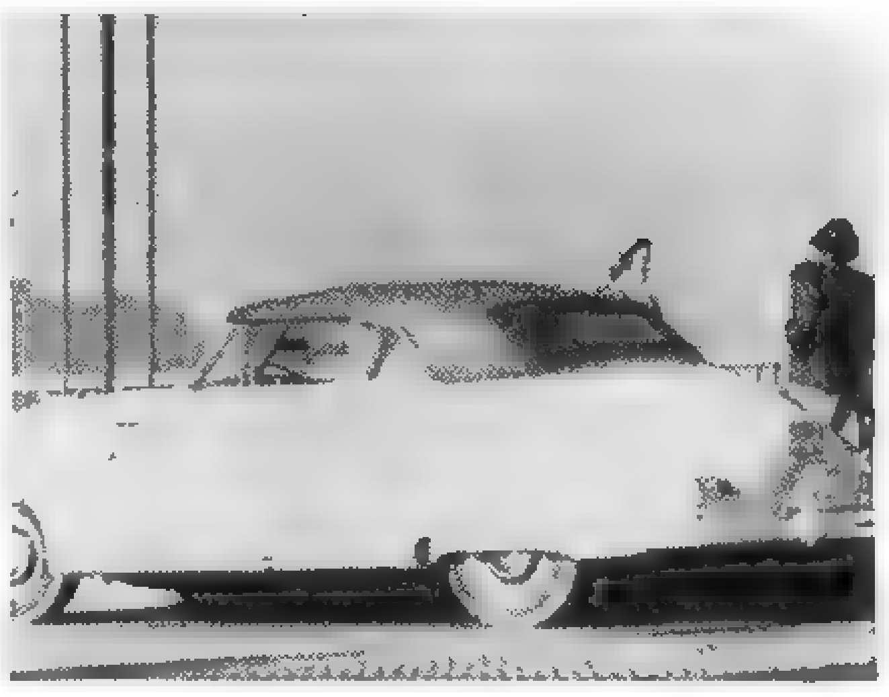
WHOOOOEEEEEEE!!!

WOLF SHORTS. The original Hollywood Wolf leers from a Hollywood & Vine lamp post. Red, yellow, and black print on white Sanforized Broadcloth.

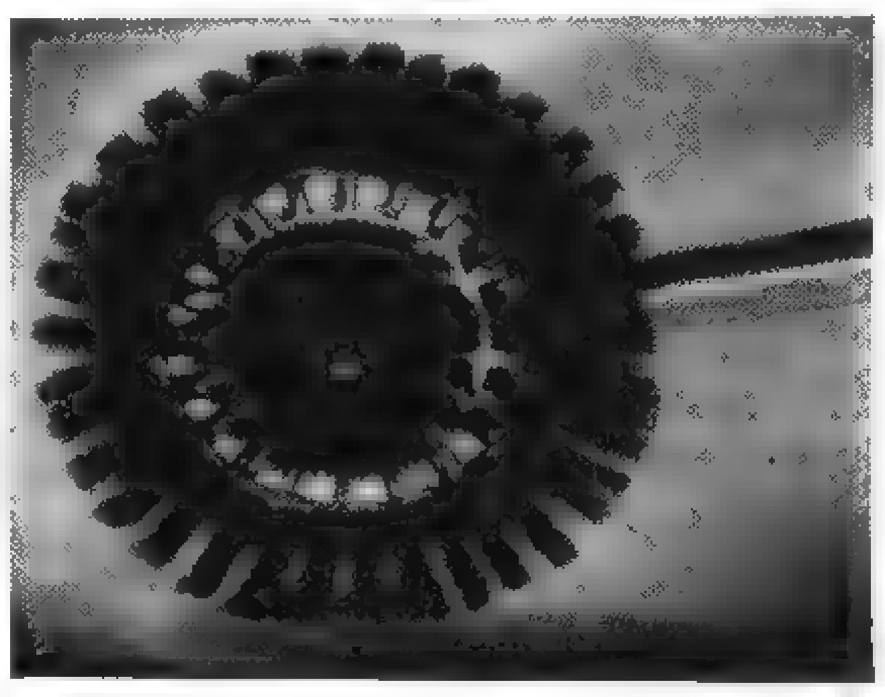
FLAMING SHORTS. Flaming red matches on white Sanforized Broadcloth. Surprise that male! Both "Wolf" and "Flaming" are elastic band, boxer type shorts. Guaranteed sizes 28 to 42. $2.50 a pair postpaid. *An exclusive from—*

PeeWee House FOR HIM!
11046 Barman
Culver City 84, Calif.

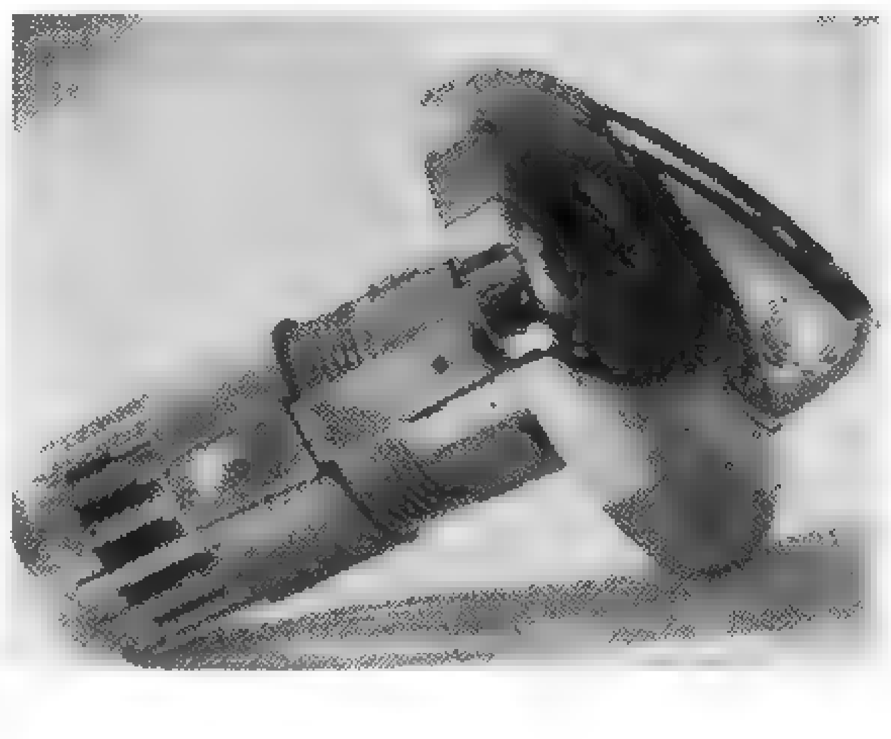
TALKING SHOP



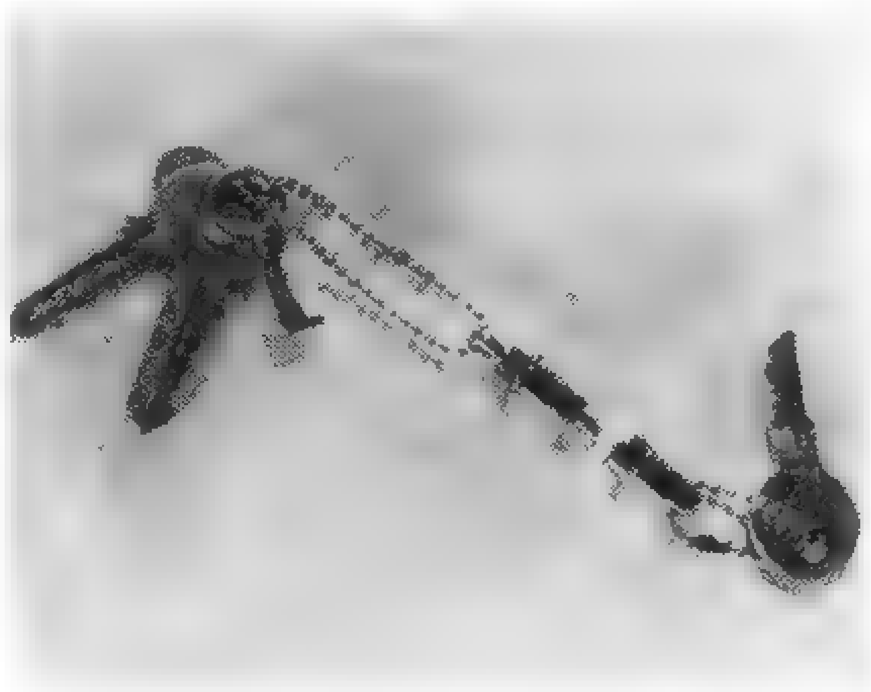
MADE OF GLASS, a convertible top is stronger and more lasting. It looks new almost forever, doesn't shrink or stretch, and has extraordinary resistance to weathering, mildew, oil, grease or fire. Called Cordoglas, it is non-absorbent and can be washed along with the rest of the car.



NO GREAT EFFORT is needed in washing your car with a new whirling wheel brush attached to the garden hose. It revolves automatically with the pressure of the water and works smoothly without splashing. A 3′ extension makes it handy for washing screens, windows, walls, floors, boats and such.



A COMMON NUISANCE to car owners is gas tank trouble—gas siphoned off, cap stolen or left off by some careless station attendant, key gets stuck or the lock corrodes. A clever new gas cap is insurance against all this. It is keyless, siphon-proof, loss and theft proof and quick-filling.



FOR A FEW CENTS, an ingenious device for keys will prove useful. Two chains, one for the ignition key, the other for general keys, are coupled together. You can leave the ignition key in the lock while, with a slight tug, you take the keys to open garage, glove compartment, trunk, house door, etc.

For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address

BE TALLER

WEAR CUSTOM MADE STATURAIDS

$19.50

LOUNGER
brown calf & white buck, No.11 (shown above)
brown calf & brown bucko, No. 12
cordovan crushed grain No. 13

Get the Thrill of Being Taller

ORDER THE ABOVE STYLE BY MAIL
. . . 5 day shipment or visit my factory

Our 10th year producing fine Staturaid custom made height increasing shoes.

HOW TO ORDER: Send correct shoe size (or old shoe), with deposit, balance C.O.D. plus postage; or if you remit in full, we pay mailing charges.

Free Catalog showing 50 styles in height increasing shoes, sent on request

JOSEPH BURGER, Manufacturer, Dept. 173
Factory & Factory Store, 433 E. 148 St., N. Y. 55, N. Y.

DEALERS: WRITE FOR STATURAID SALES OPPORTUNITY

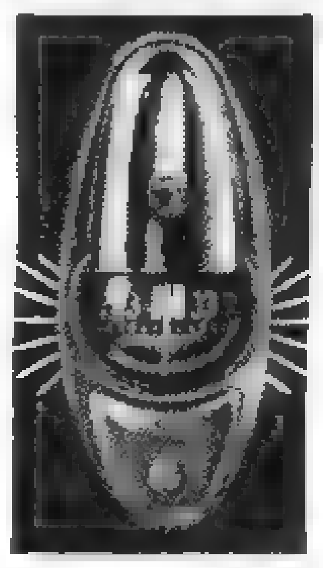
FREE

TO MEN WHO WEAR SIZES 48 to 70

Write for FREE catalogue "J"—tells you how to be outfitted, head-to-foot, BY MAIL. Now, BOND—America's No. 1 Outfitter to Men, brings you BIG clothing and furnishings selections, NATIONALLY FAMOUS tailoring, PEDIGREED fabrics, and Bond's direct-to-you prices (you NEVER pay a premium at Bond's for big sizes!) Catalogue contains complete descriptions, price lists, order blank! Plan your Bond spring wardrobe NOW!

Write for FREE Catalogue "J"

Bond's Big Men's Shop
380-5th Avenue, New York



THE GIFT FOR DAD THAT KEEPS ON GIVING

HULL AUTOMOBILE COMPASS

Makes knowing the way sure, safe and easy.

Beaconlite Illuminated $5.95 Streamline Standard $3.95

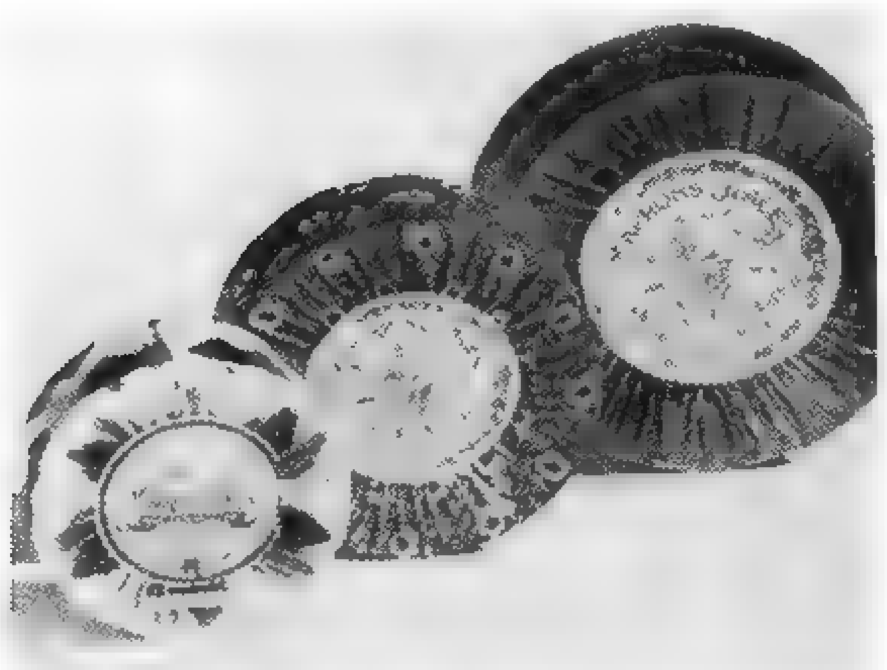
At your dealer's Write for circular.

HULL MFG. CO.
P. O. Box 246-G6, Warren, Ohio

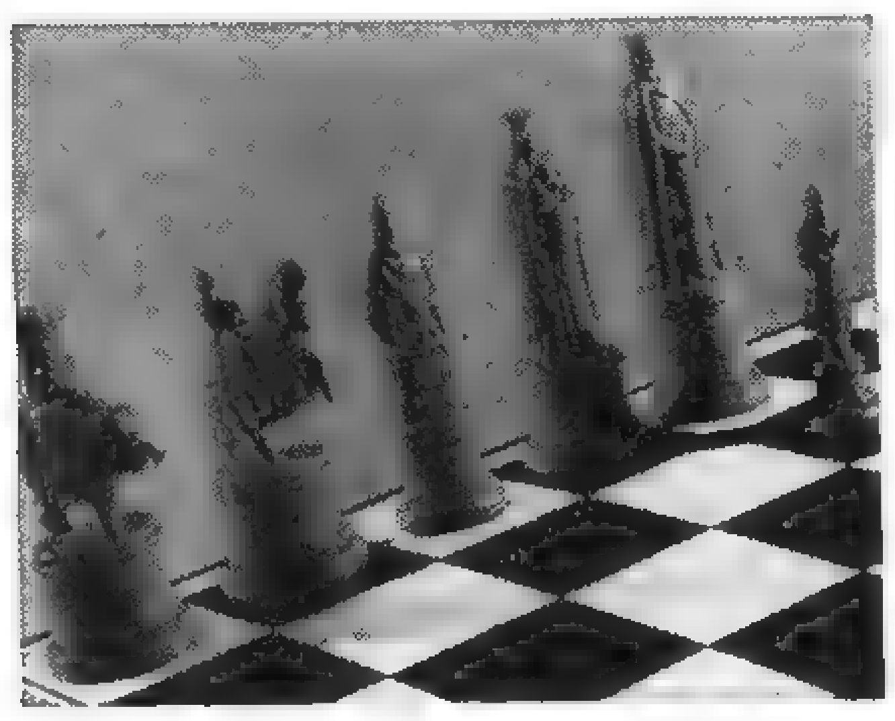
WITH ESQUIRE

A BASHFUL LEPRECHAUN with big feet stands in the middle of a water lily leaf looking about as foolish and loveable as Mortimer Snerd. It's all in deep green glazed pottery. The leaf is a 6" ash tray and the little fellow on it is a character to keep you company and occasionally introduce to friends.

IMPORTANT VERSATILITY. A new portable phonograph plays all types and sizes of records including the new Victor, the Columbia LP, the old standard type and talking book records for the blind. It converts easily for the different kinds of records, is slightly larger than an average typewriter case.



FOR A FAVORITE HOSTESS. It used to be the thing for a gentleman in France—if he wanted to be thoughtful—to bring Marrons Glacés when he came to call. These are a choice type of chestnut from the South of France candied according to a traditional recipe. For the caviar-champagne taste in confections.



FOUR-INCH KINGS, knights, bishops, rooks and pawns are reproductions of 12th century ivory chessmen handcarved in Florence. Wellmade, weighted and felted, this plastic set is in a simulated alligator box, felt-lined with individual compartments. Red and ivory, or ivory and black.

to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Ranger

FOR FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 19

GIVE *the Gift* HE'D CHOOSE HIMSELF

HANDIWAY FOLDING BAR

Opens to 3 sizes! Complete in every detail!

Dad will love to entertain his friends at this handsome space-saving bar. When closed it takes only 21" space and can be put in a corner or closet, opened its a full size 5 ft. bar! Spacious storage cabinet with lock and key for his precious liquor, metal ice cube drawer, two sliding shelves for glassware, gadget drawer, and "ye olde foot rail" in sparkling chrome. Top is indestructable, cigarette and liquor proof Formica. Beautifully finished in walnut or mahogany, **$168.50.** Bleached or ebony, **$183.50** (F. O. B. New York)

Why you should never drink water

NEW! AMUSING! NOVEL!

? ? ? "NATURE BOY" ? ? ?

Plugs into any socket, A. C. or D. C. 110-120 volts. Watch him come to LIFE! Similar to Brussels Famous Fountain. Ingeniously designed. Synchronized to nature's action. 'Doin' what comes naturally.' OPEN THE DOOR RICHARD, AND YOU'LL BE SURPRISED ??? Just the thing to put on a bar—loads of laughs, lots of fun! ***Postage Prepaid*** **$13.50**

Send 10¢ for 1949 'Tippler' catalog #43

Bobbie Ganger, Executive Director

HOME BARS
CELLARETTES
CREDENZERETTES

The BAR MART
62 WEST 45TH ST., N.Y.C. 19, N.Y.
America's Most Unusual Store

GADGETS
GLASSWARE
GIMMICKS

carry that bottle SAFELY in a

VENUS BOTTLE GUARD

Venus quart-size, heavily-padded, suede-like Bottle Guard keeps clothes and suitcase free of stains from bottles that might leak; protects against breaking; saves bulk in wrapping—pays for itself in peace of mind and cleaning bills. Travelers love them. Quart size $3.00, Pint size $2.50. Colors: Tan, Maroon, Green. Also two-compartment Perfume Bottle Guard, $3.00. At most good stores or write us.

Venus Corp., 1170 B'way, New York. Dept. E-6

Walk-Over FLITE-BOOTS

Ideal for Sport, Service, Dress or Military Wear!

Order this quality Walk-Over boot by Mail. All leather. Two-eyelet tie. Dust proof—easy to clean. "The most comfortable shoe you've ever worn!"

Sizes 5 to 13, AA to EE
Specify your size & width

$14.95

Includes Mailing
Add 2½% (37c) Tax
If Delivered in Calif.

Immediate Delivery.
Send Check, Cash or Money Order (no COD) to:

HERB HILL
1417 N. Towner Santa Ana 1, Calif.

$5.95 POSTPAID

CAMERA LIGHTER!

... removable tripod
... for table or pocket

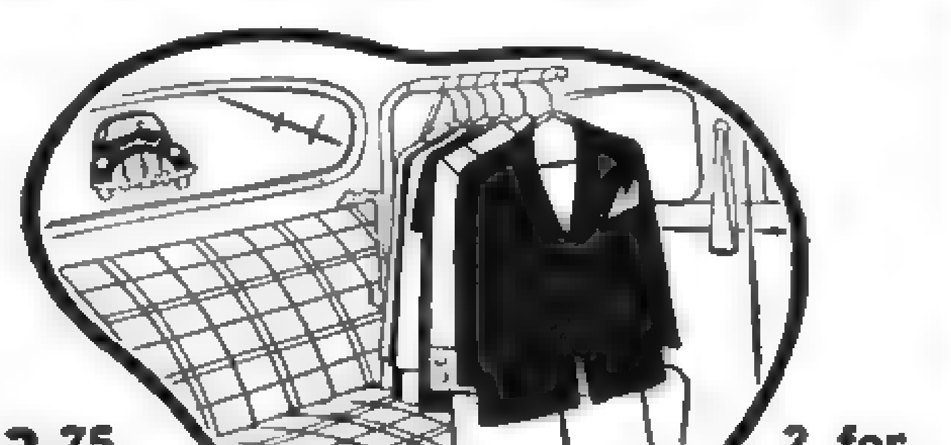
Not a camera, but your friends can't tell 'til the flame pops up! It's a converted war-time "secret agent" camera case and perfect in every detail. Hidden slots for brush and extra flint. Measures 1½ x 2½ in.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Send check or money order—TODAY!
(Sorry, no C.O.D.s)

Del-Russ Gifts
Dept. E
231 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee 3, Wis.

TRAVEL BY AUTO? *Then buy our Improved* Easy-Pack Auto Rack!



$3.75 each
Postpaid in U.S.A.

2 for $7.00
Postpaid in one carton

- No packing—no pressing bills.
- Holds many garments WRINKLE free.
- Fits all cars—no tools required.
- Made of Aluminum—Weight 1¼ lbs.
- Won't mar car upholstery.
- Does not obstruct rear view.
- Extension links & suction cups now supplied.
- Hangs over doors, chairs, radiators and panels in homes, offices, motels, etc.

Two day service! Postpaid. Gift boxed. Money back guarantee. The Ideal Gift For All Gift-Giving Occasions. Send check or money order.

THE H. H. EBY COMPANY
Patents Applied For
P. O. Box 808-ES Fort Wayne, Indiana

HAND CUT MONOGRAM CRYSTAL

For sparkling, jewel-like brilliance . . . when the occasion calls for the finest! Order by mail at these low prices:

WITH HEAVY SHAM BOTTOMS:
12-oz Highballs . . . set of 8 $3.50
(Liquid contents 10-oz)
7-oz Old Fashioneds . . . set of 8 $3.50
1½-oz Shot Glasses . . . set of 8 $3.50
SPECIAL: 3 sets $10.00
STEMMED ELEGANCE:
Martini twirler, 70-oz $2.85
Brandy-Cocktails, 3-oz . . . set of 8 $7.95
SPECIAL: Set of Martini twirler and 8 Brandy-Cocktails $10.25

Glasses for every entertaining occasion--start your collection now. Many other styles available. Prices include monogramming in style shown Please print initials plainly. Prices are postpaid --no C.O.D's please. Make wonderful gifts.

Order by mail from
GLASSCRAFT
920-Q Chicago Ave. Evanston, Ill.

100% CASHMERE SLIPOVER $15
A NUKNIT Full-fashioned product

also with sleeves $22

No other yarn gives you the easy feel, the casual look, the all-weather comfort of PURE CASHMERE. These are full-fashioned and hand-washable . . . soft to the touch, unbelievably light on your back.

John Blye

ORDER BY MAIL
send for catalog

565 FIFTH AVE.
New York 17, N.Y.

Enclosed find check ☐ money order ☐ for____ Cashmere slipovers in size and colors checked.

COLOR
Brown ☐ Maroon ☐
Aqua ☐ Navy ☐ Maize ☐
White ☐ Black ☐ Grey ☐
Dk. Green ☐ Natural ☐ Powder Bl. ☐

SIZE {Sleeveless ☐ Long Sleeve ☐
Small ☐ Medium ☐
Large ☐ Ex. Large ☐

Name____
Address____
City____ State____

Add 2% Sales Tax in New York City E6

THE Setwell* "twenty incher"

- Big 20 inch curved shoulder gives size 42 suits and larger, a wrinkle-free and neat appearance.
- Finest selected hardwood.
- Natural finish—beautifully lacquered.
- Nickel plated steel hook and locking device.
- Also available—17 inch hanger for size 40 suits and smaller.

*Trademark Reg.

MACKIE LOVEJOY MFG. CO.
1705 West 13th Street Chicago 8, Illinois

AT MEN'S STORES AND NOTIONS DEPARTMENTS EVERYWHERE

FOR REAL COMFORT AND SMART GOOD LOOKS...

The Botin CHARRO

—smooth-toe, snug-fitting footwear for smart comfort. Created by and imported from Mexico's outstanding bootmakers, Tres Caballos. Bench-made of top-quality calfskin, with extra-sturdy pliable soles, 1¼ in. heel, rubber tapped Available in black or brown. When ordering The Botin Charro, please specify color and size, from 4 to 12, medium or wide. **$12.50**

Navarro Bros. IMPORTERS EXPORTERS
113 South Oregon Street, EL PASO, TEXAS

FOR FATHER'S DAY

...A Rare and Unique Gift!

Here's your chance to give Dad something *really* unusual—an *imported* Sampler Package of famed Dobie's FOUR SQUARE luxury tobaccos—Britain's outstanding blends! He'll get *four* rare blends that will give him a new experience in smoking pleasure! These superb tobaccos are made from the world's finest tobacco leaf, patiently aged for three long years, then *pressure blended.*

Give Dad this rare taste thrill—hurry your order today!

SPECIAL! ONLY $1 POSTPAID

Order *today* in time for Father's Day, June 19th

If your dealer can't supply you, write for as many packages as you wish. Order three or four so he'll have plenty on hand. We'll ship immediately, C.O.D. Or send dollar bills, check or money order with letter. *Dealer inquiries invited!*

James B. Russell, Inc.
Dept. 13, 23 W. 57th Street
New York 19, N. Y.

DOBIE'S
FOUR SQUARE
TOBACCOS
DOBIE'S FOUR SQUARE MIXTURE

FOR STOUT MEN

SPORT SHIRTS
SIZES 17 TO 21
$3.95
2 FOR
$7.75
ORDER TODAY!

Slenderizing collar style. Short sleeves. Extra roomy—cool. Designed by specialists of stout men's wear. Quality sanforized broadcloth in Blue, Tan, White.

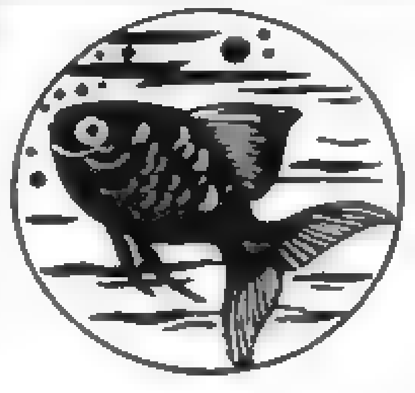
ORDER NOW
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
STOUTFITTERS
216 W. 79 St., Dept. Z, NYC 24

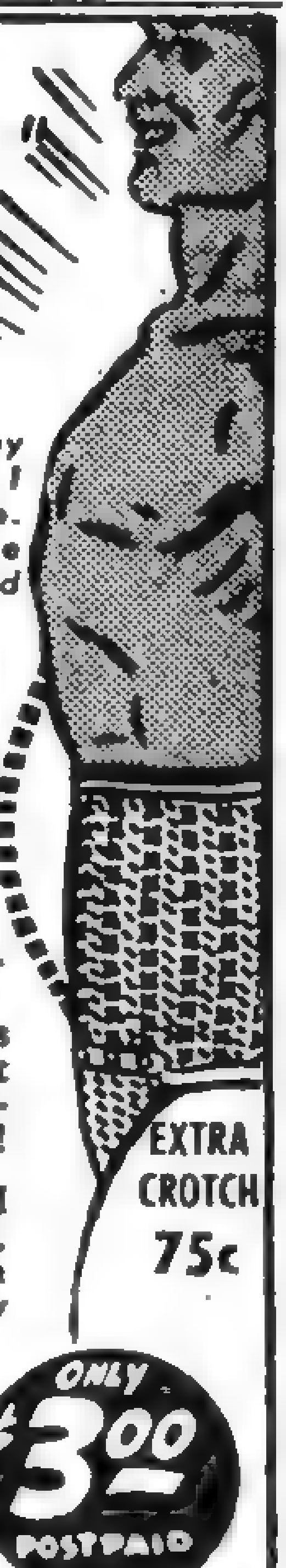
SEND FOR FREE CATALOG OF SIZES 44-70

TROPICAL FISH

You can have a small, exotic section of the South Seas right in your home — richly colored tropical fish; also goldfish, water lilies, aquatic plants, accessories 1948 (Discuss Cover) catalogue, **All fish in full color.** Send 20c, coin or stamps (Foreign 50c).

EASTERN GARDENS, Dept. E
Kissena Blvd. and Rose Ave. Flushing, N. Y.





"I Feel 10 Years Younger!"

Says Mr. A. P.

Before I started wearing my special SPORTFLEX support I looked and felt like an old man. Today, with this wonderful figure aid, I look 10 years younger and feel like a million!

Sportflex Reg. Appd

What a wonderful way to control those bulges! SPORTFLEX simply e-a-s-e-s you into upright, perfect posture without any restraining stays to dig into soft flesh!

The wide 2-way stretch band of quality lastex can't roll, bunch or bind...Soft, smooth detachable crotch gives sanitary super-support. Here's a sturdy, resilient figure aid for porous non-chafe control that launders like magic!

EXTRA CROTCH 75c

ONLY $3.00 POSTPAID

Send check or money order
C.O.D.'s accepted

SPORTEX FOUNDATIONS, Dept. E-5
14 W. 17 St., N.Y. 11, N.Y.

Please send me________Sportflex supports.
and________extra crotches.

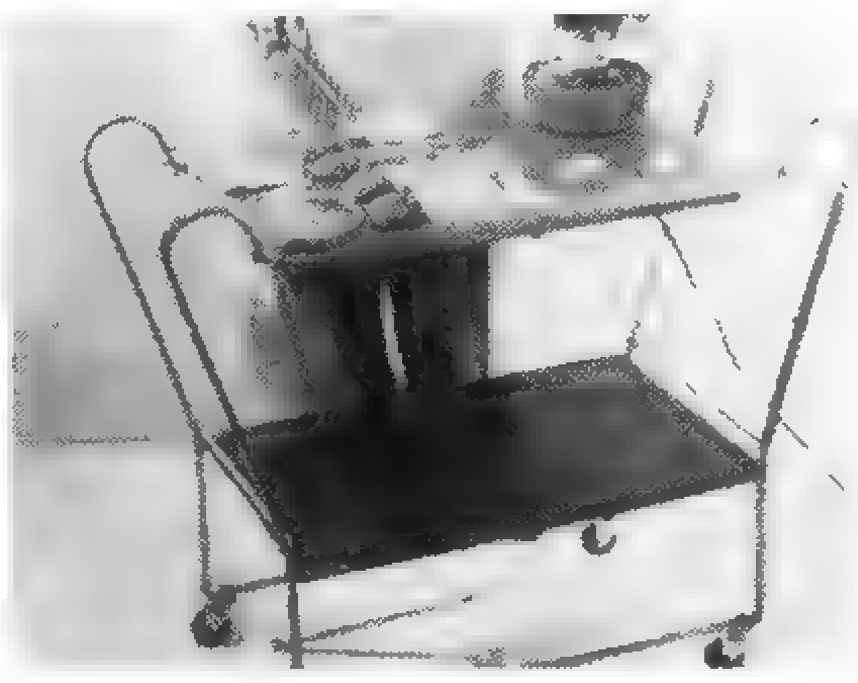
Name________
Address________
City________Zone____State______
Please specify waist size______ height size______

TALKING SHOP

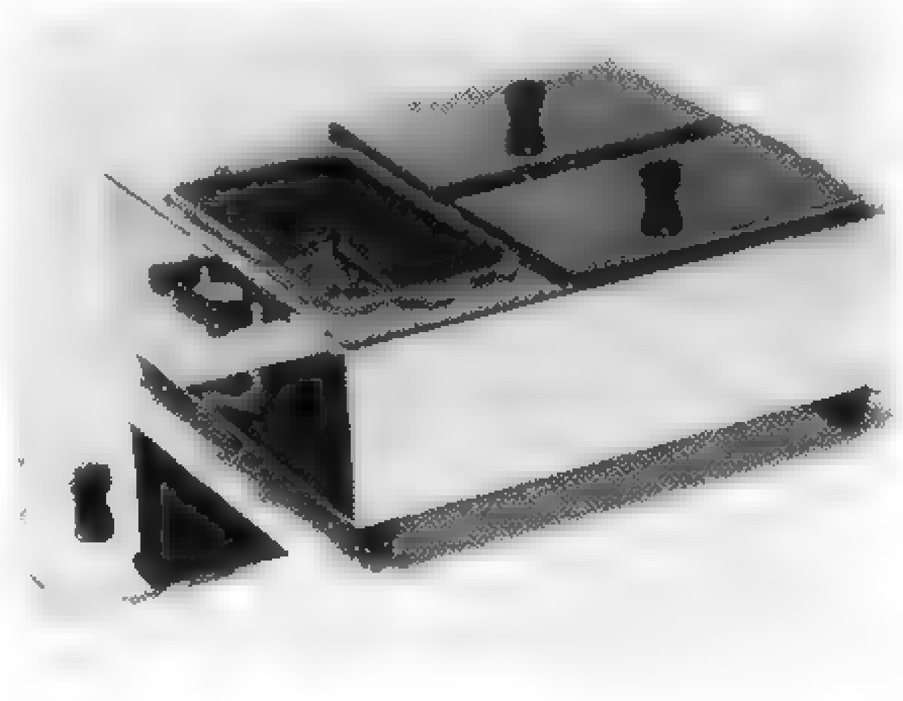
FOR THE BACHELOR or the June bride, this book is invaluable. It tells how much to order and how to cook for two. Most books give larger recipes which never turn out right by just putting in less of everything. Also provided are suggestions for meals — often more of a problem than a novice suspects.

Just For TWO

HOT OR COLD, this table has a variety of uses. When hot the aluminum top 15" x 24" grills at once bacon, eggs, hamburgers or anything else; it can be wheeled conveniently right up to wherever you're eating. When cold it becomes a bar or tea wagon. Excellent for serving hot meals to invalids.

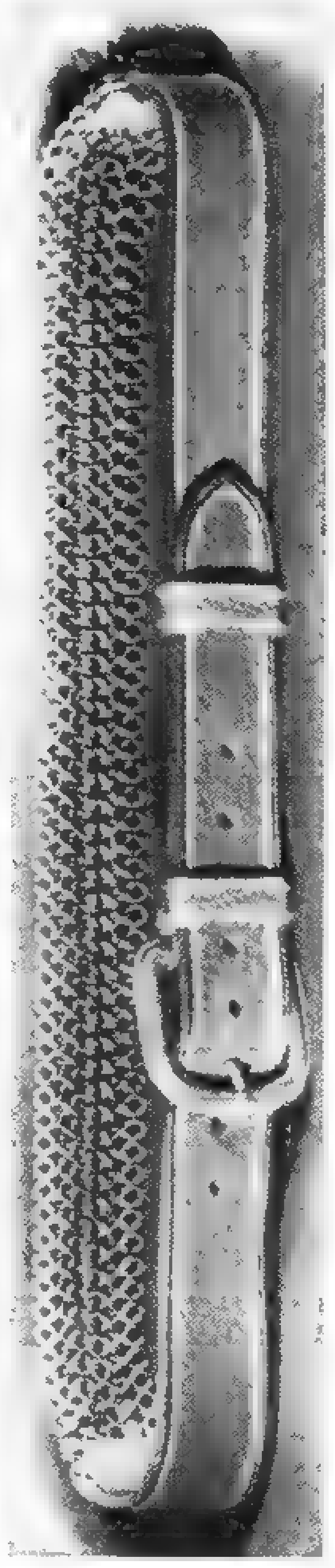


FOR LATE SUPPERS or buffet-style entertaining, an electric food warmer keeps hot food hot while guests help themselves. The chrome cabinet contains three separate heat-proof glass dishes (2 quart size); the heat can be turned up enough to cook with or turned down just to keep everything warm.



AMUSING DECORATION painted freehand on a metal tray strikes a note of absurdity. A very static gentleman sits on a very lively horse; some nonsense scribbled round the edge toasts with one-time wit "To our wives: may they be blissfully trustful as we are trustfully blissful."

For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address



WONDERFUL COMFORT FOR DAD OR SON

MADE IN ENGLAND

MARTIN'S EXPANDING SPRING BELT for sports and every-day wear, the patented spring action "gives" comfort with every motion. Eliminates pressure and strain, yet holds trousers "true" with graceful drape. Will not rust, stain or lose its spring. Sent post paid. *(Send waist size)*

COWHIDE
Black or Tan Front
$3
Boys . $2.50
Narrow Cowhide,
Men's . $2.50, Boy's . $2.00
Suspenders to match $3.50
Alligator DeLuxe Belt $6.50
English DeLuxe Alligator Wallets, $10, *including tax*

British Makes, INC.
525 Main Street, New Rochelle, N.Y.
New Rochelle 2-7100

95¢ GOLF BALL FREE!

4 American FLYWHEEL ACTION

Order 6 top quality, new 95c "Flywheel-Action"* High-Speed Balls at 58⅓c each, factory direct for $3.50 postpaid. We ship 7—your order of 6 plus free "Sampler." You get American's finest 95c Tournament Balls at 50c each! Send coupon today.

"Flywheel-Action": American's exclusive principle of golf ball construction. Results: 14.9% more spin, giving longer flight, more "bite," truer putting.

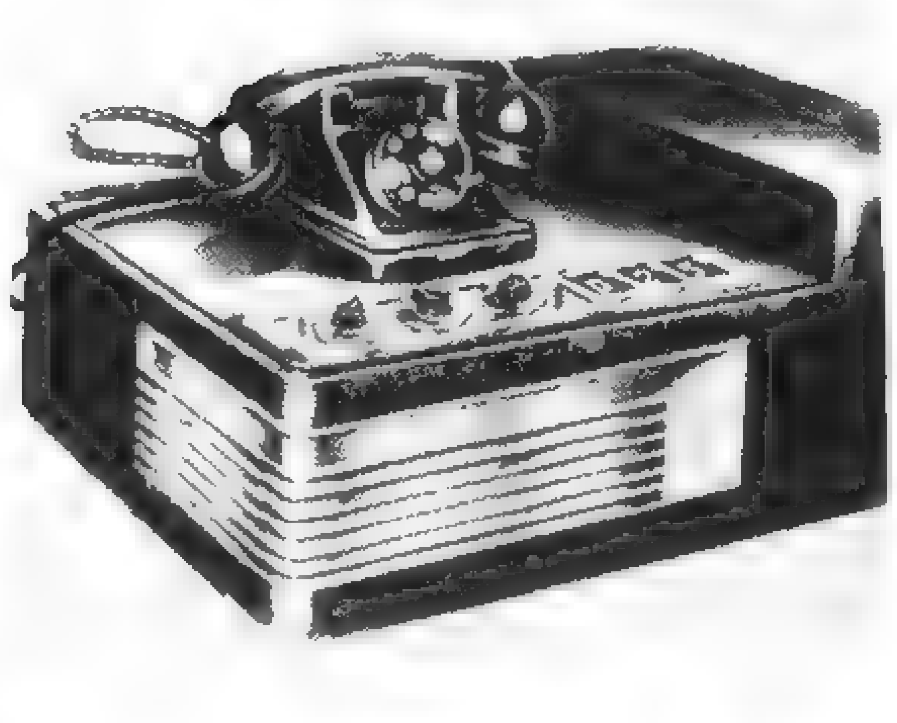
OUR GUARANTEE: Give your free Sampler "the works" in actual play. If you're not convinced it's the sweetest-playing ball you've ever used, regardless of price, return all 7 balls for full refund.

American Golf Ball Manufacturing Co.
8629 West Third St., Los Angeles 36. Calif.

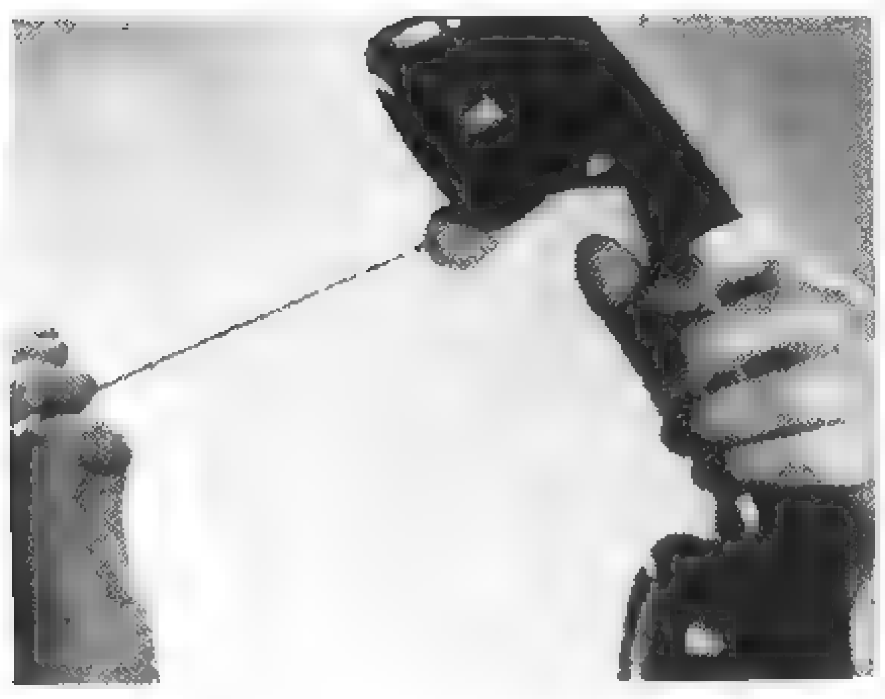
American Golf Ball Mfg. Co. Dept. E
8629 W. 3rd St., Los Angeles 36, Calif.
Send six 95c Golf Balls, plus free Sampler.
☐ $3.50 Check, M.O. enclosed. ☐ C.O.D. (Postage extra)
Name________
Address________
City________State________

ORDER FACTORY-DIRECT TODAY...AND SAVE!

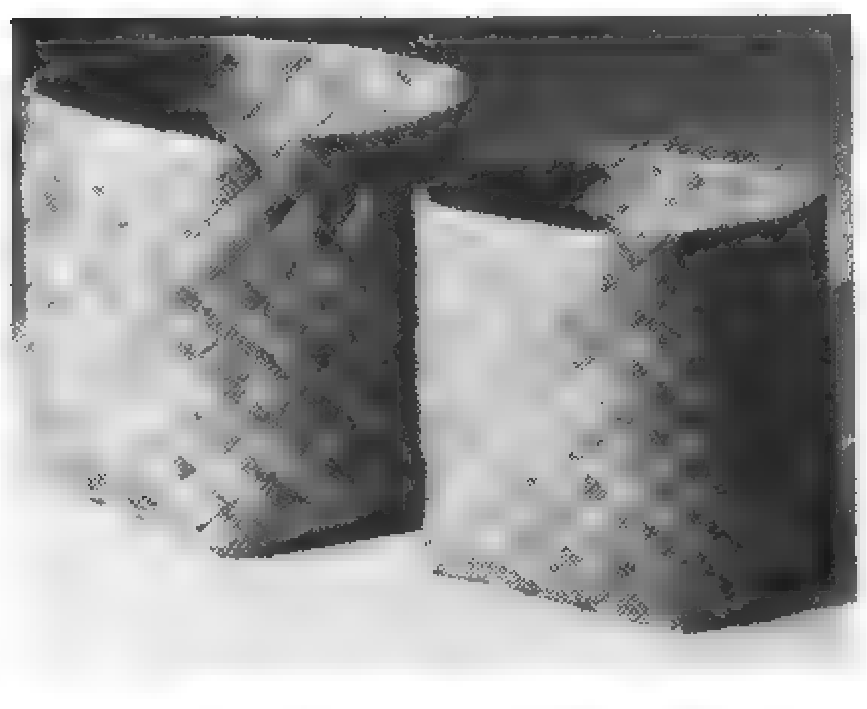
WITH ESQUIRE



THE TELPHONE RINGS, no one is there to answer so the Tele Magnet answers by itself, gives any message you've left and records what the caller says. On your return you find the messages. And phone conversations can be magnified and carried on without even holding the phone.



ADD ANOTHER good habit to your list. There is a definite and pleasant difference about a telephone swabbed periodically with a germicide that deodorizes, cleans, sterilizes and leaves a fresh mild fragrance. Very inexpensive and an agreeable precaution against colds and other infections.

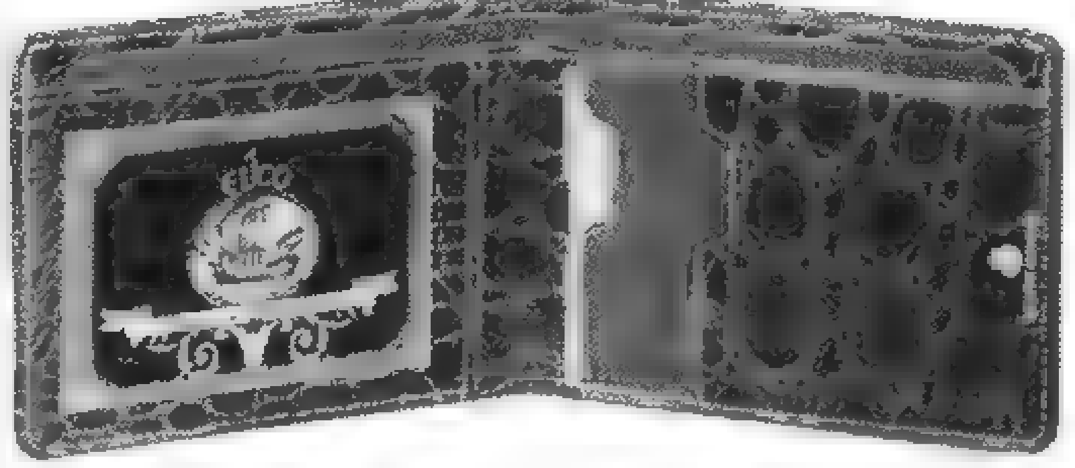


THE MALE SANCTUARY, office study or bedroom needs a waste basket that isn't too dainty for everyday use and for some abuse. Lauhalla baskets woven by the natives in Tahiti come in sizes small, bigger, biggest. Texture and weave of dried tropical leaves make these baskets hardy.

LONG MISSING on the market for lighting paintings is a handsome reflector that throws light upwards. Custom made in glazed pottery, color shading from light to dark, it comes in greens, gray-blues, brown, pebble-textured lemon yellow, charcoal black with brown. Each is an original signed piece.

---

to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. *Ranger*



Give Dad his biggest thrill

A Genuine Alligator Billfold by

ELCO

Gentlemen's genuine alligator billfold domestic tanned **$14.00***

At Better Stores from coast to coast

For the finest in leatherware, ask to see Elco billfolds, breast pocket wallets, key cases, and other gift items in many styles and leathers. $3.00 to $25.00

*PLUS. FED. TAX

ELCO MANUFACTURING CO., Inc.
302 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.
SINCE 1904

The **RADIO LAMP**

...Soft Lights and Music

An unparalleled combination for luxurious ease! Radio lamp brings you the clear, full tones of a fine radio plus a soft, soothing light. Perfect for home, office or den—this handsome solid brass lamp comes in three classic colors to harmonize with any decor. Marbleized green. red or gray, and in ivory. Matching shades. R. C. A. licensed super-heterodine AC-DC radio. 110 volts. Stands 28″ high. Shade 16″ wide. A perfect gift for Father's Day!

only $33.95 shipping charges collect
$1.00 extra for three-way lamp
Matching Lamp without Radio, $19.95
Mail orders filled. No C. O. D.'s please

BLUE ROBIN CORP. Dept. E
11 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y.

PICTURE YOURSELF IN THIS

California

GABARDINE CASUAL SHIRT

- *Collar can't wrinkle* • *Color can't fade*
- *It's washable — no dry-cleaning costs*

You can save *dollars* by ordering this fine men's California Casual Shirt now *direct* from the exclusive shirtmaker! It's the "Camera Perfect" shirt with the "Caluxury Collar" that sits smoothly and handsomely—with or without a tie! California picked convertible collar and flaps. Custom-tailored pockets and cuffs. Famed California styling throughout! California Colors—*guaranteed not to fade* in a thousand washings: Tan, Powder Blue, Natural, Gold, Light Green, Gray, Maroon, Navy, Dark Brown, Spruce Green. Rich spun rayon gabardine guaranteed not to shrink more than 2%! Sizes SMALL (14-14½), MEDIUM (15-15½), LARGE (16-16½), EXTRA LARGE (17-17½). Terrific value. Order today.

Only $5.00
Now direct by mail, $7.00 value — You save $2.00

*Caluxury** SHIRTS
*Trademark registered.

SEND NO MONEY. When shirt arrives, pay postman $5 plus postage & C.O.D. charges.

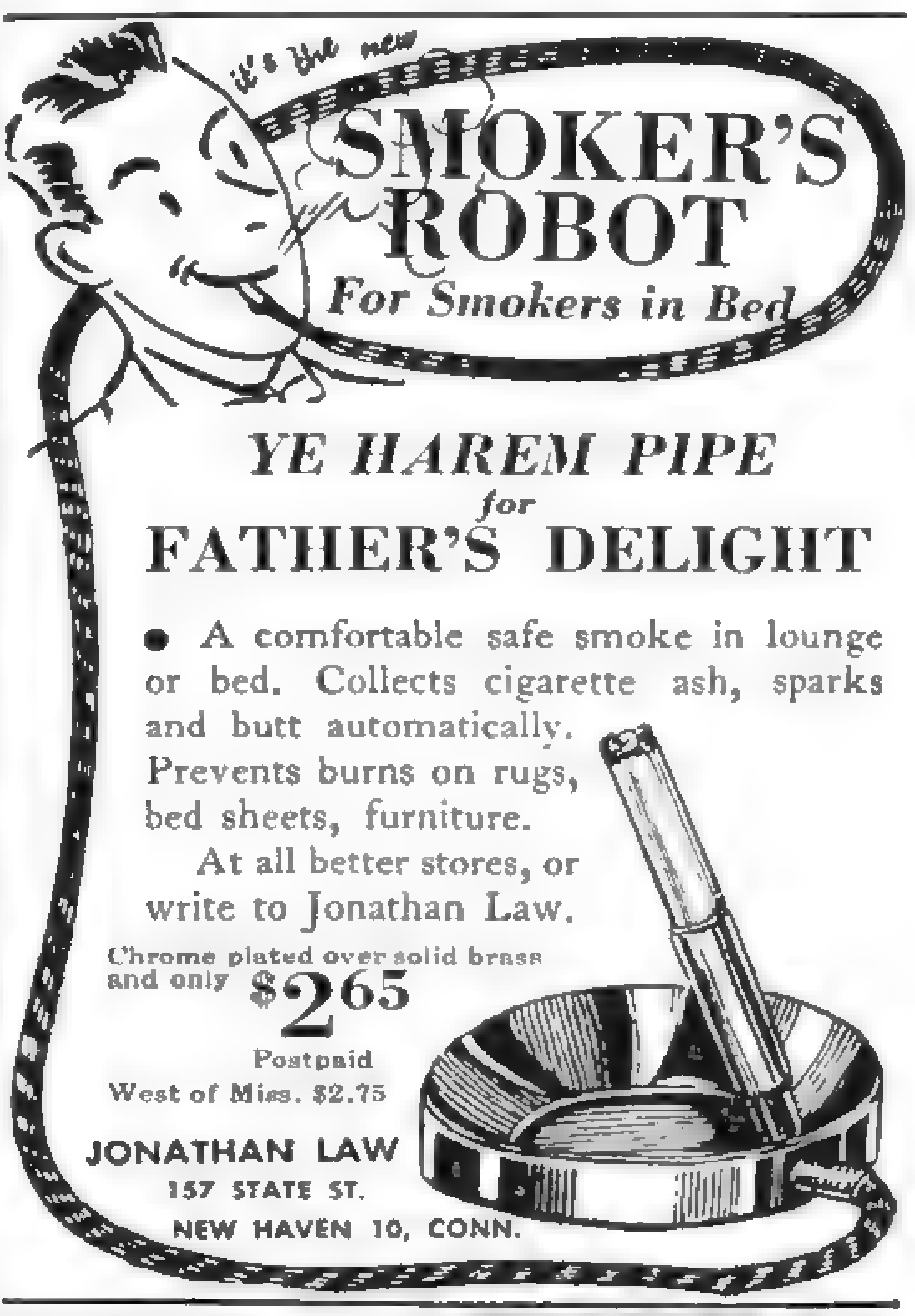
CALUXURY SHIRT MAKERS 16-E
2002 N. Beachwood Drive, Hollywood 28, Calif.

Please send me on your money-back guarantee the following order of Caluxury Shirts at the special direct-from-workshop price:

No. of Shirts	Size	1st Color Choice	2nd Color Choice

NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY__________ ZONE____ STATE____
In California add 2½% sales tax. Los Angeles, 3%

Save postage and C.O.D. charges. If you enclose money, we pay postage. Money-back guarantee.



it's the new SMOKER'S ROBOT *For Smokers in Bed*

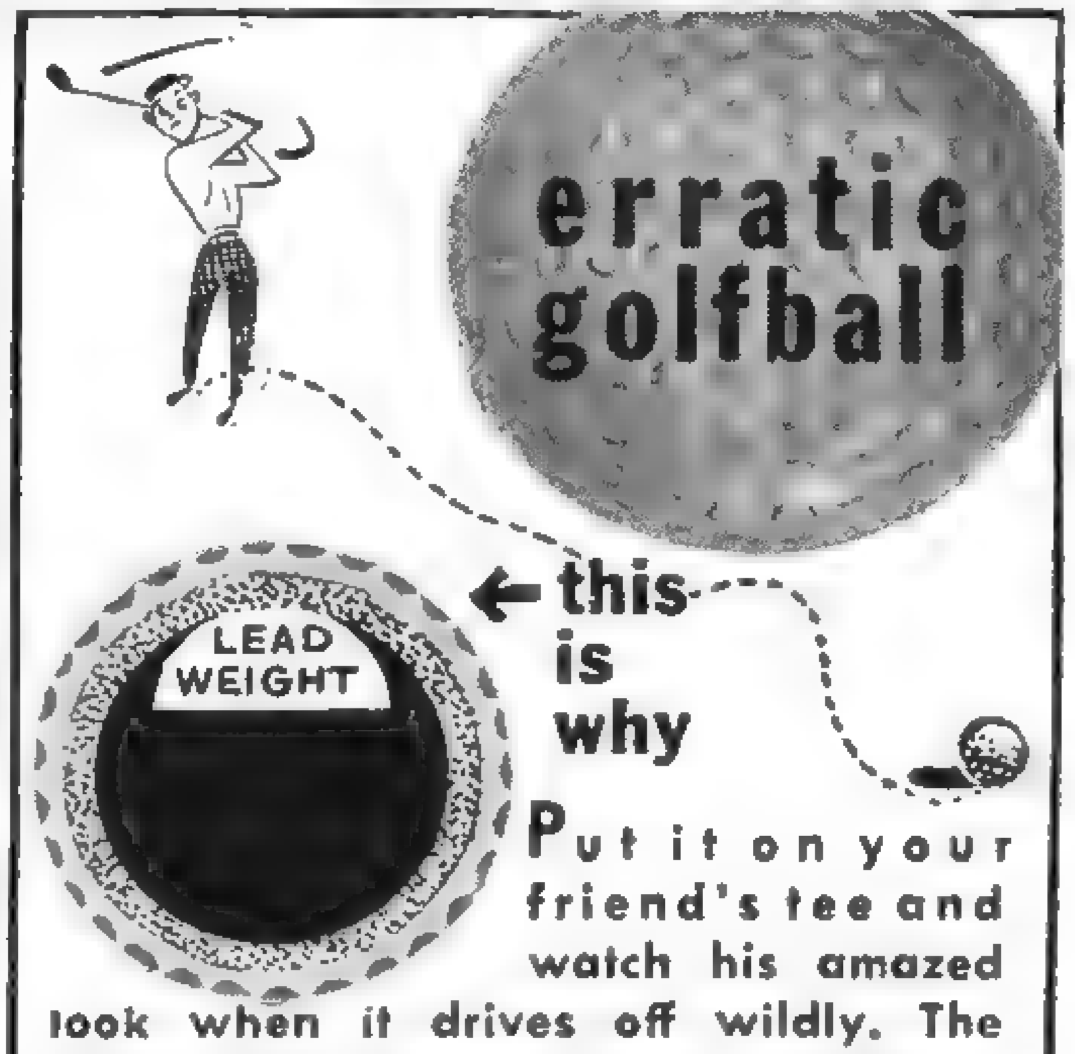
YE HAREM PIPE *for* FATHER'S DELIGHT

- A comfortable safe smoke in lounge or bed. Collects cigarette ash, sparks and butt automatically. Prevents burns on rugs, bed sheets, furniture.

At all better stores, or write to Jonathan Law.

Chrome plated over solid brass and only $2.65
Postpaid
West of Miss. $2.75

JONATHAN LAW
157 STATE ST.
NEW HAVEN 10, CONN.



erratic golfball

← this is why

Put it on your friend's tee and watch his amazed look when it drives off wildly. The laugh of the year and lasts indefinitely. Looks and feels exactly like a regular high quality golf ball.

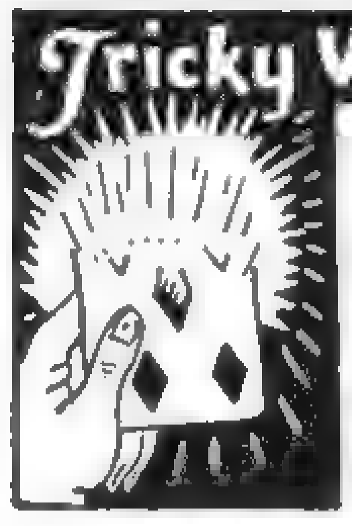
$1.50 each or 6 for $8.00 $1.50 ea.
Postpaid or C.O.D. plus postage.
magic center "The world's largest magic center"
741 8th AVENUE, N. Y. 19, N. Y. • Dept. EG-3
Free catalogue with each order.

ROYAL KNIBB WATCH BAND
It's Brand New — for Men

Strictly masculine ... Guaranteed precision ground in a true basket weave design on flexible stainless steel. Comfortable, cool—will not discolor skin or pull hairs. Adjustable to fit any wrist or watch. Ask your dealer for Ever-Last-O Royal Knibb watch band or mail coupon today. Best value ... in hand polished stainless steel, $1.00; also gold plate on stainless steel, $1.50.
Money refunded if not satisfied.

$1.00

L. H. KNIBB CO., 122 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3, Illinois
Send postpaid the watch band checked below. E
________Money Order________Check enclosed.
☐Stainless Steel @ $1.00 ☐Gold Plate @ $1.50
Name__________
Address__________
Retailer and Wholesaler Inquires Invited

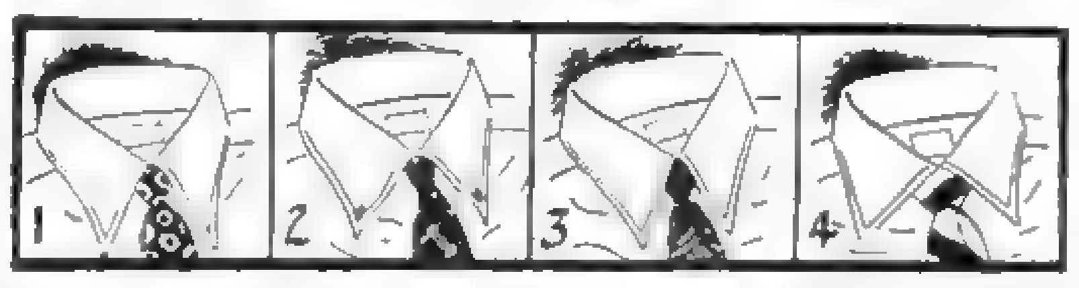


Tricky VANISHING CARD

A SENSATIONAL TRICK that makes a magician of YOU! A Card is freely Shown, yet dissappears from hand to reappear in spectators pocket *ITS FREE!* If you send us .25¢ Coin or stamps for our "BIG" Catalog of 400 Illustrated Tricks.

The MAGICIAN ES
2463 KENSINGTON AV. PHILADELPHIA 25 PA.

SAVE YOUR SHIRTS



BUY NEW CUFFS & COLLARS
Made of First Quality White Broadcloth or Oxford
Easy to replace. Anyone can sew them on.
Collars—(1) Long Point, Slotted, Low Band (2) Button Down, (3) Regular, (4) Semi-Windsor State Size and Style No.—**2 for $1.50**
Cuffs—French, **2 pr. $1** . . . Single, **3 pr. $1**
Send check or Money Order. Add 10c for postage.
EXPERT SHIRT HOSPITAL
M. HARRIS 365 WEST 34th STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.

7 x 50
$44
Ht. 7 in.
Wt. 37 oz.

BINOCULARS

10 x 50 MILITARY WIDE ANGLE IND. FOC. $55
8 x 32 COATED CENT. FOC. $39.50
6 x 30 GERMAN FEATHERWEIGHT CENT. FOC. $37.50
20% Fed. Tax
Leather Cases Incl.

We Pay Postage • BRAND NEW • Money Back Guarantee
Big Optical Catalog Free

BROWNSCOPE CO.
Dept. 6ES, 24 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Boys' EL RAUCHO SHIRT
. . . all-purpose sport shirt for little he-men!

2 or 3 letter monogram 75c

$3.45

Junior version of John Blye's famous sport shirt for men. Beautifully made of fine, easy-to-wash Interlock cotton, with 2-ply ribbed collar, cuffs and waistband. Boys' wear sold in White Plains store only.

ORDER by MAIL

Colors:
Navy ☐
Maize ☐
Maroon ☐
White ☐
Grey ☐
Beige ☐
Rust ☐
Brown ☐
Green ☐
Lime ☐
Powder Blue ☐

monogram

John Blye

MAMARONECK AVENUE
at Post Road,
White Plains, N. Y.

Sizes: |6 |8 |10 |12 |14 |16 |18

Enclosed find check ☐ money order ☐ for ____ Raucho shirts. In sizes and colors checked.

Name____
Address____
City____Zone____
State____

LAW

STUDY AT HOME for Business Success and LARGER PERSONAL EARNINGS. 40 years expert instruction—over 114,000 students enrolled LL. B. Degree awarded. All text material furnished. Easy payment plan. Send for FREE BOOK—"Law and Executive Guidance"—NOW!

AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 15-E, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

Pinehurst
GABARDINE
Dress Slacks

$12.75

Save $5.00 And More. Buy Direct

Luxurious 100% Virgin Wool 2-ply Worsted Gabardine. Silky sheen . . . supple drape. The finest gabardine dress slacks you can buy. *At Least $20 At Better Stores.* Every detail of styling expertly fashioned by skilled men's tailors. Fabrics from New England's finest worsted mills.

Superior fabrics!
Superior styling!
Superior tailoring!

Send No Money

Mail your order today. Your money refunded promptly if not pleased. Colors: (Brown, Gray, Blue, Tan). State 1st and 2nd color preferred. Pay postman only $12.75 plus C.O.D. charge, or send advertised price and we will pay postage. Waist Size 28 to 42. Flannels too! (Gray, Blue, Brown). Same fine quality. Same price.

ACADEMY TAILORS
P. O. Box 103, No. Sta., Providence 8, R. I.

NAME____
ADDRESS____
CITY____ZONE____STATE____
WAIST SIZE____COLOR (1)____(2)____
GABARDINE ☐ FLANNEL ☐

The WELL GROOMED MAN HANGS HIS SUIT ON The "Rainbow"

Aristocrat

THE PERFECT
18½" PLASTIC HANGER
shaped to a man's shoulders

Shaped and styled for suits, coats, leisure jackets.

Practical, unbreakable. Special concave construction prevents "Suit Sag" — keeps that well pressed look! Wide, full trouser bar prevents creasing. Revolving chrome-plated hook.

Colors: Crystal, Amber, Onyx, Sapphire, Emerald, Ruby, Mahogany, Maple.

Gift packed 6 to a box.

$1.25 Each — Set of 12 — $12.00

Post.Pd. Send check or money order. No C.O.D.

THE HENRY HANGER CO. OF AMERICA
450 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Dept. E

new! LAZY SUSAN PIPE RACK

IT R-E-V-O-L-V-E-S

This solid walnut, soft finish, 12-pipe rack will dress up any man's desk or smoking stand.

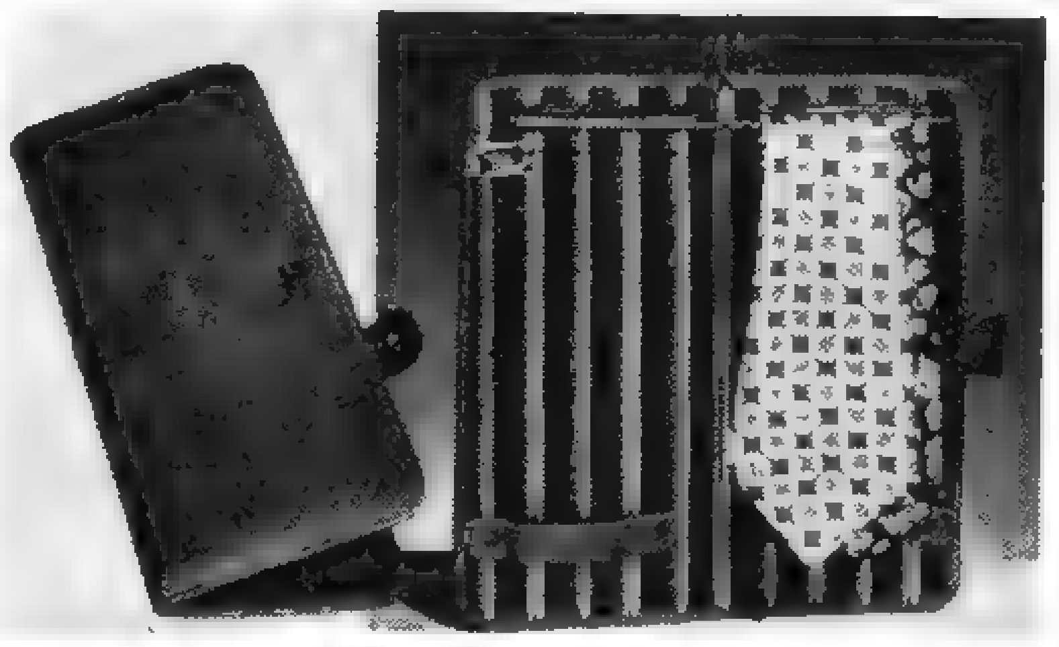
It's the most *convenient* pipe rack yet invented. A mere touch of the turntable revolves it to simplify the selection of any of a dozen pipes.

A lifetime of pleasure for any pipe smoker.

Holds box or book matches. Felt base. 9" diameter by 7" high.

$15 postpaid COD's O K.
(Pipes not included)

Available ONLY BY MAIL From PeeWeeHouse
11046 BARMAN
CULVER CITY 66, CALIF.



THE PERFECT FATHER'S DAY GIFT

Made of genuine top quality tan saddle leather, this wonderful travel tie case holds up to 24 ties wrinkle-free. Handsome striped lining. Sturdy brass hanger folds neatly out of sight when closed, ready for immediate use when open. Specially-priced at $4.95 (includes postage and fed. tax). Available as illustrated with 2 or 3 initials or first name in 24K gold: $5.95.

Send for free gift catalog *No C. O. D.'s*

Dept. E6
TREASURE MART
545 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17

Tobocco Stain
Vanishes Presto with "STANE-GO"

Works like magic. Harmless. Dampen a cloth—sprinkle with "STANE-GO". Rub on—rub off. Your fingers and nails are stain-free. Economy size $1.00. Trial size 50c. No stamps. No C. O. D.'s. Dept. E

STANE-GO 922 Commercial Trust Building
15th & Market Sts., Phila. 2, Pa.

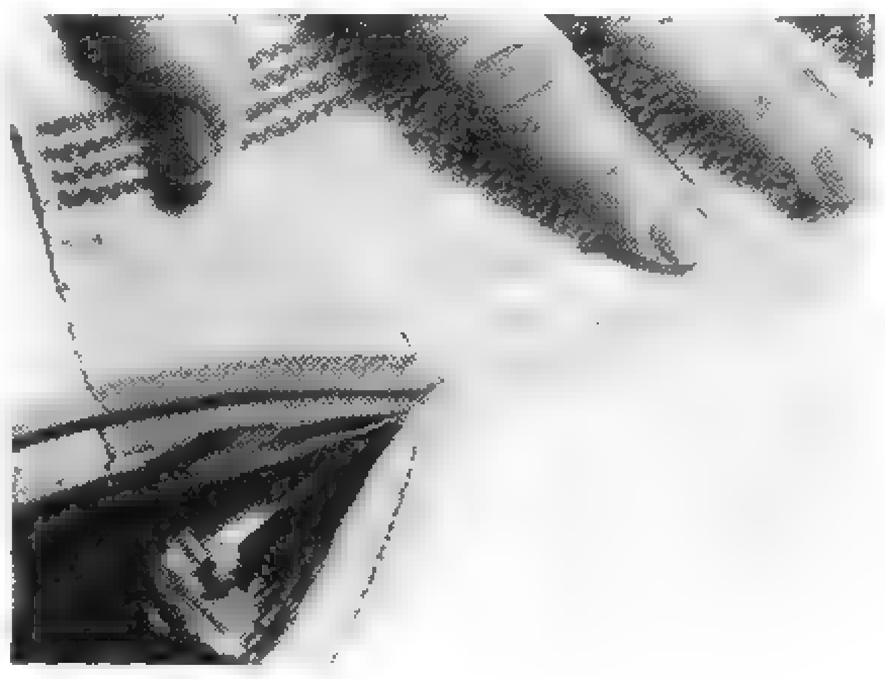
MEN'S FURNISHINGS for Spring and Summer!
(Sizes 48 to 70)

Your SPRING and SUMMER wardrobe is now ready for you at Sig Klein's world-famous Fat Men's Shop. Spring catalog contains many new items of Sport Shirts and Jackets, Slacks, Haberdashery, Summer Suits, Beachwear, etc. Send your name and address today for FREE CATALOG. Fat Men's Shop, Inc., Dept. EJ, 52 Third Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

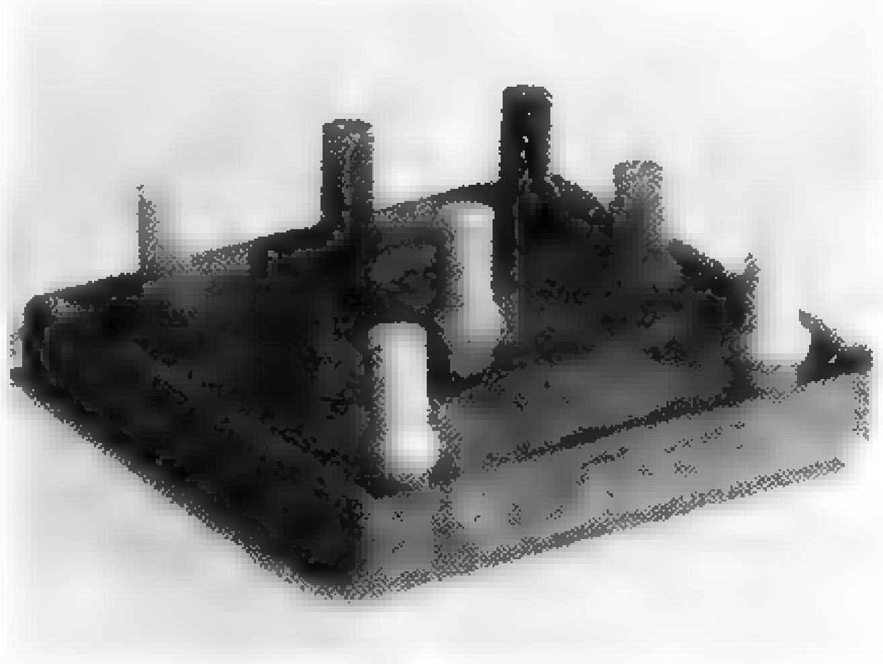
SIG KLEIN'S Since 1865
FAT MEN'S SHOP
3rd AVENUE at 10th STREET
NEW YORK 3, N. Y. AL 4-1362
T. M. REG.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

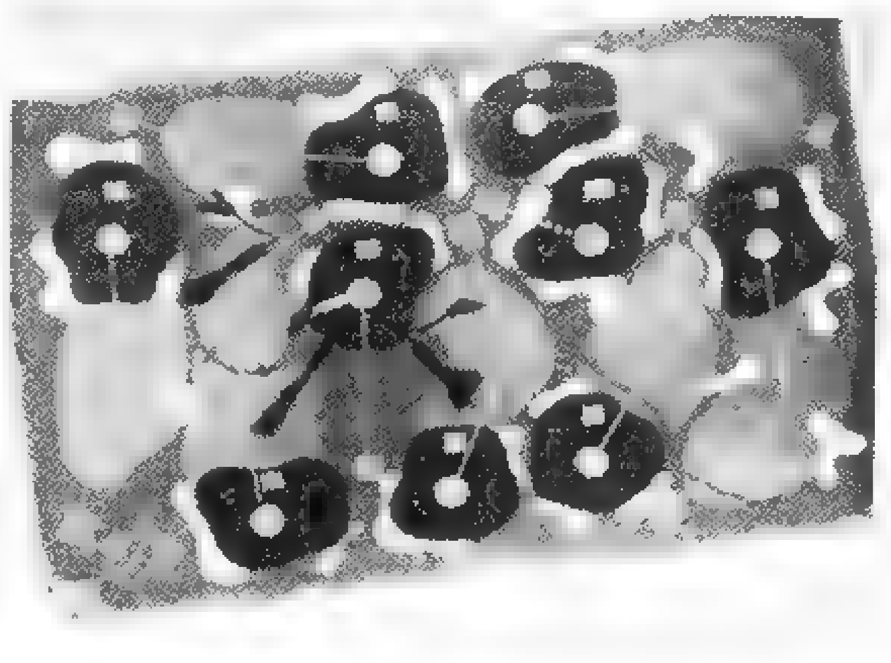
BE PREPARED for a hot summer. A supersized, 72" Vinylite plastic pool for the garden or back yard is large enough for the family to cool off in. It holds 170 gallons of water when filled and when not in use, folds up into a compact package. It comes in brilliant marine blue and in smaller sizes.



NAME TAPES on personal clothes used to require cutting each one off the tape, then sewing. Now the name is printed with color-fast red or black dye on white cotton tape, pre-cut and ready to put on quickly with a hot iron. It will not come off by washing, dry-cleaning, ironing or wearing.



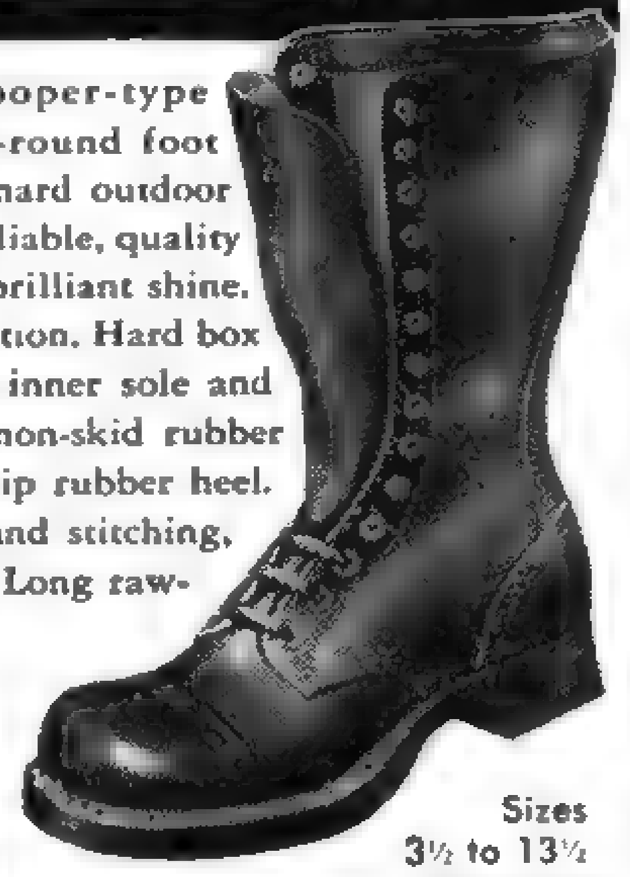
TIC-TAC-TOE has graduated. Instead of playing it with pencil and paper, you make it more of a real game with a two-inch square plastic board and colored men to move around. For invalids and children, train trips and rainy days in the country. It's a small thing costing hardly more than a popsicle.



DART GOLF is a game of skill patterned after regular golf. The rules are similar but the game is played with darts and a special target, indoors or outdoors. As long as someone recovers the darts, players need not move round on their feet—an advantage for some chair-ridden veterans and others.

For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City 17, New York

Ranger



PARATROOPER-TYPE
"JUMP BOOTS"
DIRECT FROM FACTORY

New, sturdy, paratrooper-type boots designed for all-round foot comfort, built for all hard outdoor wear. Made of heavy, pliable, quality leather uppers. Takes brilliant shine. Goodyear welt construction. Hard box toe. Full grain-leather inner sole and mid sole, all-weather non-skid rubber outer half sole. Non-trip rubber heel. Inner ankle webbing and stitching, snug fit, firm support. Long rawhide laces.

$9.95
Postage C.O.D. or Add 25¢ in U.S.A.

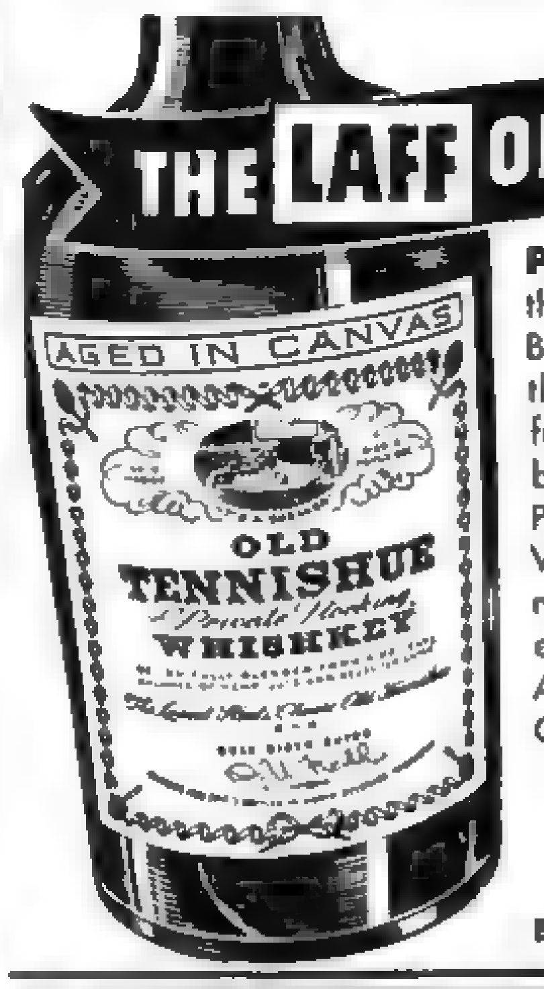
Sizes 3½ to 13½ All Widths

YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

GEORGIA SHOE MFG. CO., Flowery Branch, Ga.

Send me a pair of "JUMP BOOTS."
Enclosed is check ☐ Money Order ☐ for $9.95.
Postage C. O. D. or Add 25¢ in U. S. A.

Name____
Address____
City____ State____
Size and width of shoe____ 61

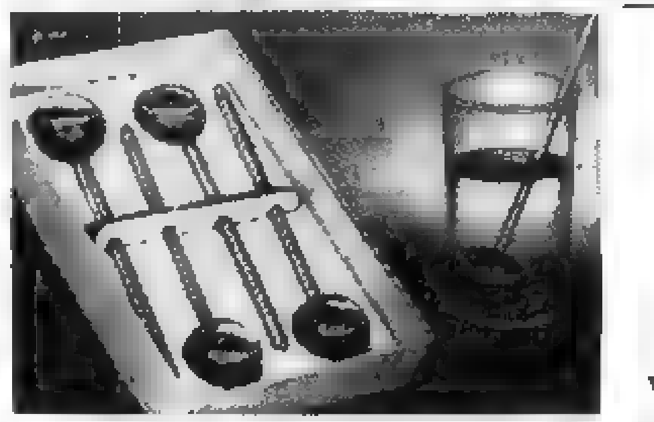


THE LAFF OF THE PARTY

Pep up the proceedings with these screwy "private stock" labels. Beautifully designed, they look like the real McCoy, but screamingly funny on inspection. Set of 12 front, back and neck labels include OLD POPSKULL, BELCHER S BOURPON, WHITE HEARSE and other brands nobody will switch to. Lithographed in two colors on gummed stock. A swell gift for your drinkin' friends. Order today! No C.O.Ds. please.

$1.00 FOR 12-PIECE SET
2 SETS $1.75

Write BARFLIZE
BOX 3551 • PORTLAND 8, OREGON



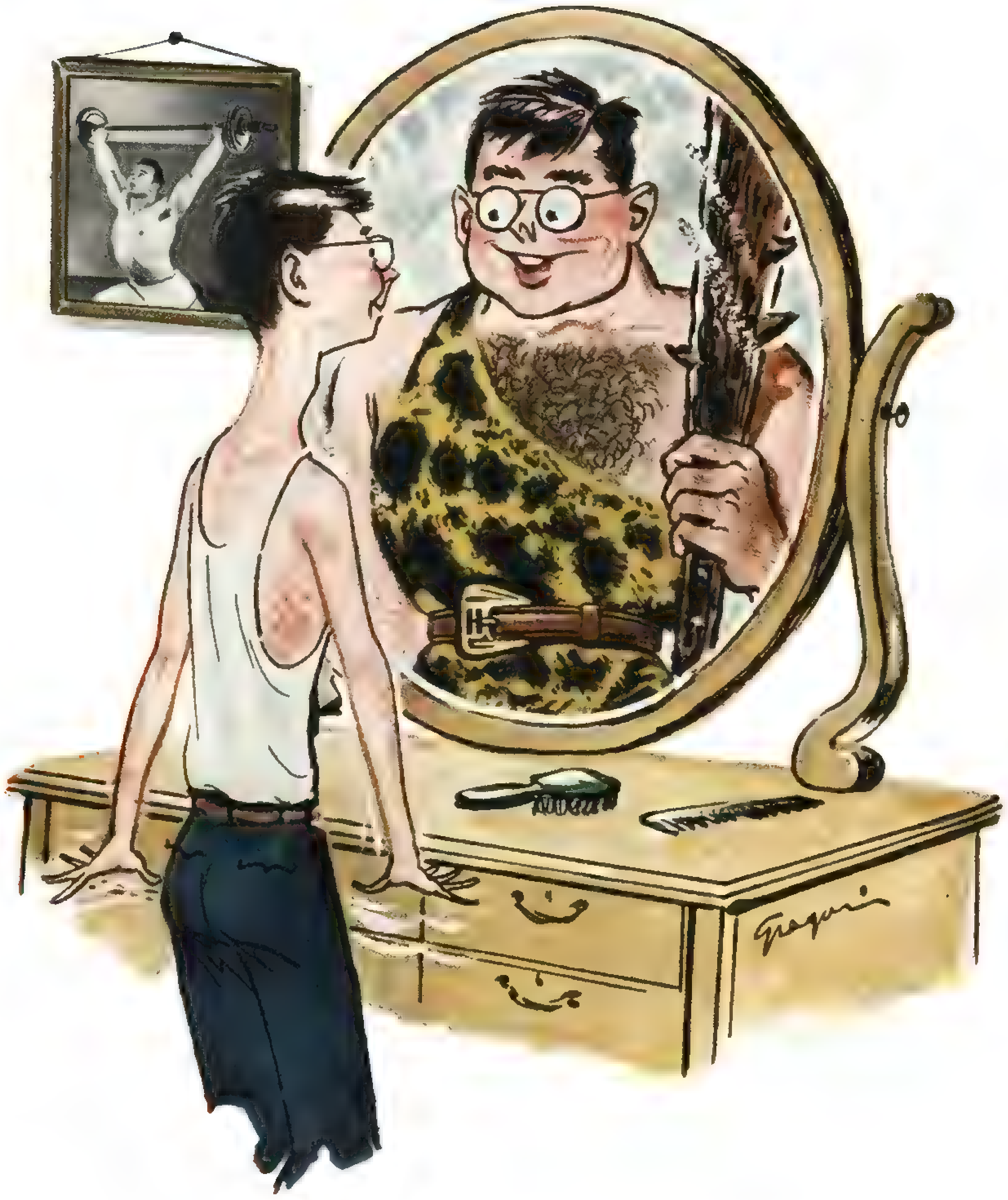
FISK Frosty FREEZERS
Stir and chill without diluting

At last! mixers that chill as they stir—without diluting drinks. Fisk Frosty Freezers keep beverages cool with no melting ice to ruin blending. Four shimmering shades in each box—to cooly, colorfully identify each glass. Made of sparkling, strongly annealed glass, these lustrous liquid-filled stirrers are permanently sealed . . . freeze quickly in refrigerator . . . last forever. Chill highballs, fruit juices, soft drinks, wine. A stirring suggestion for Father's Day'

Box of 4 . . . $1.50 Postpaid
Box of 8 . . . $3.00 No C. O. D.'s please

FISK AND SON, Dept. E
225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

It brings out the cave man in you!

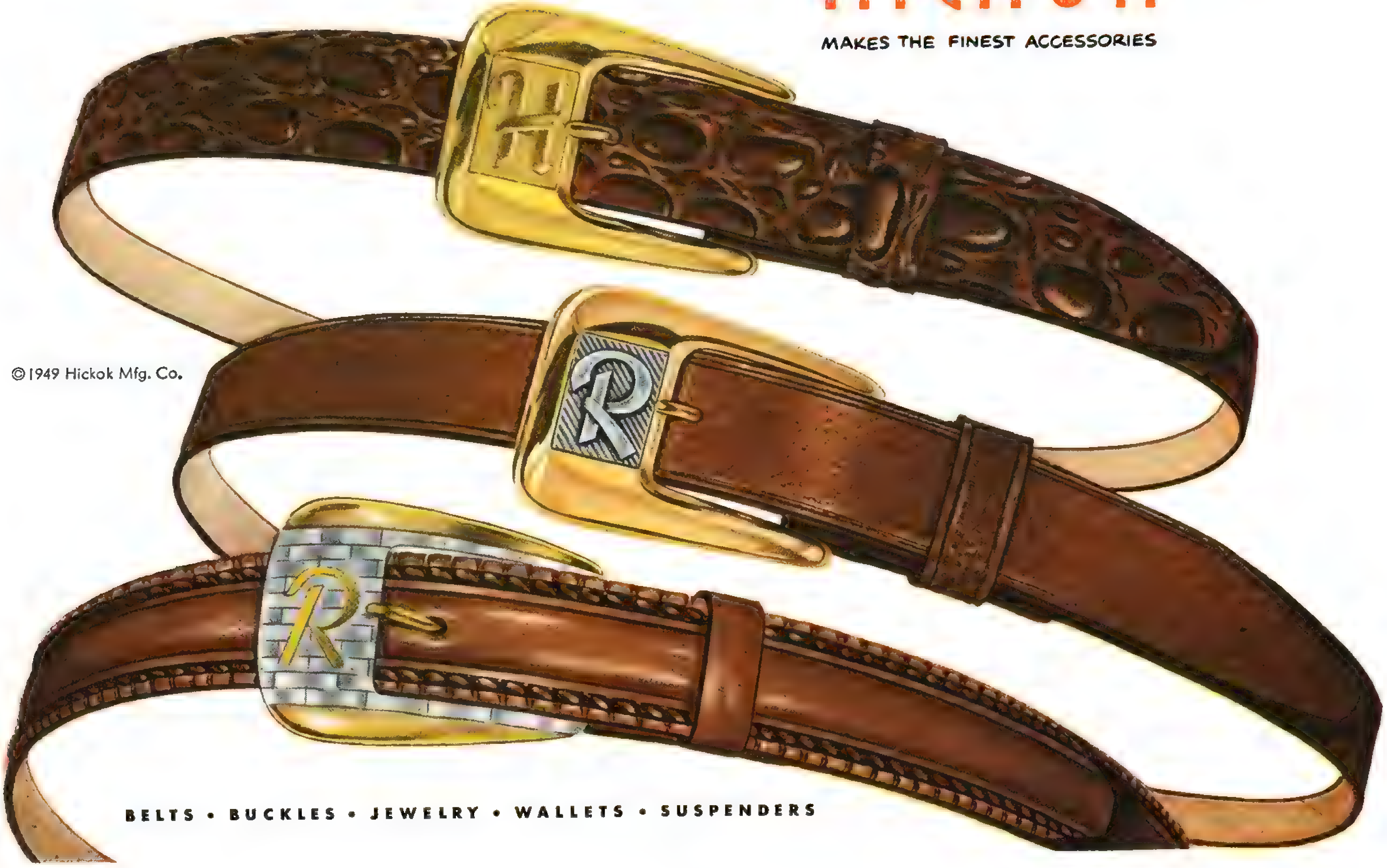


There's something rugged and he-man about a Hickok "Bold Look" Belt that does things to your ego the minute you put it on. The big, bold buckle . . . the brawny, long-wearing leather . . . give your whole appearance an extra dash of *masculine* good looks. (*Top to bottom*) $2.50, $4, $5.

CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN
ACCESSORIES MAKE THE CLOTHES

HICKOK

MAKES THE FINEST ACCESSORIES

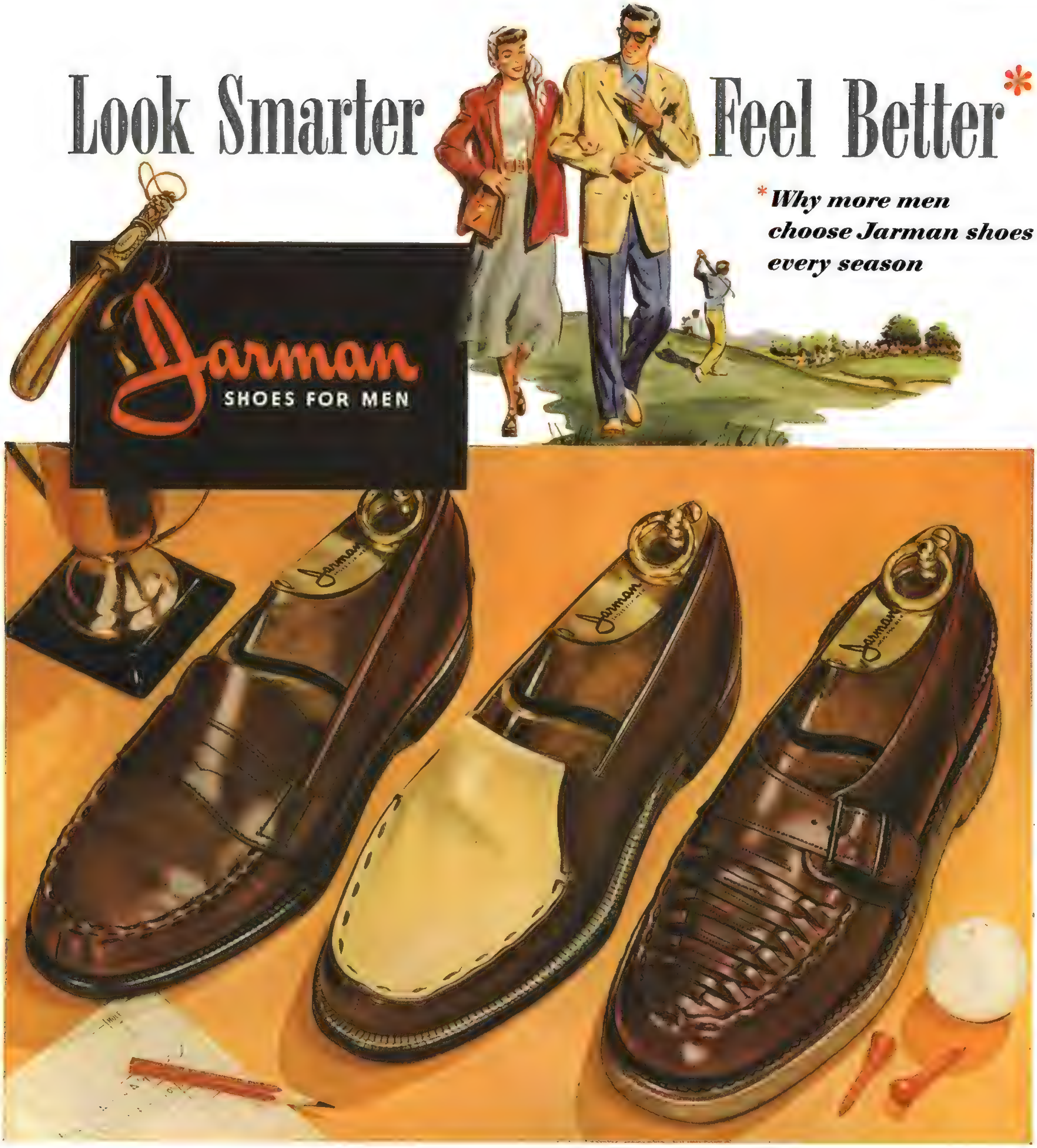


© 1949 Hickok Mfg. Co.

BELTS • BUCKLES • JEWELRY • WALLETS • SUSPENDERS

Look Smarter Feel Better*

*** *Why more men choose Jarman shoes every season***



LEFT: Style 4153.
Hand-sewn "Moc-San."
Easy slip-on style.

CENTER: Style 4025.
Soft, glove-type leather
with hand-sewn vamp.

RIGHT: Style 4027.
Hand-woven, hand-sewn vamp.
Springy crepe rubber sole.

Styled for leisure – built for comfort

Jarman Leisuals

Smart, casual styling . . . rich, mellow long-wearing leathers, plus the comfort of Jarman's exclusive "friendliness of fit" make Jarman "Leisuals" favorites with well-dressed men all over America.

\$9.95 to \$13.95

Some Styles Higher

This reproduction of an actual color photograph of three new spring styles clearly shows why you *look smarter* in Jarmans. They are authentically styled by Jarman design experts who provide each season a wide assortment of distinctive patterns in a variety of rich, masculine colors. And to keep you *feeling better,* every pair gives you Jarman's famous *friendliness of fit,* a smooth, snug, comfortable feeling that's yours the instant you step into a Jarman shoe. Skillfully crafted of fine, plump leathers to assure longer wear, it's no wonder more American men are choosing Jarman shoes every season. Try a pair . . . and look smarter, feel better. See the newest spring styles at your Jarman dealer's *today!*

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, DIV. OF GENERAL SHOE CORP., NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

IT'S A

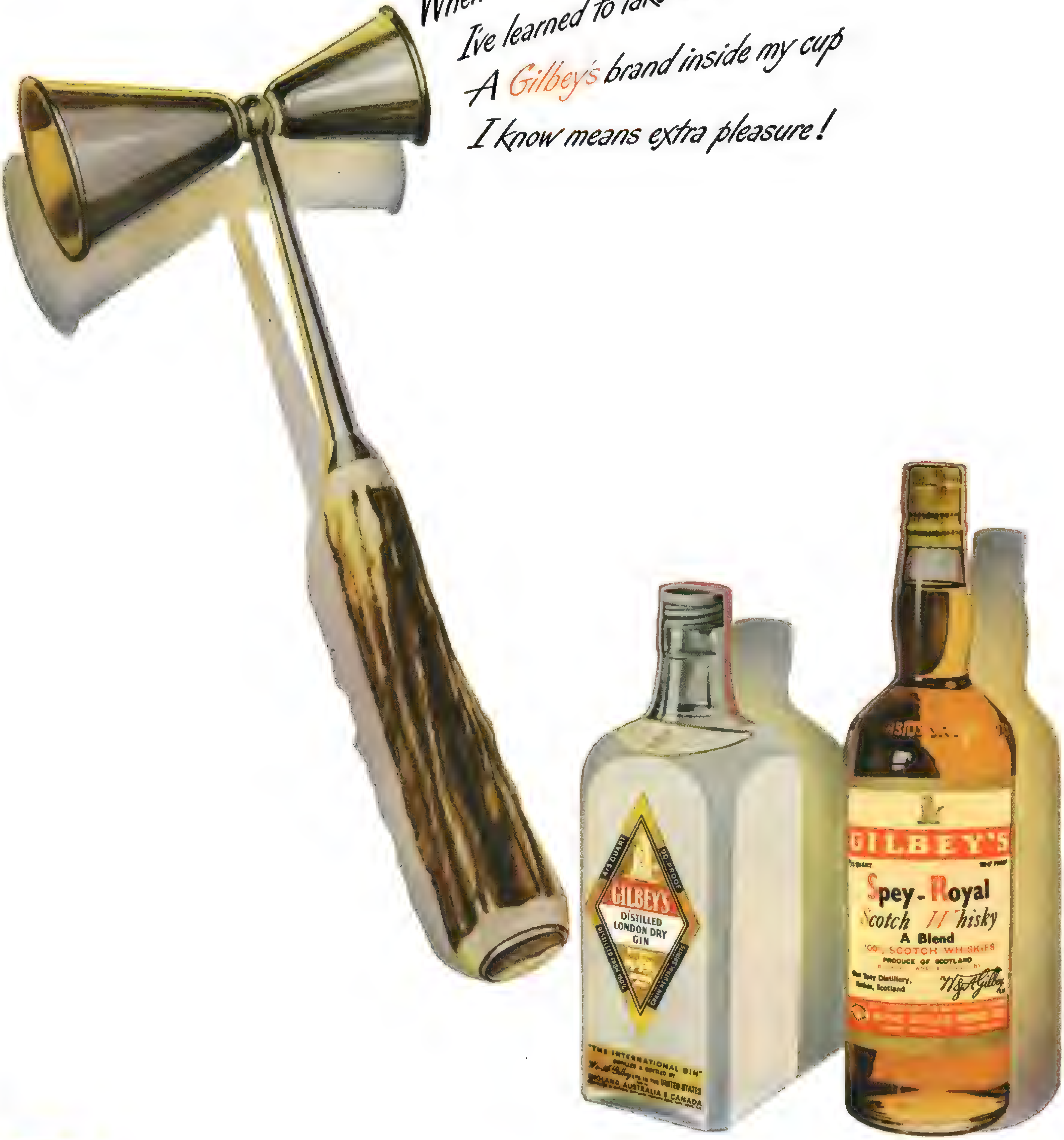
KUPPENHEIMER

AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD SUMMER APPEARANCE

There is nothing the science of fabric making has yet discovered that will replace the lightweight pure worsted fabrics used in Kuppenheimer summer weight clothes. They keep you in breezy comfort, yet retain their appearance longer . . . and in every detail of fine tailoring, these lightweight suits live up to Kuppenheimer's enviable standard of quality and style.

© 1949, B. Kuppenheimer & Co., Inc., Chicago 7

When drinks are made, I size them up.
I've learned to take their measure!
A Gilbey's brand inside my cup
I know means extra pleasure!


4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
GILBEY'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
"THE INTERNATIONAL GIN"
UNITED STATES
ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA & CANADA
GILBEY'S
Spey-Royal
Scotch Whisky
A Blend
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

The world agrees on "Gilbey's please!"

GILBEY'S SPEY-ROYAL BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF . . . 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES DISTILLED BY W. & A. GILBEY LTD.

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. Gilbey's Distilled London Dry Gin. 90 Proof. 100% grain neutral spirits.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Death of a Prize Fighter

Sometimes a story is great enough to become a part of life itself. As you read this one, on life and death, the people in it become real—for better or for worse

A Story by

ROBERT SWITZER

It was two a.m. Billy Murdoch was at the airport, his small, sharp-chinned face pale with strain. He was catching a plane for Detroit. It was the wise thing to do because a kid named Tony Casino had died here tonight and the way people were acting you would think Billy Murdoch had killed him.

Tony Casino had been a prize fighter. Billy Murdoch had been his manager. And the kid had been hit too hard and had died of cerebral hemorrhage—and it was all Billy Murdoch's fault, of course.

Yes, Billy Murdoch thought sourly. *Oh, hell, yes.*

He slouched low on the bench in the waiting room, the collar of his camel's-hair topcoat turned up and his hat pulled down. He heard somebody say, "Hello, Billy."

He looked up and saw a fair-haired young man. *Another reporter,* he thought. *I haven't seen enough reporters tonight.*

"Hello," Billy Murdoch said.

The young man sat down. "I guess you've had a pretty tough night," he said sympathetically.

Billy Murdoch knew better than to answer that one. Nice traps these sports experts set. If he said yes, he had had a tough night, the paper would say Billy Murdoch felt sorrier for himself than he did for the dead boy. If he said he was all right, the paper would talk about the unfeeling manager. If he said something like, "It was worse for Tony," then he would be making jokes while the boy lay dead. It did not matter what you said; these guys could make you into the worst slob that ever walked.

So he said nothing. He wished he could get aboard the plane.

"Going to New York?" the reporter asked.

"Yes," Billy Murdoch said, and got up and walked across the waiting room to get away from the reporter, hoping the reporter would leave. But as he walked across the room the loudspeaker blared, "Flight 34 for Detroit," and Billy Murdoch knew that the press would be waiting for him in Detroit.

He sat to the rear of the plane. After what seemed a long time, the plane started to roll and then they were in the air. Billy Murdoch closed his eyes and thought of how it had been.

In the last second of the first round, Tony Casino had taken a terrific punch on his left temple, and, as the other boy was about to tear his head off, the bell rang. Tony just stood there, crouching a little, arms hanging straight down from his shoulders. Billy Murdoch and the handler brought him back to his corner. His eyes were glazed. Billy Murdoch and the handler worked on him frantically, with Billy Murdoch thinking: *He was knocked out last week, and now if he quits after one punch I'll have one sweet time matching him again.* Some expression came back into Tony's eyes.

"How you feel?" Billy Murdoch said.

"I'm all right," Tony said blurrily.

"Good. Good. Now listen. Stay away from him. Keep away from him this round. You hear?"

"Yeah," Tony said.

So the bell rang and Tony went back in and took one more punch. They tried to revive him in the ring, but could not. They carried him to the dressing room and tried to revive him, but could not. Then there was a doctor and a flock of reporters and the other fighters standing around in the dressing room they all shared and the very white body lying completely still on the rubbing table under the light bulb that dangled from the ceiling on the end of a long cord and threw a clear, brittle light on the blue-black smear of Tony's left temple. The doctor bent over the barely breathing body and without looking up said, "Call an ambulance. Quick." There was a scuffling sound on the cement floor as somebody went to telephone, but it was wasted effort because Tony died almost immediately. The doctor looked across the dry, white body at Billy Murdoch and said, "He's dead. Cerebral hemorrhage, probably."

Billy Murdoch kept his eyes on Tony Casino and felt everybody looking at him. There were a lot of men in the room and they were all watching him and waiting for him to say something.

"He was a nice boy," Billy Murdoch said. "It's a lousy thing."

For a moment nobody said anything. It was very hot in the room. Billy Murdoch could feel the sweat running down his sides.

"He was too tall for a welter," one of the fighters said.

"He should have been a middle with that height," a reporter said. "Only his bones weren't big enough."

"You got to have that bone," another fighter said. "Bone soaks it up."

Billy Murdoch wanted to leave, but there were too many people around. Somebody might get mad if he tried to leave too quickly.

"He was knocked out last week," a reporter said. "Just like tonight. He went down like he'd been shot."

The doctor said sharply, "Was he unconscious long? Last week, I mean?"

"No," Billy Murdoch said. "I've seen them out a lot longer. He was all right."

For the first time, Billy Murdoch noticed the man standing next to the doctor. A cop. Not in uniform but one hundred per cent cop. You can tell. The cop was staring at him. Billy Murdoch felt a flash of terror, and then he thought: *They can't do anything to me. I didn't kill the kid. The cop must have been at the fights and heard about this. Cops can't stay away from corpses.*

"How long was he out?" the cop said in a low voice.

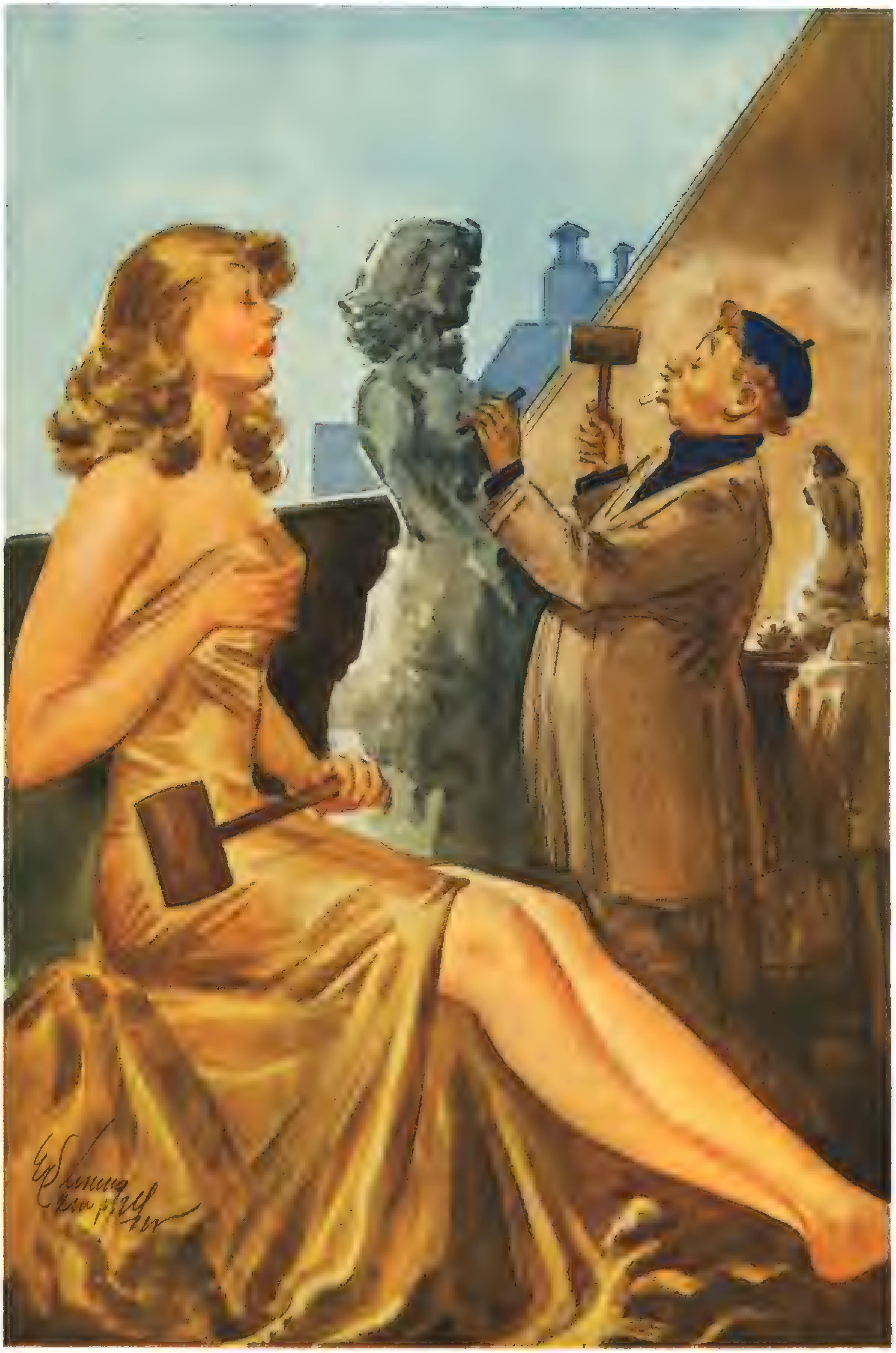
"I don't know," Billy Murdoch said. "Not very long."

"About how long?"

"A few minutes, that's all."

The cop's heavy face suddenly looked heavier. "How long is a few minutes?"

"What are you trying to do?" Billy (*Continued on page 109*)



Meet Me at Shanty's

The Coast's most fabled publican is a bandy-legged, tousle-haired Irishman, Shanty Malone, at whose bar Frisco's social and sports worlds meet with a bang

An Article by

AL STUMP

ONE evening, toward the end of the 1947 football season, the University of Washington alumni association, Northern California chapter, banqueted at a San Francisco club in observance of a forthcoming game with the California Bears. Head Coach Ralph Welch, soon to resign, sat amid the feasting with his bald head bowed over his food, well aware that the dagger was out, but gamely endeavoring to show no pain.

The revelry was at its height when a bandy-legged, tousle-haired Irishman, wearing a limp tie and an unpressed suit, walked into the room. He swept the gathering with a scornful glance. At that moment, the toastmaster was delivering a pep talk concerning payment of association dues (presumably to help finance firing the next coach), but shouts of "Here's Shanty!" and "Yay for Shanty Malone!" drowned out the speaker's voice. Moving toward an empty seat, the popular Malone took a position within easy earshot of the athletic director, other school officials, and prominent alumni.

"Gonna put the squeeze on Welch, I hear," he said loudly, glowering at the speaker's table. "What they should do is fire all these starch-collar guys and raise Welch's salary."

While Welch continued to stare at the table, his scalp a bright pink, the more recalcitrant spirits in the house voiced their approval. "You tell 'em, Shanty!" piped an unidentified Washingtonian. "We'll hold a rally at your joint later."

Malone continued to attack his alma mater with several impassioned remarks about its administration. Recently Clarence (Hec) Edmundson had resigned after twenty-six years of basketball coaching, as had Tubby Graves, the much-beloved veteran baseball professor. It was too late to stop the resignations, but Shanty Malone—the West Coast's favorite saloonkeeper-showman—had struck a blow at tradition. In an alumni stronghold, he had openly denounced the ripe old college custom of toasting a resigning coach in bourbon highballs.

That night at Shanty's San Francisco barroom, it seemed that half of the city's floating population were jammed in to hear him speak with bitterness on his lively text: the wretched management in college athletics. A premature wake was held for Welch—who resigned in favor of Howie Odell of Yale some weeks later—with sound effects from Malone's busy cash register. Thus did the proprietor once more combine duty and conviction with business.

The blithe, forty-eight-year-old ex-cowpuncher-jockey-tramp athlete named Aloysius Patrick (Shanty) Malone has been one of the most colorful figures on the Western horizon for twenty years. His dilapidated saloon, at 411 Sansome Street, is a San Francisco landmark. Old-timers grow misty-eyed when you mention it, for it is one of the few unchanging spots in what was once one of the world's most rip-roaring cities. Natives who studiously avoid the town's famed glitter-lounges come to Malone's in a steady stream; tourists have made it a must-see, like Chinatown, the Seal Rocks, and Fisherman's Wharf. Since 1928, Malone and his frowzy, unswept pub have been a treasured side show in what Columnist Herb Caen calls "Baghdad-by-the-Bay." There you will see a shifting crowd of rich and poor, infamous and famous, rowdy and respectable. On a busy night, a congressman will rub elbows with a derelict, a Nob Hill socialite will coil silken legs around a tottering bar stool and listen to a beery-voiced warbler from an International Settlement honky-tonk to a piano tune played by a spike-haired Stanford sophomore. Tenderloin-district characters in sharp suits mingle with tired businessmen, the free-spending race-track crowd from Bay Meadows and Tanforan, and gentlemen of the press, courtroom, and counting house.

Shanty's is a melting pot, but it is also a celebrated gathering place for denizens of the sports world. It is San Francisco's Toots Shor's—without the plush seats, waiters, and air of prosperity. Long ago, at the first of many Malone locations about town, Shanty became official host to the passing parade of athletes, coaches, managers, trainers, scouts, publicists, handlers, and writers on the Pacific Coast. Few major sporting events have been held in the Bay region without a post-mortem by the principals at Shanty's bar the same night. This hasn't hurt business, either. Many hundreds have come to Shanty's just to peek at the gladiators.

The saloon, like its raffish-faced owner, is almost unique. Incongruously located in the dignified shipping and financial section, directly across the street from the imposing United States Federal Reserve Bank, it is a long, dirty, battered room in which hangs a portion of the world's record collection of sports photographs. The walls are solidly banked with more than a thousand framed and pasted-up shots of greats and near-greats, past and present, who have sampled Shanty's hospitality. All are warmly autographed to him. Another two thousand or more pictures are stuffed into trunks in the basement; some of them are collectors' items. Huge placards advertising the Bay colleges—St. Mary's, Santa Clara, San Francisco University, Stanford, and California—serve as "murals." A scaled-down football field is painted on the littered wooden floor. Faded but still eager warriors of other days now and then dust off old plays and each other in this arena, to the delight of customers. Seven maritime flags spelling S-H-A-N-T-Y-'S—the gift of Australian seamen who gather there—hang from the cobwebbed ceiling. Like everything else, the flags are dirty.

Newcomers at once head for the remarkable photo gallery, which begins near the door and encircles the room: Behind the bar, Shanty's friend and fellow-townsman, Joe Di Maggio, grins toothily as he devours a forkful of spaghetti. All-American Bobby Grayson romps to a touchdown. Perry Schwartz, the star end, stands nude to the loins in the showers. Helen Wills Moody slams a tennis ball; while, near by, the handsome Ernie Nevers of twenty years ago flexes his mighty legs and Jesse Owens snaps the 100-yard tape. Maxie Baer typically signs his picture, "To my good friend and admirer, Shanty." There is an unusual Notre Dame-Army action shot presented by Knute Rockne, and there is a testimonial dinner plaque to Harry B. Smith, venerable local sports editor, signed by more than twelve hundred hands. The largest

(*Continued on page 132*)

"Mind repeating that question, please?"

Miss Adelais Gilbert was the owner of the Barrel House, darkly red hair and bright blue eyes. She was also a lot of trouble

SLEEP ALL Winter

DON'T TRY TO CORRAL CATTLE, A RED-HEADED WOMAN AND MURDER UNDER ONE BRAND

PART 1 OF A BOOK-LENGTH WESTERN *BY RICHARD WORMSER AND DAN GORDON*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES SCHUCKER

ONE wild, mad gust of wind followed another, and the claybank horse and his rider could not get the heavy sheets of rain out of their faces. The horse went along at a tired, clumsy shuffle; the man had his shoulders bowed, and the brim of his wide hat tugged down on the sides.

Just when it seemed all the water in the world had already fallen, the grandfather and -mother of all squalls came bursting in off the sea, and the tawny horse went down, groggily. When he arose, he refused to go on. Shadrach Jones swung off, going into mud almost up to the knees of his dragoon boots. Tawny staggered a few feet to firmer ground and stopped. It might be miles to the nearest tavern, Shad Jones thought, but he felt lighthearted anyway. He was on his way out of Texas, going home to Tennessee, where he belonged.

He tugged at Tawny's bridle, but the claybank was finished, past the point where he could be expected to get his second wind. Under seventy-five pounds of saddle and bedroll and saddlebags, he would not even lead.

Shad unbuckled the cinches and slid the bridle off Tawny's head. Seven years of doing work he hated, of going without friends—and now, at twenty-five, all he had to show for it was this horse, this gear, and four hundred dollars. Here went the horse.

He got himself under the saddle and roll, the bridle fastened to the horn, and went on along the gulfshore trail. Somewhere down there he had heard there was a boat that would take him to New Orleans; from New Orleans another boat would tote him up the river to home. And he was going to be smart from now on. Save money. Give up all chances of getting killed, except by old age or a kick from a plow horse.

He had been walking about fifteen minutes when he heard the sound of a loping horse. Then, as the wind slacked for a second, a rider pulled up alongside him. "You seem a mite policed, stranger." Ex-soldier, from the word. About forty-five from the grey hair and lined face.

Shad Jones said, "A mite."

"We're only a mile and a half from the Barrel House," the stranger said, "and my pony's fresh. Climb on behind."

"No, thanks," Shad said.

The rider stared. "Can I catch yo' hoss fo' you?" Southern-born. That was that. "They call me Cap," the stranger said politely.

"Name of Jones," Shad answered.

"I can't leave you here," Cap said. "That gear must weigh a hundred pounds. How far back is your hoss? I'll ride a circle and see—"

Shad said, "Don't you understand, cowboy? I don't want any help. My name is Jones. My first name is Shad."

Cap said, "Oh. Shad for Shadrach, I've heard. Lieutenant Jones of the State Police, are you?" He raised his eyes. "Nevertheless, Jones, I wouldn't let a mule stay out in this. Climb on."

Shad said, "I'm not a lieutenant any more. I've quit the State Police and I'm leaving Texas. But there's a hundred Texans'll shoot the man who does me a favor. So, Cap, thanks."

Cap said, "If your hoss is a claybank, there's one picked me up a short piece and followed me. And this hoss hasn't had a sufficiency of work lately." He picked up his reins and turned his horse. Shad unfastened his rope from his saddle and built up a ground loop as best he could with a wet rope. After a while, Tawny came down the trail; Shad's rope settled soggily around the claybank's neck, and Cap rode past him without seeming to see him.

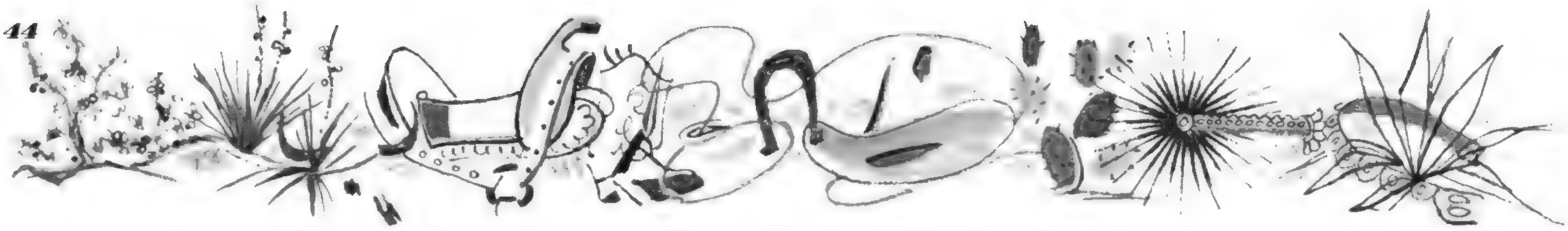
When, not long afterward, Shad led his horse into the log stable of the Barrel House, a red-nosed stablehand was already putting Cap's pony away in a stall.

Shad carried his saddle and roll into the saloon part of the place to dry out. He hung it on a rack that already contained a couple of dozen other saddles and went to buy a drink. Because he was the Jones who had once been an officer of the State Police, he had inspected his gun before he came out of the stable. Texas did not love the police that a carpetbag government had saddled them with for purposes of reconstruction. Texas had proved this by putting a bullet into the back of another Jones—Shad's brother—and leaving him robbed and dead.

At one end of the huge barroom a stone fireplace was ablaze, and near it some men were playing a lazy sort of poker; across the room, the only painted lumber in the place made a bar all along the side of a crude staircase. There were four doors on the top landing of the stairs. Shad saw Cap at one end of the bar, talking to a bunch of cowboys. There were no faces among them that had appeared on any State Police folders lately.

Shad went to the other end of the bar and ordered a whiskey and a dish of beef and beans. He downed the drink and ordered a second, but he took

(Continued on next page)



his time with that one. When he got back home to western Tennessee, he would drink all he wanted to, any night he felt like it. It would be funny to be able to do that, and not to worry that someone would jump you while you were fuddled.

The bartender said, "You aimin' to pay for your food, stranger?"

Shad let his hand go below the bar. "You thinkin' I can't, friend?"

"No offense, mister. What I mean, Circle K is payin' all bills for its hands till the drive starts. Colonel MacKellar is still hirin' an' if you was lookin' for a job—" He let his scratchy voice die away.

Shad said, "Those Circle K at the end of the bar?"

"Yes, sir, and a fine body of boys. They're fixin' to drive some Mexican cattle no'th, soon as they got a rain for grass—which they got—and their foreman gits in."

Just then, two men got up from the poker game and joined the Circle K's. Cap shook hands with the older of them. The man said, "Mike, I want you to meet Cap, who's been trail-driving for the colonel three summers now. Cap, this is Mike Shattay, and I'm trying to sell him on going with us."

The man named Mike Shattay wore a suit coat that didn't look native; below that, his woolen trousers ended in knee-flapped dragoon boots like Shad's. Mike threw his head back and laughed: his coat slid open, and it was noticeable that he wore no gun. "I'm not much of a cowhand," he said. "Only came down from Rhode Island three years ago."

Cap said, "Outfit I was with fought the Rhode Islanders a couple of times. They fight good."

"I missed the war," Mike said. "Too young."

The older man tilted his hat back on his white, curly hair. "We're buying our remuda string from Mike," he said. "Boy's done well with a horse-breakin' ranch between here and the Rio. But I tell him he's no real Texan till he's driven trail."

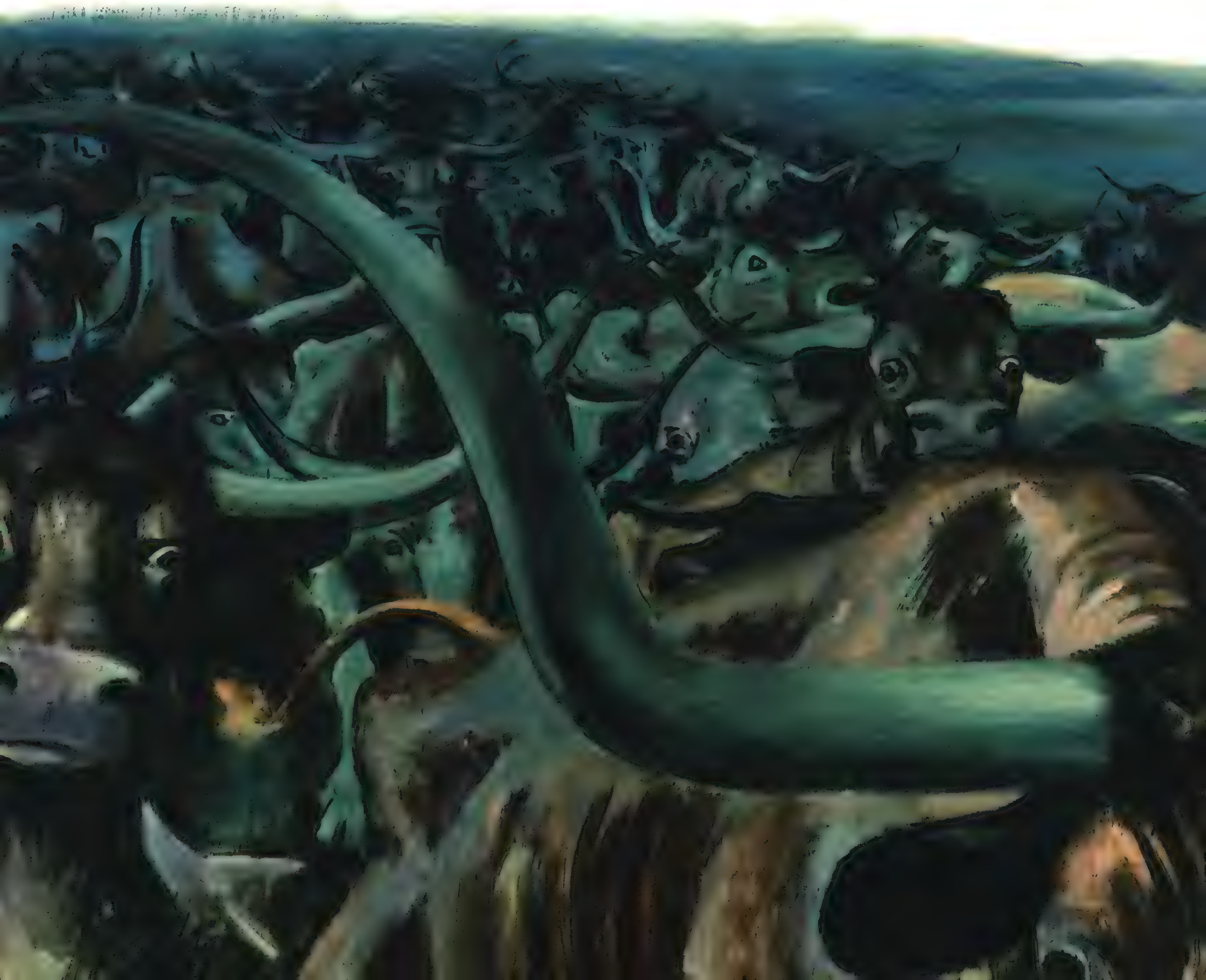
"Tough country down where you live," Cap said. "Big Mart, our foreman, rode between a couple of gangs of border trash down there once. How do you make out?"

There was a careless note in Mike's voice that Shad liked. The Easterner patted his waist. "Mike Shattay's patented protection," he said. "I carry no gun. It seems there's hardly any bad man in Texas'll shoot a man who minds his own business and rides unarmed."

A pale-eyed cowboy who looked like a killer spoke up. He said, "What do you do when people try an' run off yo' hosses? Holler for the State Police?"

It was a standard joke in Texas, but it had never been said to Shad's face before. He hadn't had a drink out of uniform in five years. Mike Shattay shook his head. "I'm no carpetbagger," he said.

Cap said, "Rod, somethin' I want to tell you." He whispered a word or two, and then the man named Rod let his amber eyes slowly come down the bar until they focused



DECORATION BY MARSHALL BARER

on Shad. Rod's hand moved quietly to his gun.

Then Shad's mouth was talking, before his mind knew it. He said, "Cap, tell yo' friend Rod there to unhand that gun; I'm talkin' friendly." He raised his own hands shoulder-high. "Rod—I don't know your last name, suh—"

Rod said, "It's Mains. You won't find it on any of your damned circulars, Lieutenant."

"I'm not a lieutenant," Shad said. "I'm plain Shadrach Jones, of western Tennessee, goin' home. I've quit the State Police, and I'm quittin' Texas. I don't have to defend the State Police; some of our officers *are* carpetbaggers, maybe, and some of our noncoms are ruffians and bullies and worse. But the name of Shadrach Jones is worth fighting for. I never used my badge to make myself rich, or to rub defeat into Texas. So leave me alone, Rod Mains."

The doors to the private rooms on the gallery had opened; a man and a girl were looking down. The man was so big he would have stood out anyplace, like a longhorn in a living room, but not next to that girl; she was so beautiful that it made Shad's eyes smart. But he saw all that out of the corners; he kept his full focus on Rod. "I'm stormbound here with a foundered horse," he said. "This is my last night on Texas soil. Leave me alone, punchers!"

The Circle K's were grouping slowly together at their end of the bar. A voice from their depths—that familiar brash voice that a state policeman always heard from the depths of a crowd—cried: "You've picked Texas clean, you buzzard."

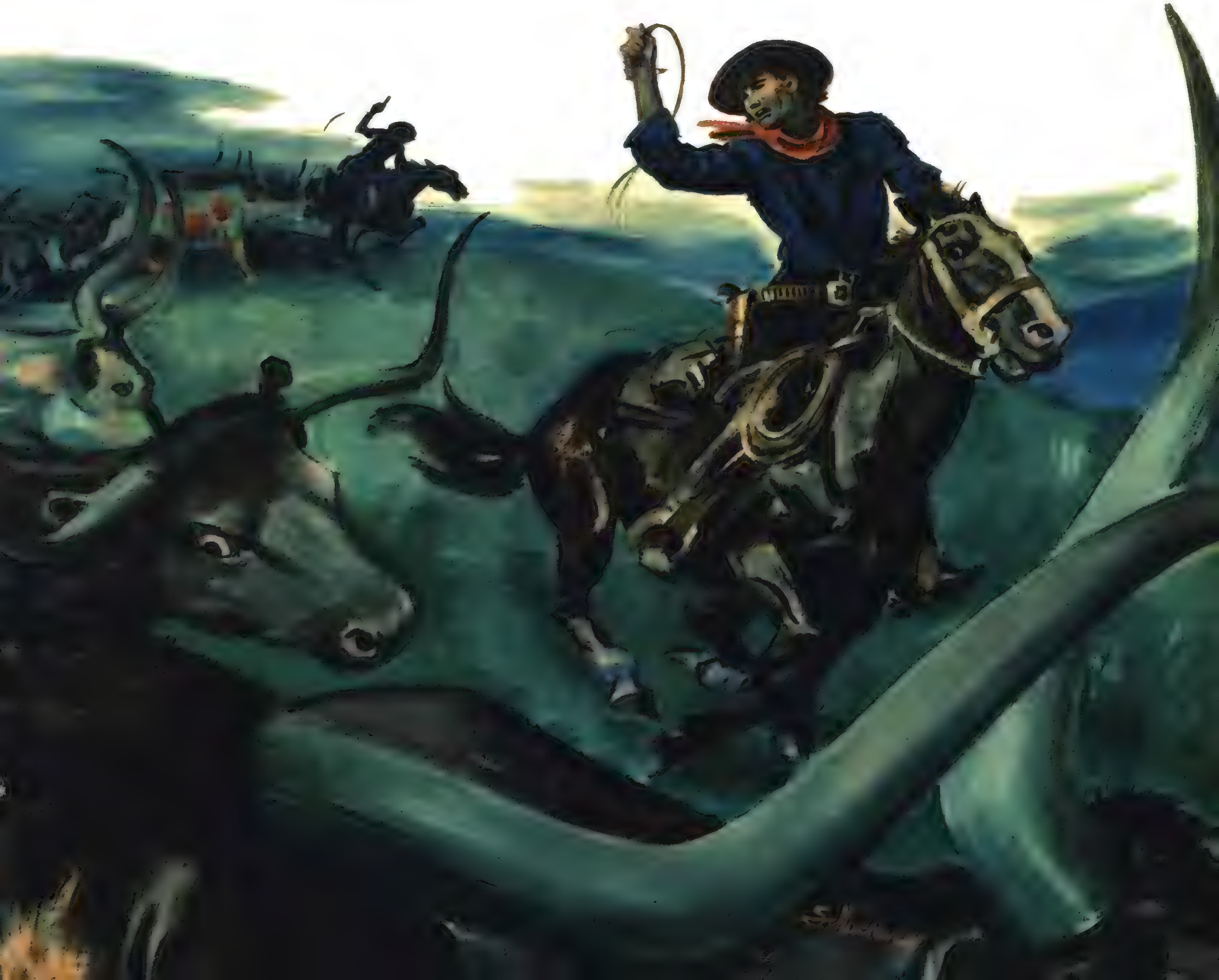
Shadrach Jones said, "You Texicans had to have a police force, and, the way things was, it couldn't be an armed body of Confederates. There's men alive here tonight who wouldn't be if me an' my kind hadn't killed off certain citizens."

The man named Cap said, "You were paid for it, Jones."

"I've drawn my pay, Cap," Shad said. "And Texas took it back. I put in my resignation a month ago, when my kid brother—just turned nineteen—got here, at my say-so. Gave him what I'd saved from seven years of carryin' the star and sent him out to buy us a cattle spread. Well—he was found dead. Money gone, and a bullet in his back. Me and Texas is even, gentlemen, if I'd stolen the capitol at Austin. I'm going home."

A sigh went over the room, and, Shad thought, maybe he'd made it without the gun. Then a voice came from over his head, the deepest voice he had ever heard. "That was a fair speech," the voice said. "And it was spoken by a man I've heard of, who doesn't have to go around making speeches. Jones, you're free of the house tonight, for all that any Circle K men'll bother you; I'm Colonel MacKellar, and I'm giving the order. Malary, give Mr. Jones a drink on Circle K."

The bartender drew Shad a drink, and Shad raised his (*Continued on page 119*)



The Swamp Song

The vultures watched, waited and circled endlessly over the humid and sweltering swampland, knowing that it was only a matter of time until death would arrive

A Story by

JIM BUFORD

THE big king vulture sat quietly on the jutting old limb that projected from the great oak out over the swamp, watching the two little figures far below in the clearing. With the instinct of his kind, he knew that food was near, and he was content to wait. The ugly, wrinkled neck, pale in color and resembling dead flesh in itself, jutted far up out of a ridiculous collar of wet, odorous feathers. The great cruel beak, powerful enough to break the rib of a dead horse and pull it from its socket, snapped and clicked in slavering anticipation, while the pupils of the beady little eyes widened and closed in the brilliant light. Far up in the blue, almost cloudless sky, others of his kind floated in apparently aimless circles on the warm, rising air currents. All awaited the signal that would tell them the drama was over, that, as all flesh must eventually do, the living flesh had turned to food. Far below in the humid and sweltering swamp, two men followed separate plans, each positive that he was unseen. The drama that had begun before dawn drew to a close in the bright morning, and the vultures waited patiently.

Jed Crowell was tall and slight. Years of hunger and privation, of wet and sickening, mosquito-infested swamps, had left their mark. Thin of face, with dark eyes brilliant under heavy brows, Jed was a man who did not invite confidence or friendship. His evident desire to be left alone was honored by fellow swampers who knew that in their business no man was to be trusted without question. A man who made whiskey walked alone; no man knew where his brother's still was located. It wasn't distrust, exactly. It was more an insurance, for the bounty was heavy reward to those who "turned up."

Jed Crowell had always made whiskey, as had his father before him, and his father's father. He knew nothing else, no way to live and eat, to buy overalls and snuff, food and a few clothes for himself and his mother. Jed had been the oldest of six boys, and when his father had been found dead of exposure in the swamps, Jed had taken over the managing of the family. One by one, the boys had married off, and now Jed, middle-aged and alone with his mother, was caught in a snare. Jed had accepted his lot, and remained at home. At times he would enter the swamps and go to his still, to lie drunk for a day, a week, or two weeks, until the strange frustration had gone and he lay weak and exhausted from hunger and thirst. It was at these times that he would painfully make his way to the weather-beaten little cabin, crawl in bed with his clothes on, and fight his way back to strength and health while his mother fondly whispered to neighbors of "Jed's sick spell." And too, if anyone had told him that this strange, choking sickness was resentment, if any man had told him that he longed to leave his mother and establish his own home, Jed would have struck him. Only recently, Jed had fought from under a "spell," and in the time of his sickness money had grown short. Now Jed was busy at his trade.

Early the morning just passed, Jed had risen, sky still black and stars seemingly gone, and entered the yard of his home, pausing at the door to put on his shoes. Warily, for he knew the cost of carelessness, he had watched and listened, being accustomed to the noises of nature and quick to recognize anything alien. The night was as still as any swamp night could be and, when Jed heard the coughing bark of a near-by fox, he knew that all was well. No fox would come near if a human being was within a quarter of a mile. Still refusing to take any chances, Jed struck out to the swamp, taking a direction that led exactly opposite his still. Jed was too smart, too old in swamp lore and the business of dodging the law, to fail now. Briskly, he strode through the swamp fern, legs swishing against the saw-tooth leaves, making considerable noise. He knew that the noise could be heard plainly, and if anyone followed, they could be guided accordingly. After ten minutes, Jed stopped suddenly, backed against a great sweet-gum tree, and waited. No sound other than the croaking of frogs, the calls of night birds, and the plaintive query of a swamp owl reached his ears. Satisfied, he swung, now silently, to his right, intending to make a huge square turn, and head back to his still. Now he made no noise at all, and his passage was as silent as that of a cat as he worked his way back to his cabin.

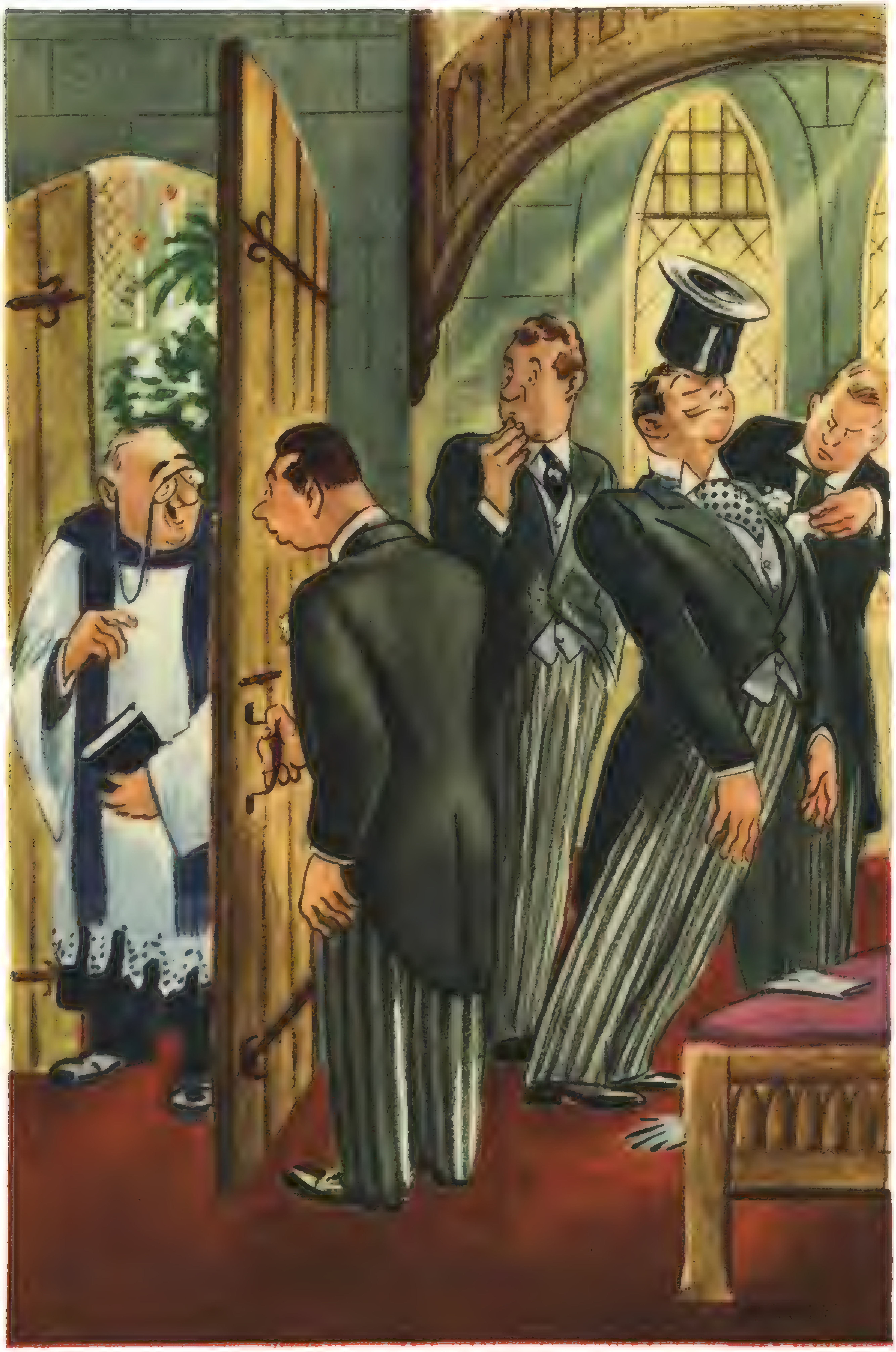
"Whom are you calling out?"

Back at Jed's cabin, the man in the tall pine tree sat silently chewing a heavy plug of tobacco. Clint Sillivan was smart too, in a way. Born and raised in the swamp, he had become an outcast when he had taken to turning up the stills of his friends and neighbors in order to secure the bounty. A wiry three-weeks beard covered his lower face, and down each corner of his mouth ran the permanent stains of tobacco juice. His little, piggish eyes were imbedded in fat, and his stomach protruded casually through two missing buttons of his filthy shirt.

Now and then Clint would reach up, slowly and quietly scratch under the old brown hat, belch, and resume his seat on the limb, chewing slowly and deliberately, letting the juice dribble to the ground in long strings. He felt that he could wait. He knew Jed, and he knew Jed's kind. Hell, hadn't he made whiskey in the swamps, too? Clint knew that Jed would return to the clearing, knew that Jed was now making the "square" through the swamp. Being a "commission man," Clint had it easy. The last time, two—three years ago, when Clint had been caught for the twentieth time, he had known that nothing could save him. It was the big Rock, unless the Lawd intervened. And the Lawd had intervened. Least while, so Clint figured, when the Federal marshal had made the proposition, with the sheriff agreeing. All Clint had to do was spot the stills, report and lead the officers to the place. It meant probation for Clint, plus twenty-five dollars for every still, and fifty dollars when the operator was caught.

Kinda like taking candy from a baby, in a way. He could make good money, take it easy, maybe someday become a real deputy sheriff and be one of the fellers, instead of just a commission man that even the deputies held in contempt. Clint had accepted and gone to work with considerable success. Gradually, the swamp stills had been eliminated to the tune of about twenty or thirty, and each time Clint

(*Continued on page 140*)



"Is the groom ready?"

A LOT OF THINGS:

Freedom Means No Check

A poker hand of essays: 2 aces, Reiser and Lyman: 2 deuces, free loaders and disc jockeys; and a joker, Tony Galento

***An Article by* JIMMY CANNON**

THE real free loader is proud to be a parasite. Poverty creates most free loaders, but the true champions continue to practice even when they have amassed fortunes. It is unusual for one of them to reform because no matter what they're holding they are guys who suffer when they have to get up cash for such as food, drink and cigarettes. There is a guy on Broadway who has run up a huge chunk and it is locked tight in annuities and government bonds and there isn't a chance he will ever have a day without breakfast. But he still does a little training in case he ever pulls up short and has to depend on the generosity of others to guarantee he will not have to wash dishes for committing gluttony in public places. He is a cigarette beggar, one of the most skillful I have ever seen, and once he gets hold of your pack he puts it down in front of him on the table and there it stays until the butts are used up. Once Leonard Lyons, the columnist, checked his coat at the Stork Club and the cloakroom was confused because the free loader had a garment of similar size, style and texture.

"Look in the pockets," Mr. Lyons advised the custodian of the hats. "The one without cigarettes is mine."

Mr. Lyons is a cigarette smoker and this method of identification confused me. I asked him to explain this theory of selection.

"He sits with people and smokes their cigarettes," explained Mr. Lyons. "Naturally, he walks home to save cab fare. You know how he needs cigarettes. Walking late at night there he doesn't expect to meet anyone he can get a cigarette from. So I knew he would have cigarettes in his overcoat pocket to smoke on the way home."

The members of this guild believe they are entitled to be guests, no matter where they are. The free loader who employs deceit to avoid a check in a café is not considered legitimate. The real free loader appoints every man as his host and doesn't attempt to duck when the waiter arrives with the check. He never runs out. When the waiter has added up the calamity, the free loader doesn't head for the Gent's Room. He points to the host and sits there, unconcerned. The most stylish free loader I know is also the most considerate. He always demands that the waiter give him the report of the catastrophe first. He fights for it, pulls it out of the host's hand and then scrutinizes it. He usually has to light matches because the joints he frequents are dark and he is a nearsighted man. After giving the numbers a complete run down and confirming the accuracy of the addition, the free loader turns the stiff over to the sucker for payment. It is chivalry that modern free loaders neglect and they usually just sit there while their host settles the debt and don't care if the bill is padded or not.

This man also supervises the amount of the tip and insists that the host hold it down to exactly ten per cent. Often he snatches the stake away from the servant and pares it down to a sum he considers reasonable. This free loader is an intrepid man and understands he courts a mickey finn the next time he comes back to the joint. But he is loyal to his principles and does it all the time, although I have heard from authorities that he holds the title for finns. There is many a gambler who will give you better than even money that he averages one mickey a week over the course of a year.

The free loader is usually a selfish man and rarely mooches for anyone else. But the philanthropist of free loaders was a baseball journalist who has since died. This guy was a wholesale free loader, although he did some singlehanded cadging whenever circumstances forced him to be alone. Once, when the ball club was barnstorming through Texas, he was invited to attend a barbecue in the back yard of a guy he met in the saloon of a hotel. The hick was impressed by a man who traveled with a big-league ball team and was regular enough to permit an obscure stranger to buy him a drink.

"Sure I'll come," said the reporter. "But do you mind if I bring a friend or two?"

"Any friend of yours is a friend of mine," said the Texan.

The reporter showed up with thirty-six ballplayers, the manager, four coaches, a trainer, a dozen newspapermen, seven telegraphers, the bat boy and the day-side at the hotel where they were stopping.

There was a free loader who had an apartment in a brownstone house in the theatrical section of New York. He paid no rent and the landlord gave him his meals and drinks and a piece of spending money every week because he liked to have him around for laughs. One night the free loader's flat caught fire when he fell asleep, drowsy with free food and whiskey. The insurance adjuster came around and settled for a thousand dollars. The free loader demanded five hundred as his end. "But you pay no rent," the innkeeper protested. "The suit that burned up in the closet I paid for. You've been living here for five years and God knows what you ate and drank. You weren't in the fire. I bought you a whole new wardrobe and gave you a new apartment. Why do you think you're entitled to half of the insurance?"

"I started the fire, didn't I?" the free loader replied.

Toots Shor, the restaurant man, is a freehanded benefactor for all broken guys. Once, when he operated a tavern, he had two refugees living up over his place and, like the guy who smoked in bed, they were given all the privileges that money could buy except they used a pencil. One night I came by and saw them going out with suitcases in their hands. It astonished me when one of them explained bitterly that Toots had evicted them after three years.

"They went too far," said Mr. Shor.

"How much did they owe," I asked.

"It doesn't matter what they owe," Toots said. "It's what they did."

"What did they do?" I asked.

"They called up a call house last night and got two girls," Toots said.

"You're getting awfully moral," I said.

"It ain't that," Toots said.

"Then what is it," I wanted to know.

"They charged the girls to me," Toots yelled, "and last night the madam came around and gave me the tab."

Fence-buster

Sports journalists pretend they are governed by an absolute neutrality when they sit down at their typewriters to do a piece about an event. There are none of us without prejudices. But if you go down to the bench and hang out in the dressing rooms, what you know of a player's character influences you when you appraise him as an athlete. Naturally, you can't construct an alibi for a guy who takes a two-three pitch down the middle when he should have been cutting. Just because a utility infielder chased you when you tried to interview him, you can't play him down if he gets the blow which wins the game. But ever since the day Pete Reiser came up with Brooklyn in '41 I have pulled for him, and now that he is with the Boston Braves I still hope that he does all right.

In '41, when he was 21 and led the league with .343, this was a ballplayer of greatness. There were guys who hit the ball a longer ways, because Reiser never had real power, but he cut many a rap for extra bases, although he didn't bang many home runs. He was fast and his average tells you all you want to know about his hitting. He was an exceptional outfielder and no one had more larceny in them on the bases. There was nothing he couldn't do well. He managed to get through that year without injuring himself, but it started to happen in '42 when he collided with a fence in St. Louis. Since then he has run into fences again. He broke bones sliding and his swing pulled muscles and strained tendons and he has spent a lot of time in hospitals. In '41 he had some of what Joe Di Maggio has and most of the skills of Stan Musial, but, except for that one season, he never came close to the greatness his early talent indicated.

In '46, when Reiser led the National League with thirty-four stolen bases, he was a stylish robber and his thefts of home may have established a record. All bases go down into the book the

(*Continued on page 136*)

Portrait for a Philosopher→

IN the East, where it is not unusual for a man to go blind from continuous gazing at the sun, or to lie unfeelingly on a bed of nails, it is soberly understood that thus are the pains of reality overcome. We are in favor of all this, with but one change: we offer, for contemplation, a happier subject

KODACHROME BY ALAN FONTAINE

A Young Lady Sees London Town

Alfred Hitchcock happily escorts Ingrid Bergman on a tour around his old home town

A LOT of Americans feel that a composite photo of the Ideal American Girl would fit very neatly over the wholesome features of a lady who's as Swedish as smörgåsbord. Ingrid Bergman, the lady in question, has been tickling the fancy of the American male for nine years in films like *Intermezzo* and her latest, *Under Capricorn.* Whether she's playing the not-excessively-virtuous Mam'selle of *Arch of Triumph* or the dedicated peasant girl of *Joan of Arc*, most of her male fans seem to see beneath the character the retouched image of the girl they dreamed about before cynicism set in. Americans claim her as their own, but so do the fans of any country with a beat-up movie projector and a piece of muslin they can tack on the wall for a screen. Maybe it's because she blends so easily into the background of every land. For example: last year, Miss Bergman played the lead in *Under Capricorn* at the Teddington Studios located just outside London. While she was there, director Alfred Hitchcock, the roly-poly master of suspense, took her on a tour of the great city on the Thames. The photo-

No, Mother, that is not Bovril in the mugs

Don't look at us like that, Mr. Hitchcock: we thought we knew the young lady

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PIX

Why, but why, hasn't someone told Ingrid about this marvelous town?

Ingrid tries her eye at darts, one of England's finer pub traditions

graphs on these pages show that even then, in her first time around the town, she looked as indigenous as London Bridge. Miss Bergman had a good guide for her tour. Hitchcock was born, raised, and married in London, and he had an assignment that any man would give his right toe and an eighth of an inch of hairline for. It's always pleasant for a man to play the expert for a pretty lady, and nowhere is it easier for the guy to flash his knowledge than before a visiting female on a tour of his home town. G.I.s who strutted, tiptoed, or staggered through London on a three-day pass may or may not have seen everything that Hitchcock pointed out (if they hit the town during a blackout with an overlay of pea-soup fog, they probably couldn't see at all), but no matter how much time they spent in George's back yard, or how many shillings they dropped into the heating meters, they never spotted anything quite as lovely as Ingrid. The sights of the city can't compare with the sight of Miss Bergman, and that includes the Marble Arch and the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace. Army veterans who fanned out over London from the USO operations base at Rainbow Corner will testify that London never boasted her equal from Soho to Kensington. Ingrid may have been looking at London on her trip, but that staid old city stared right back. It's a long trip around London town and travelers, as you are well aware, have to be refreshed, so the couple stopped at a London public house, or pub. That's where Miss Bergman staked her claim to another Academy Award: she put away a mug of Britain's tepid beer and made like she liked it. There's something as revolutionary here for Mr. Hitchcock, too. His films, which usually stand the world on its ear with their tours de force, have a tradition that Hitchcock must appear in one scene. This is an Esquire production, but please notice, Mr. Hitchcock, that even with someone as beautiful as Miss Bergman, we allow you not one but many appearances. ⧺

In the Tower of London, which had more plots than a Hitchcock special

Two tourists merrily discover London Bridge is not falling down

1
5
3

SILKS & SULKIES

Harness Racing Goes Big Time

Come every summer sun, 16 million Americans crowd into 1000 tracks, from sumptuous Santa Anita (shown) to the livestock-and-lemonade county fair, to cheer the silks and sulkies of harness racers. Maybe not all of them know the difference between a trotter and a pacer. But you don't have to know it to fall for the smooth glide of the "bikes," or to yell yourself silly when No. 9 makes her bid. For fans, harness racing has all the color of saddle racing. And with purses climbing to $50,000, and a day's bets at a single track reaching $1,000,000, the sulkies obviously have all its excitement, too.

KODACHROME BY STUDIO 10

Degas' WORLD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MUKY

DEGAS BALLET PAINTING COURTESY RAYMOND & RAYMOND, N.Y.

The world of the classical ballet — a world that Edgar Degas painted so accurately and so bitterly — is a stately never-never land where pretty, formalized poses take the place of the movements and emotions of real people. Put long white stockings, a frilly skirt, and ballet slippers on a woman, and she acts like a muscular and well-oiled puppet. The classical ballet started out simply enough as a story told by gestures, accompanied by music. Today, it's been refined to the point where balletomanes are interested less in what one of its slender lads is supposed to be portraying than in how many times he can scissor his legs before gravity drags him down. Let no one sneer at the physical difficulties to becoming a good ballet dancer. Any of Degas' pictures will show the racked vertebrae, the hard work, and the aches that precede the smooth glide of the *prima ballerina* across the stage. Dancing *sur les pointes* may look easy, but one glance at the chunky thighs in the second wave of the *corps de ballet* proves otherwise. Classical ballet gives the foot and leg a rugged workout, and keeps the rest of the body comparatively rigid: it's a stiff-backed art, and an elegant one. But modern audiences, who feel that more than Johnnie's toes should yearn for Frankie, are willing to trade the elegance of the classical for the expressiveness of the modern dance.

Murder ON THE MENU

BY VAL DUNCAN

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL DE VERES

JACK DANIEL
No. 7

In this one-arm joint you kept the other arm free. You might need it for more than eating

Mollison brushed burrs from his pants and read the sign again. It said: "Shorty's G.I. Restaurant—Service on Wheels." Set back off the dirt road about fifty feet was a dingy, rambling building whose dark green paint was turning grey with age. Mollison rubbed his beard stubble and realized he was hungry. Fighting the woods did that to you. Vines grabbing at your ankles, briers trying to hold you back. You forgot about everything but getting out of them.

He walked up the weed-grown path, and his footsteps sounded hollow on the rotting boards that marked the entranceway. He was a stocky, powerfully built man and his jacket hugged him tightly. Almost unconsciously, as he neared the door, he opened the two bottom buttons of the jacket so that the bulge on his hip wouldn't show.

A bell jangled as he went in and the screen door slammed behind him. Before going farther, he looked around the long narrow room with its irregularly spaced tables, its counter and short-order equipment. It was empty. The place was dark and cool and a little musty. That didn't matter. Coffee was what he needed, hot, black coffee and some eggs. After that, if he played his hand right, he might get a good steer. Music was coming softly out of a little radio on the shelf. It was funny about the shelves. They were lower than most of those you usually saw in a restaurant like this. Even the tables set around the room seemed to have had their legs sawed short.

Mollison's ears and eyes were good, but so engrossed was he in surveying the room that he didn't see or hear anything until the man came rolling toward him from a doorway. He was in a wheel chair—a fresh-faced man with pink skin; but you couldn't tell about his eyes because of the dark glasses he was wearing. He smiled and there were more creases in his face than you'd expect. He wore old Army suntans.

"Morning," said the man. "Make yourself at home. Take your choice of tables or counter. Bite to eat, maybe?"

Mollison said, "Okay," and sat down at a table. He watched the man roll silently on his rubber-tired chair. He was a big fellow with a sprout of chest hair showing at his open collar.

"You Shorty?" Mollison asked. He took in the long legs and lean frame. "You don't look so short."

The cripple flicked the wheels on each side of him and glided over to the table. Before he answered he took a towel from the side of his chair and dusted off the table top. "Used to call me Slim—till D-Day," he said finally. "Then a Heinie shell sat me down for good. I never walked since."

"That's tough," answered Mollison.

"How 'bout some beef stew?"

"Make it eggs, sunny-side up."

"You bet. Coffee?"

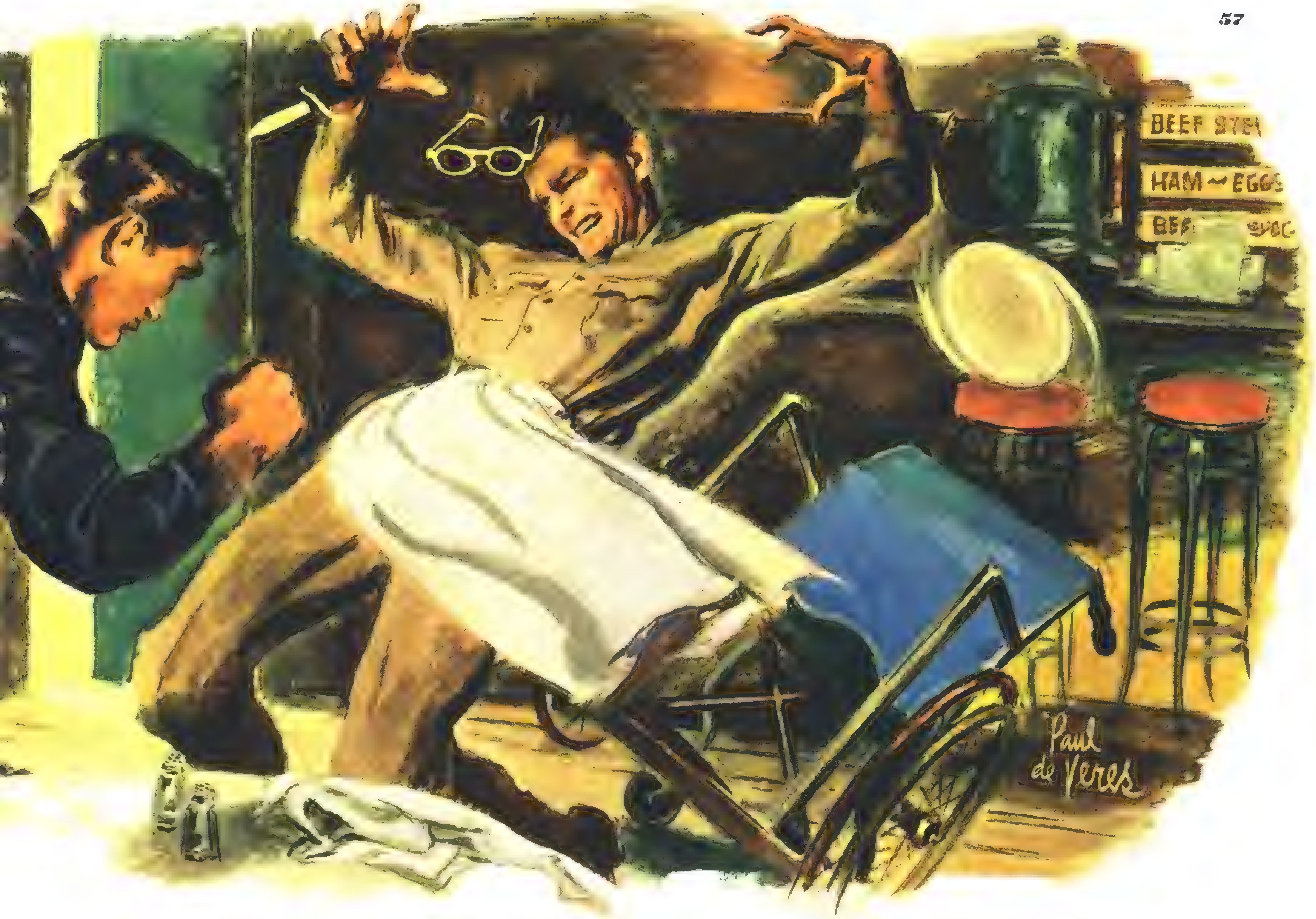
"Yeah. Black."

Faster than a man on his legs, Shorty was behind the counter, turning on gas jets, reaching down eggs and grease and spilling them into a pan, turning the electric switch on the glass coffeemaker. Blue smoke curled up and drifted through the back door into the rear of the building. *There must be plenty of room back there,* Mollison thought, his eyes on the door. He felt Shorty's eyes on him and turned his head quickly.

Shorty as quickly turned back to the shelves, reached up and tuned up the volume of the radio. The band was playing a snappy piece and Mollison beat time on the table with his knife. But it didn't last long. The music stopped short, and above the sizzle of the eggs came the voice of an announcer with a news bulletin. He said:

"The thug who stabbed and killed the night watchman at the Forsythe Chemical plant last night is still at large. Police are combing the woods in the entire Lookout Mountain area. Residents are warned to beware of strangers. This man is armed. He is desperate and clever. Police . . ."

Mollison's knife faltered in its beat and clattered on the table top. He picked it up again and called to Shorty, "How about



trading that guy who's talking for music?"

Shorty nodded, tuned in another station and band music filled the room. Mollison tapped out the rhythm with the knife. Finally he called out: "You operate here all alone?"

The cripple wiped his hands and rolled out from behind the counter. On a tray fixed on the front of the chair he carried pepper, salt, a knife, a fork, a spoon, and paper napkin. "Sure," he said nodding. "But I can handle it. The majority of my customers are tourists on their way to Lookout Mountain. Not making a million, but I manage to squeeze by."

Just about squeezing by, Mollison thought. The building and furniture were falling apart, and the equipment seemed pretty old. Shorty's shirt was frayed and looked too small for him. A button was missing from the shirt and a hole showed in the heel of his sock. "Must be pretty lonely," said Mollison. "Maybe you need a wife."

Shorty set a place in front of him and grinned. "I'm getting by okay." He rolled back to the stove.

"Guess I'm your first customer today, huh?" Mollison said.

"Yeah," said Shorty. "It's slow today."

Mollison tapped the table with the music. Some setup—a crippled guy running a restaurant. All alone, too; no help around. A sweet situation for a guy on the lam. The guy wouldn't have to hide out. Just put Shorty out of the way, then take over in that wheel chair for a day or so till things cooled off. Out in the open, yet a perfect disguise. These tourists would never know the difference. If anyone who knew the rightful owner came in—if there were any questions—why, the guy could say he'd taken the place over in a Veteran's Administration deal. He felt his blood surge with excitement. Sure it was possible—for a clever guy.

A thumping noise sounded in the back of the building and his hand froze on the knife handle. He tried to make his voice natural. "Somebody coming in the back door?" he called.

Shorty grinned reassuringly back over his shoulder. "That's only Queenie, my pooch. She's feeling kinda romantic these days and I'm keeping her chained up. Not looking for a bunch of pups right now."

He turned back to his work and Mollison watched him closely. The way he did things—slicing bread, pouring coffee—it all looked easy enough. A smart guy could learn that stuff quickly and make it look good. He watched Shorty pepper the eggs, then shovel them loose from the pan, and place them on a plate. Then Shorty loaded the tray and wheeled out to the table. "Sorry about the eggs," he said. "They both broke."

Mollison gulped coffee gratefully. It was only a matter of time now, and he needed the coffee to keep him relaxed. The eggs were good, too, fresh and tasty, but there was too much pepper on them. He opened his mouth for a bite and felt a sneeze coming on. Automatically, his hand went back to his pants pocket. Too late, he realized that Shorty had seen the gleam of the gun butt.

The cripple said, "The ketchup—I forgot it." He rolled back behind the counter and reached down for a bottle. Mollison went on eating, eyes fixed on the cripple. He had the bottle and something else, too—something that gleamed as he slipped it under the tray of his chair. He wheeled back to the table.

"Always like a little ketchup on eggs, myself," said Shorty, placing the bottle on the table. Mollison knew the eyes behind the glasses were on every move he made. The guy was nervy, all right. Then the knife flicked out fast in Shorty's hand. Mollison dodged, but he felt the burn of the blade as it nicked his cheek. Then he lunged forward, kicking his chair away as he came up. His fist caught Shorty flush on the jaw, sending him sideways out of the chair. The chair crashed over and slithered on its side along the floor. Shorty moaned and lay still.

Mollison breathed hard for a moment and dabbed a handkerchief to his cheek. Boots clumped on the steps outside and two big men came in.

"What the hell," said one, as he bent over the man on the floor.

"Not so lucky with his knife this time," said the other.

Mollison grunted. "I wasn't sure about him till he pulled it." He nodded to the rear of the building. "I think you'll find a crippled guy tied up back there, Lieutenant. This guy's cooking almost had me fooled. But he was a lousy cripple. Said he hadn't walked for years. But he had a hole in his sock." #

Crossroads of Mankind

Maybe they didn't have science on their minds,

but the mutineers on the H. M. S. *Bounty*

helped geneticists conjecture on sap for the family tree

by J. B. RICE, M. D.

VICTORIOUS armies mix their blood with that of invaded populations, both on and off the battlefield—as the husbands of the Sabine women found out one fine morning long ago. The longer American occupation forces must remain in foreign lands, the more abundant will be the squirming crop of little hybrid Americans that will spring to life around our military posts. That babies have always bloomed like wild flowers in the path of marching men casts no discredit on the character of either the soldiers or their (sometimes) unwilling hostesses. We can blame only the powerful social, economic, and biological forces operating under the special conditions provided by a state of turmoil.

The cultural enrichment derived by races from intimate contact with one another is written in bold type on the pages of world history. The children of destiny resulting from the Anglo-Saxon cross dominated the world for hundreds of years. And who can say that the youthful enthusiasm and venturesome spirit of the American people are not due in part to the stimulating hodgepodge of cultures contributed by our mixed ancestry? We know that outbreeding, or the deliberate crossing of different varieties of plants and animals, frequently produces offspring of great size and strength. We use this hybrid vigor (or *heterosis*, if you want to give it its scientific name) to improve the quality or increase the yield of everything from cows to cucumbers and from pigs to peonies. But when it comes to human beings, we know very little about the biologic effects of crossbreeding, since we cannot eliminate the influence of social and environmental factors. The student of human heredity must, of necessity, draw his conclusions by inference from experiments on lower animals and plants.

If the geneticist could mate Human Male A of known characteristics and antecedents with Human Female B, whose life and ancestry were also an open book; and if he could keep the children of this union in separate cages until they were mature; and if he could then control *their* matings—if he could do all these things for several hundred years, he might begin to solve some of the mysteries of personality, intelligence, and physique, and to find answers to such interesting questions as "Why is John Jones only a blockhead while his cousin, John Smith, is made of presidential timber?"

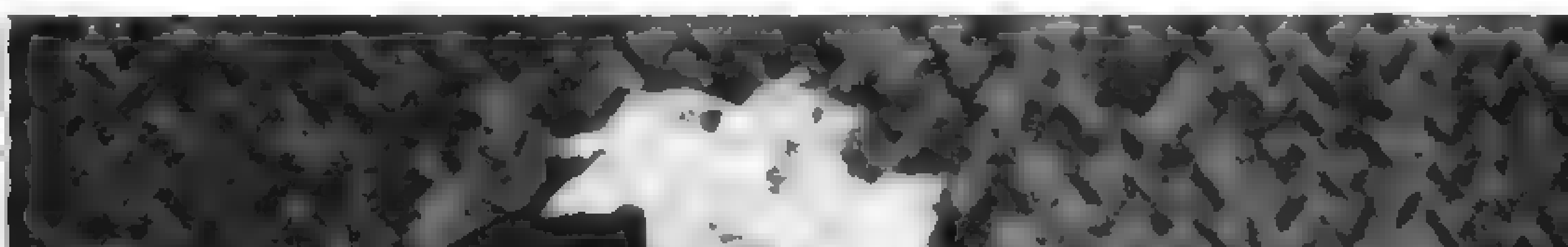
Human nature being what it is, Male A usually will have none of Female B, but instead runs off with Madame X, the unknown quantity, who, de-

(*Continued on page 114*)

Our own Hawaii is a crossroads of mankind where beauty abounds. The lovely young ladies of Hawaii pictured here as an educational illustration of the science of genetics are, of course, of legitimate parentage, are not persons of Pitcairn ancestry, and happily reflect the intermarriage of many peoples.

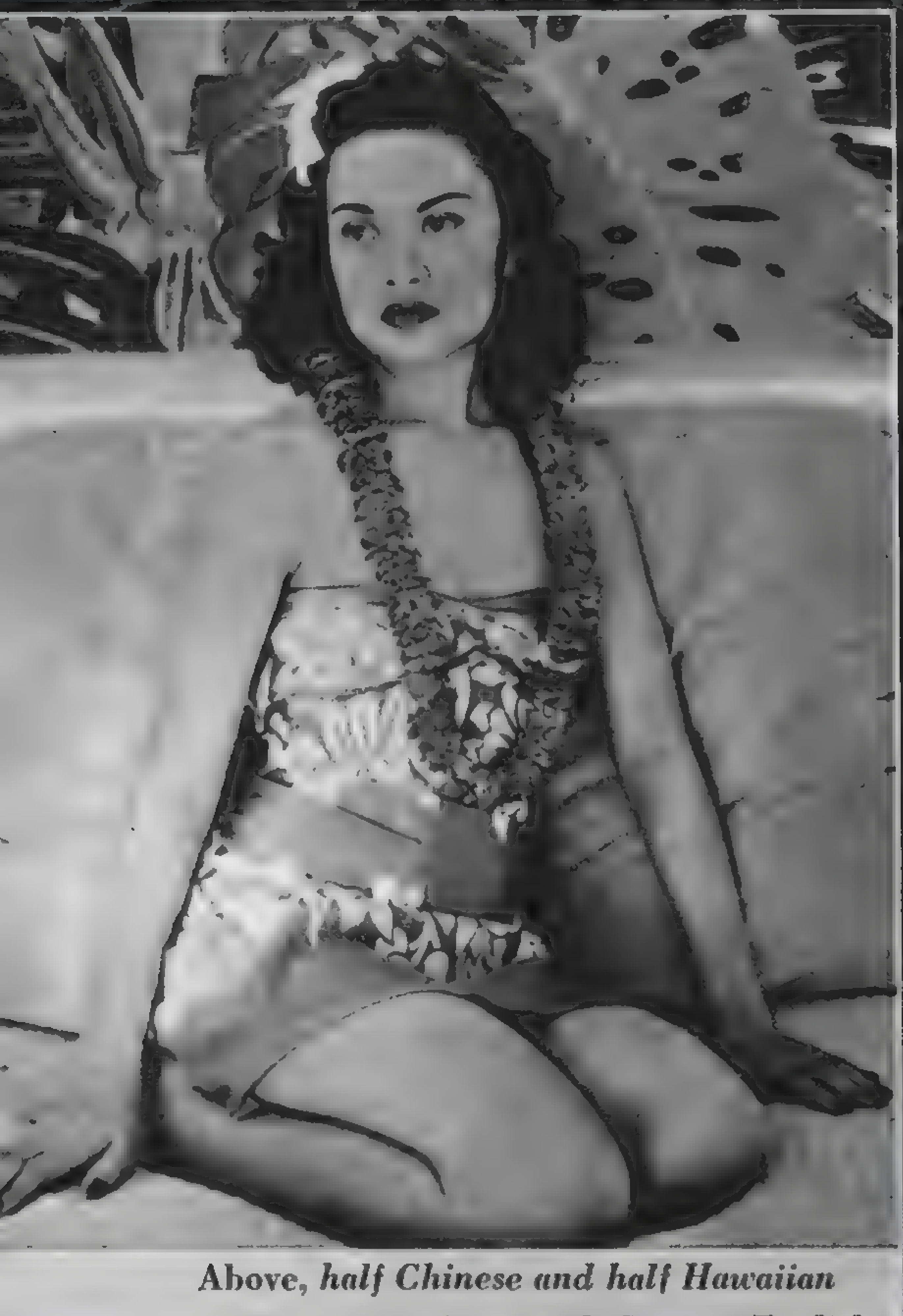
Scotch plus English plus Japanese

French and Portuguese and beautiful



She's English, German, and Hawaiian

PHOTOS BY HENRY INN FROM HAWAIIAN TYPES, PUBLISHED BY HASTINGS HOUSE.



Above, *half Chinese and half Hawaiian*
Right, *Dutch-Swedish-German-English*

the BOLD LOOK *for summer*

Build your wardrobe around the 10-ounce, 10-Month,

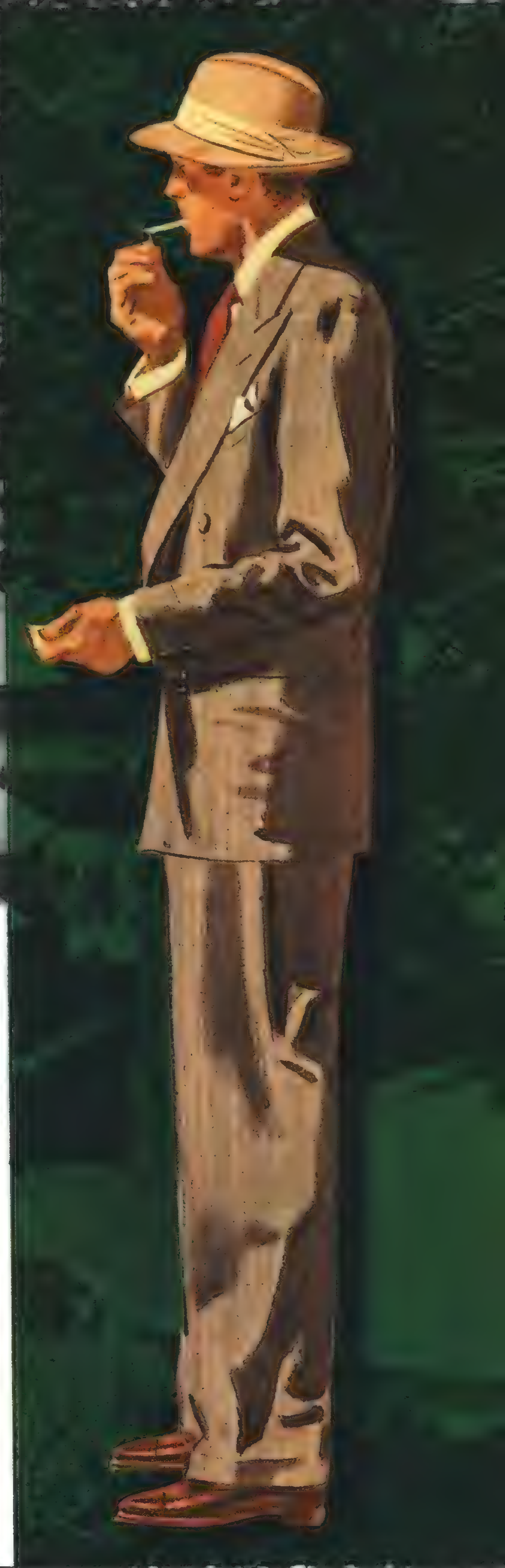
3-season suit that has been blue-printed

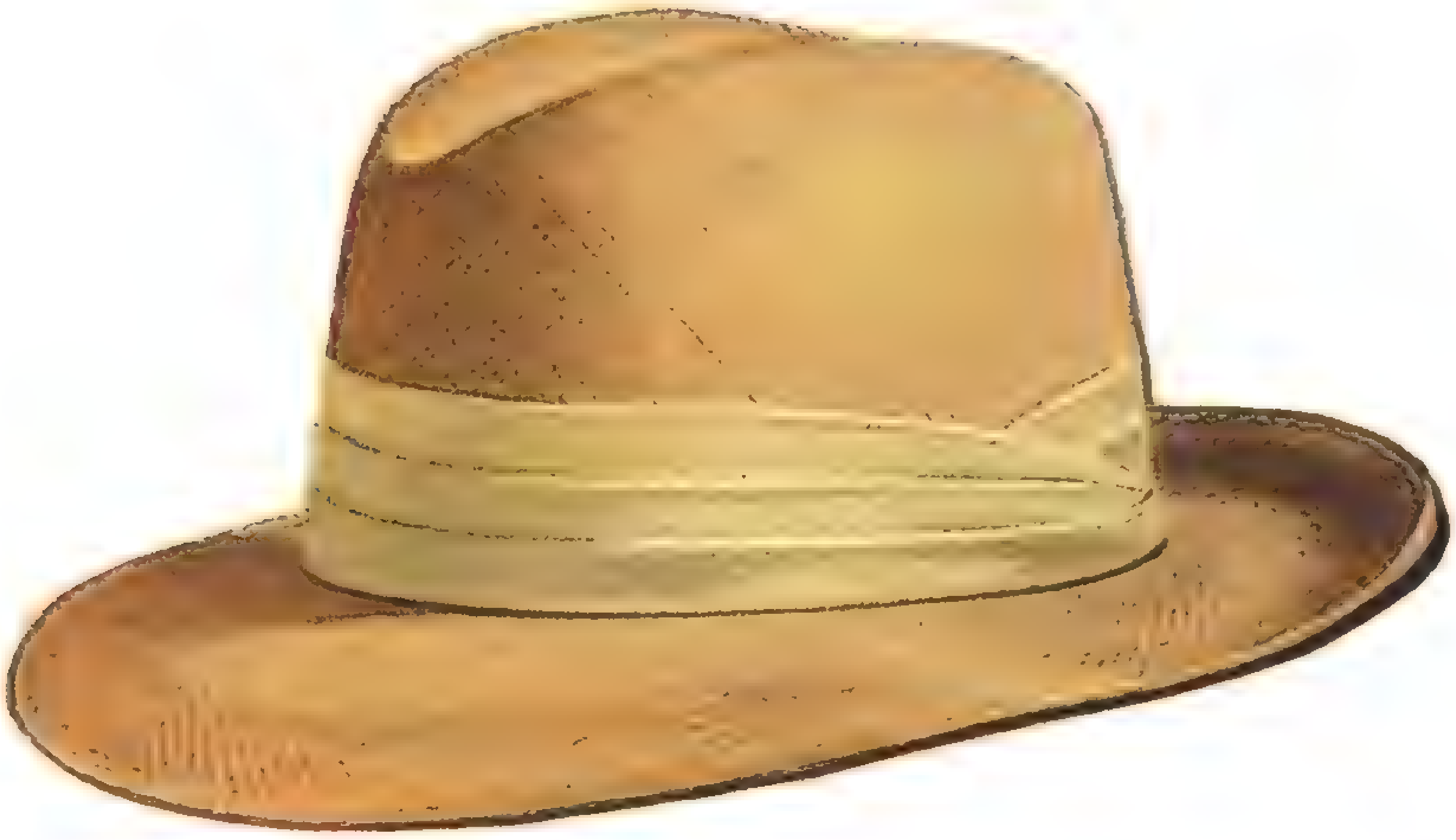
to do right by you–Spring, Summer and Fall.

The famous young man on the flying trapeze in front of Radio City is seeing one of the most welcome fashions ever created for the men who daily relax at famous "21", just around the corner, or at the nearby Stork, a mere canape's throw away. It's the 10-ounce, 10-Month worsted suiting that has jumped over all the traditional hurdles and come up with a distinctive style that is precisely tailored for modern living. The worsted is not quite as light as the conventional tropical—which means that in very hot weather, although you'll be as cool as our airy friend on the trapeze himself, your suit will hold its business-like look straight through even the kind of swelter that reduces your old-fashioned friends to bundles of well wrinkled wet wash. And yet today, when it's air-conditioned all the way, from office to cocktail lounge, to train or plane to hotel, and man's own cool breezes hit you right after old Sol, you need all occasion protection plus around-the-clock smartness. Trust your 10-ouncer, that comes up with all the answers in the changeable spring months and serves with comfort and distinction right through Spring, Summer and into the Fall, as you can see by the samples at the left.

The old days are over when you put your winter suit into mothballs and slipped into something woven out of humming-bird's wings, just because a robin said something. And, not to be outdone, the hat and shoes shown here are both in comfortable summer weights but have retained a business-like air of smartness at the same time. Cool weather styling, hot weather comfort, that's the new trend in everything.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EWING GALLOWAY



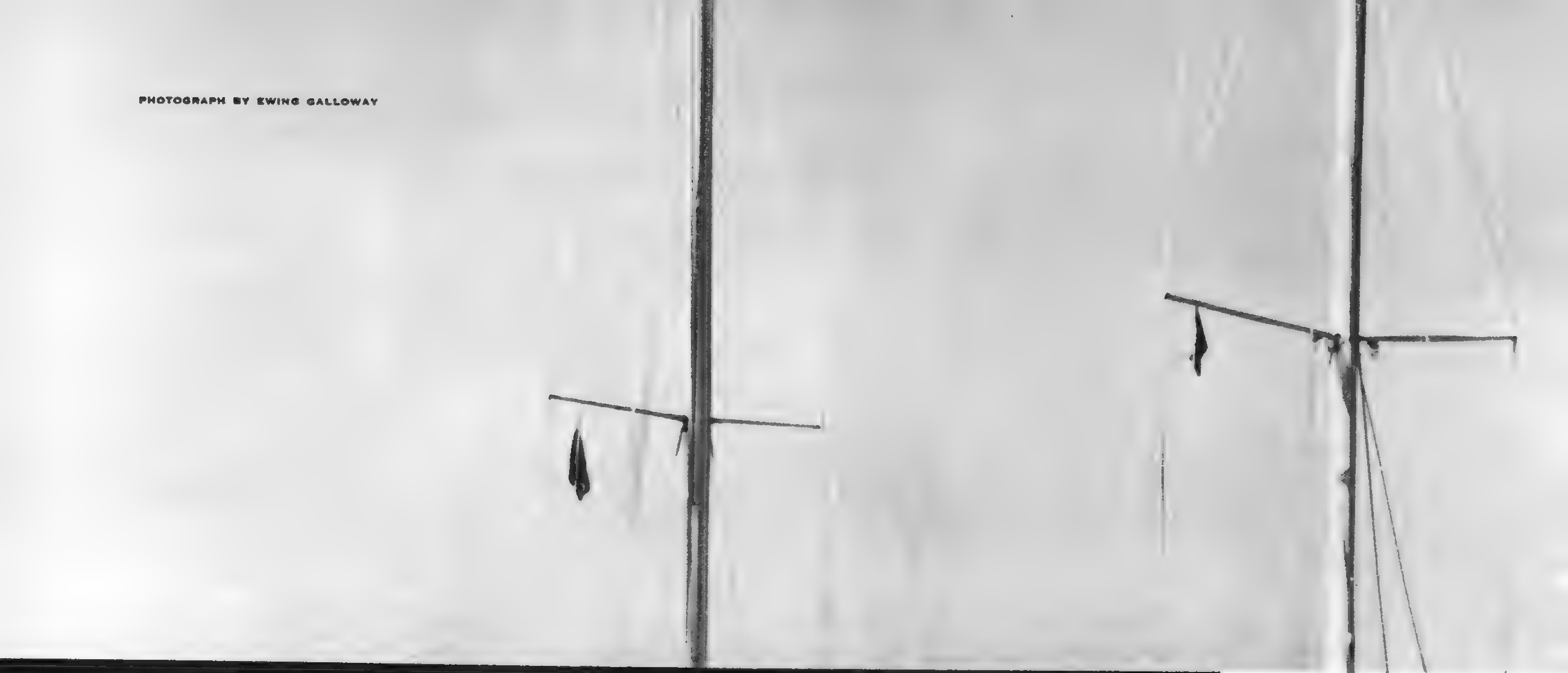


Alpin Straw Homburg, *(above)*: Light as a zephyr, with the formal town touch of your regular winter Homburg. The crown is creased in the extra high center; the correspondingly wide puggree is double-pleated. Brim flat on sides and front, with pencil curl in back.

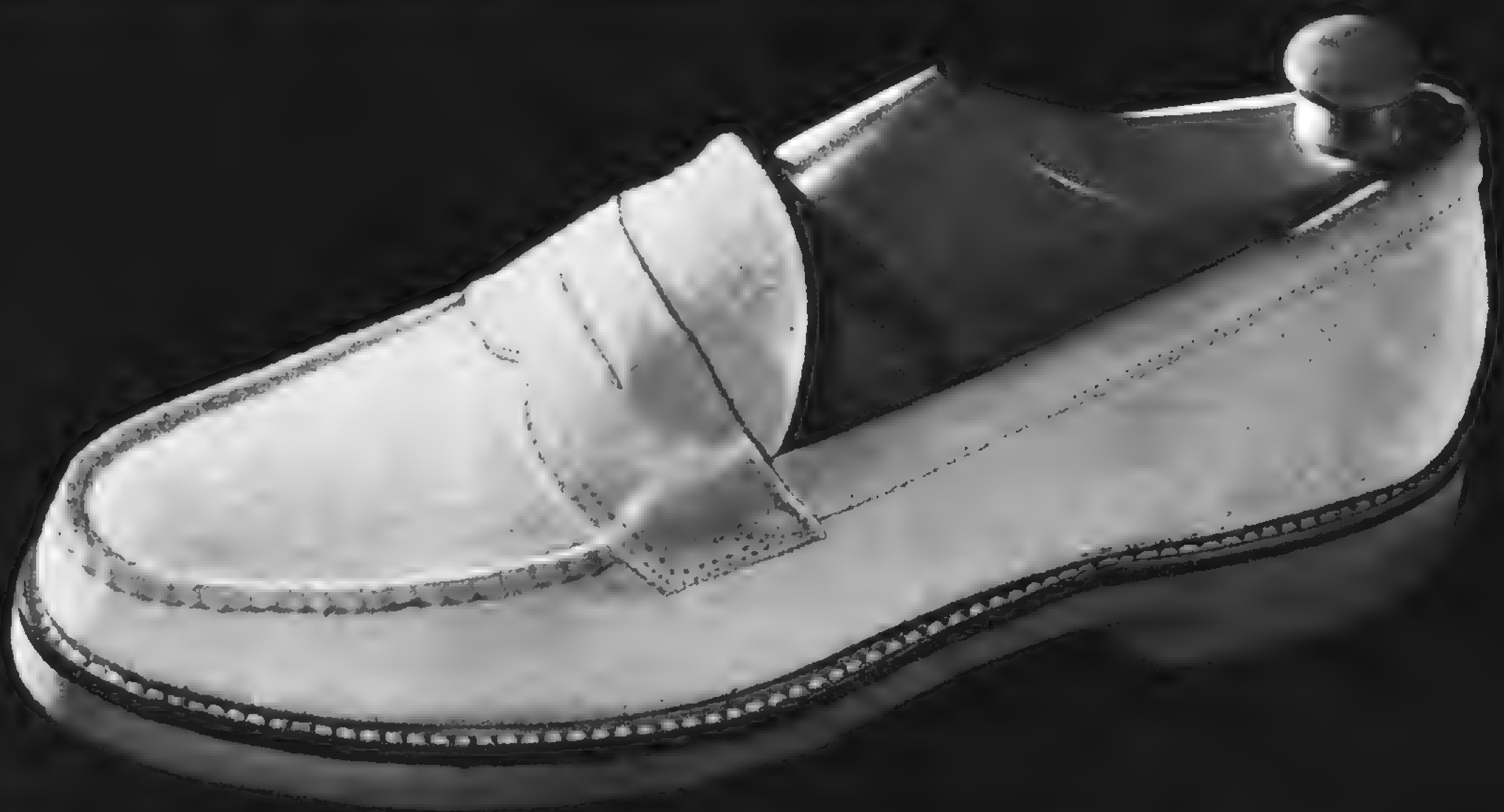
The 10-Ounce, 10-Month Suit *(right)*: Your Big Ten worsted is shown here in a well balanced brown check with a business-like town air to it, as well as a summer look. The Bold Look is carried out neatly by the shantung tie which picks up the tone of the suit, and the shirt with wide-spread Command collar. He wears, of course, the new Alpin straw Homburg, and summer-weight dark brown shoes.

DRAWINGS BY MARTIN BURNISTON

PHOTOGRAPH BY EWING GALLOWAY

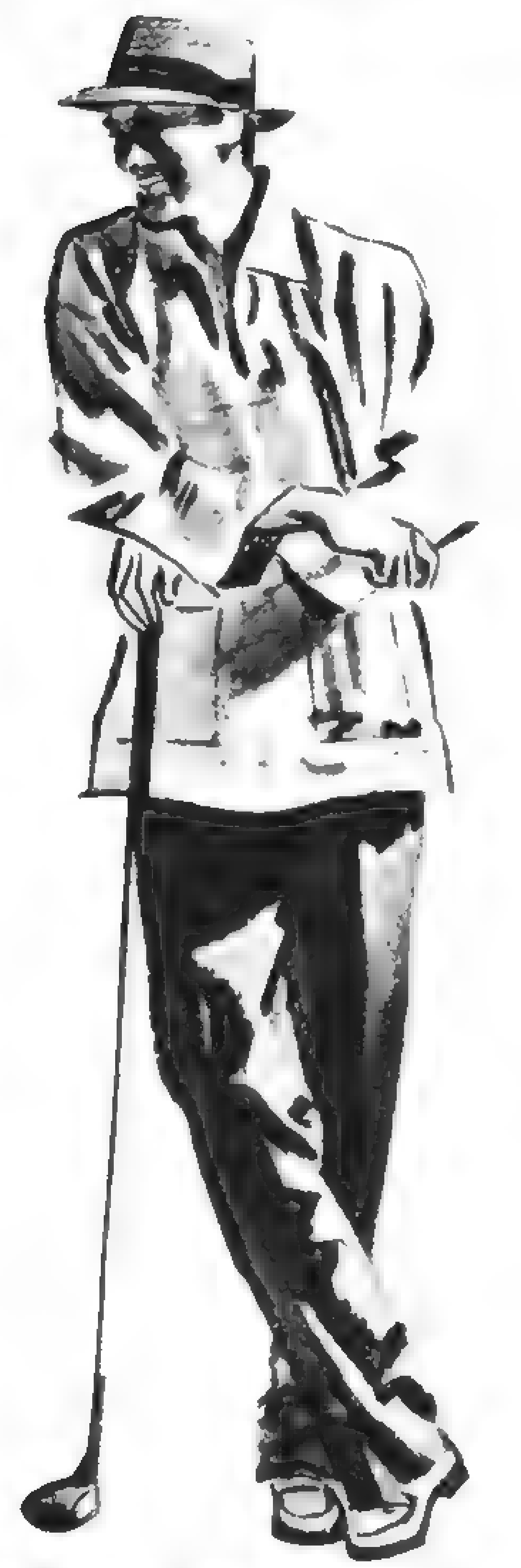


CAT-CAY: the bold look for summer sportsmen



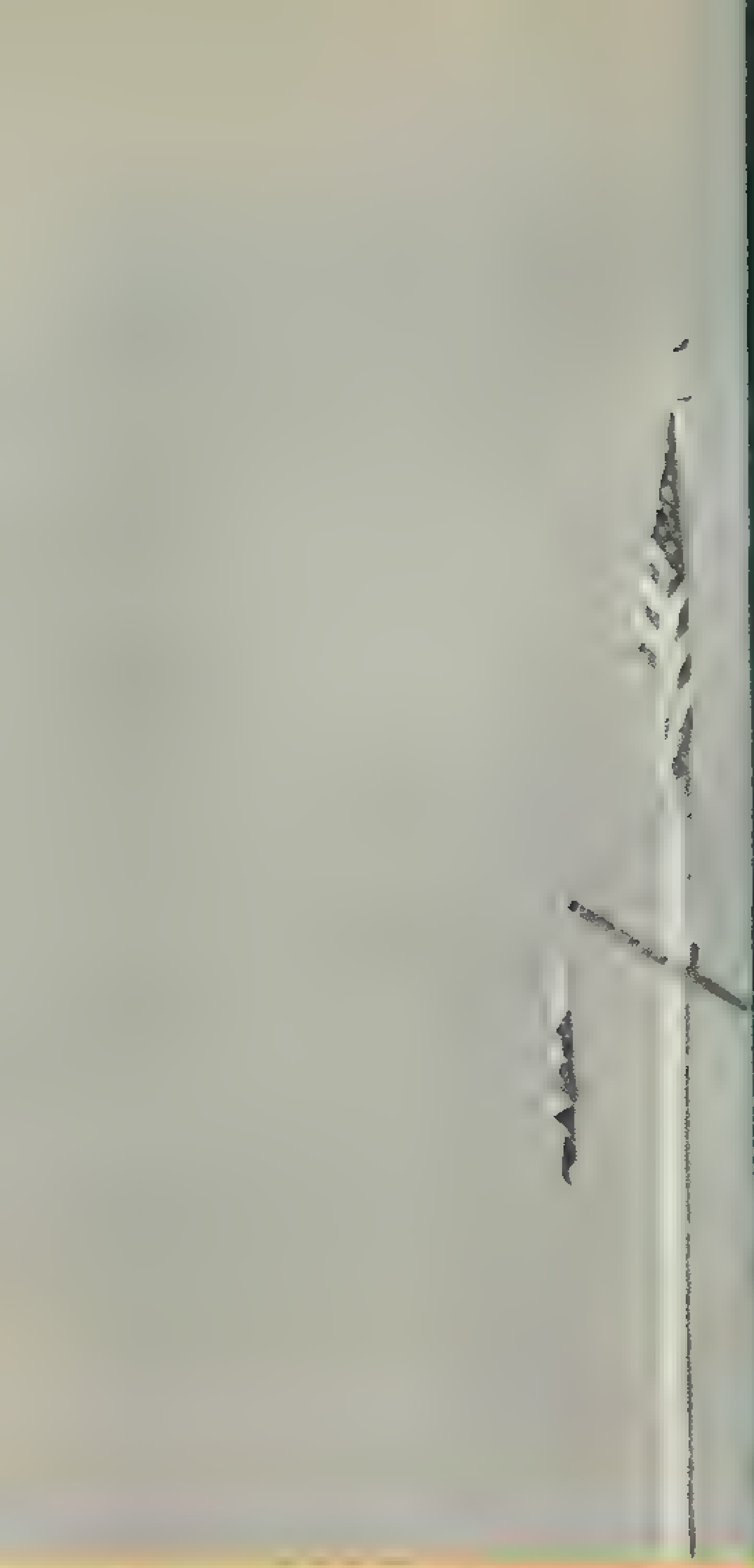
Cat-Cay Moccasin. Cat "Key", that sportsman's paradise in the Bahamas, has exploded a fashion trend as big as any tuna pulled from her blue waters: the dressed look in sports. This moccasin typifies it—rugged and comfortable as its forbears in Norway, but now you find it in white reversed calf, and boldly finished off by red rubber soles (can be black enameled). Not only obviously good-looking but the deep soles are ridged to give you the firm and soft footing you normally get only from specially built sports shoes.

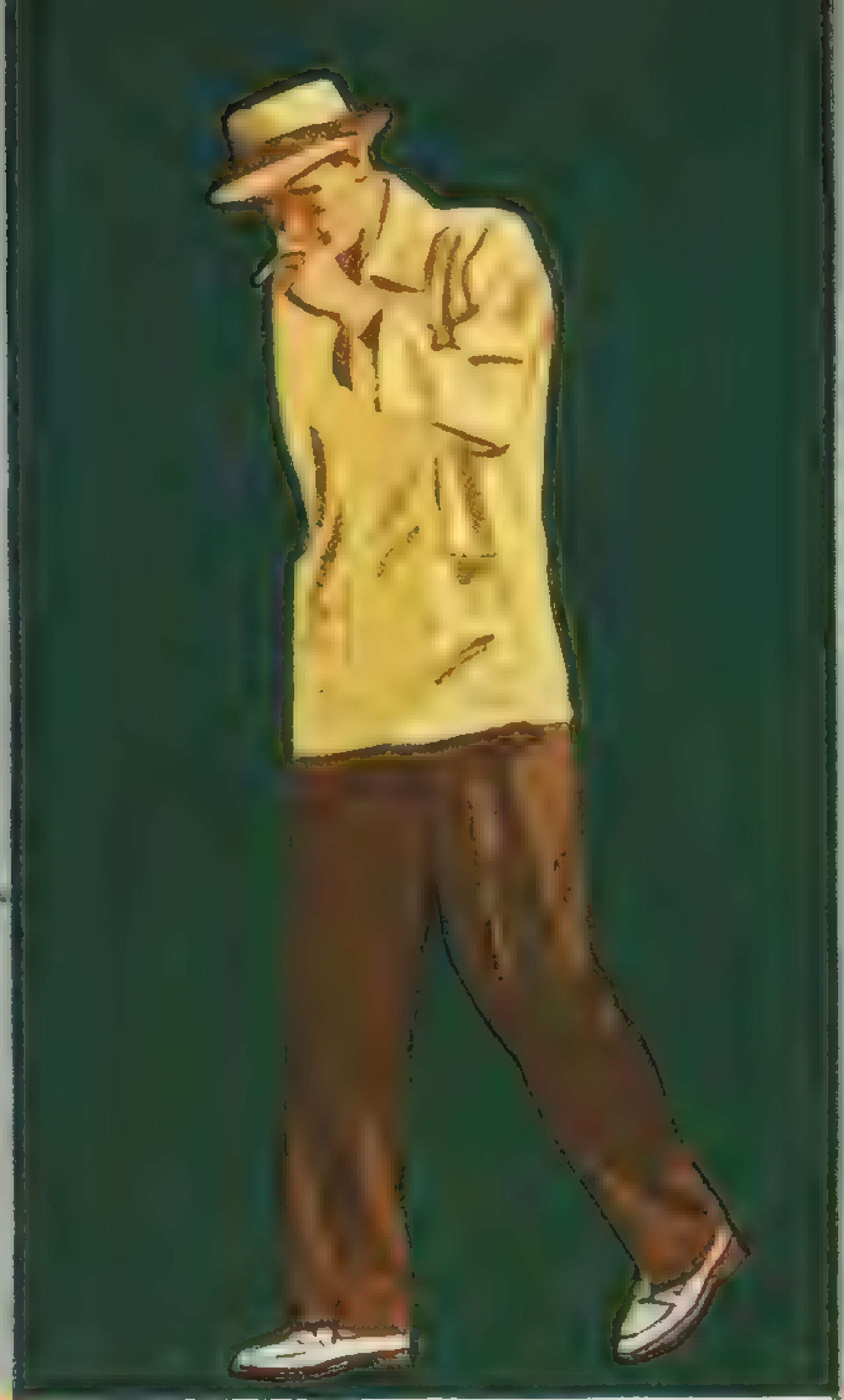
PHOTOGRAPH BY ESQUIRE STUDIOS



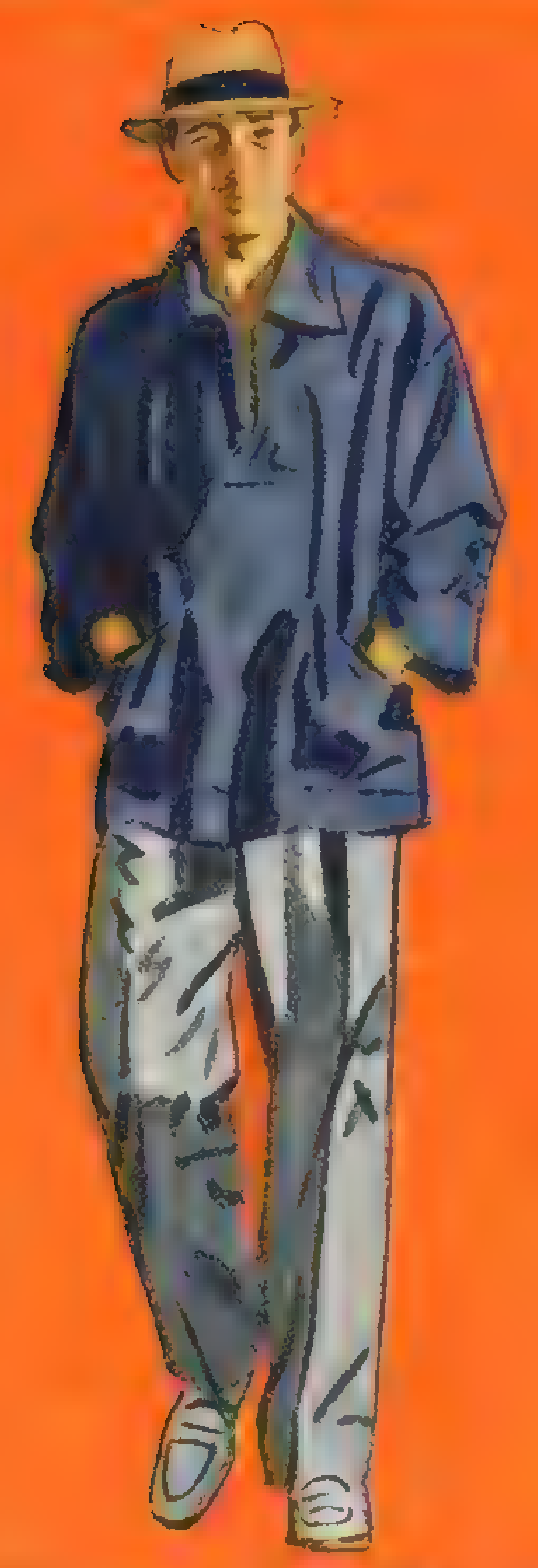
Cat-Cay Combo #1: White moccasins: dark trousers, no cuffs; Coconut palm hat, Cat-Cay shirt.

4A3
WHITE LADY

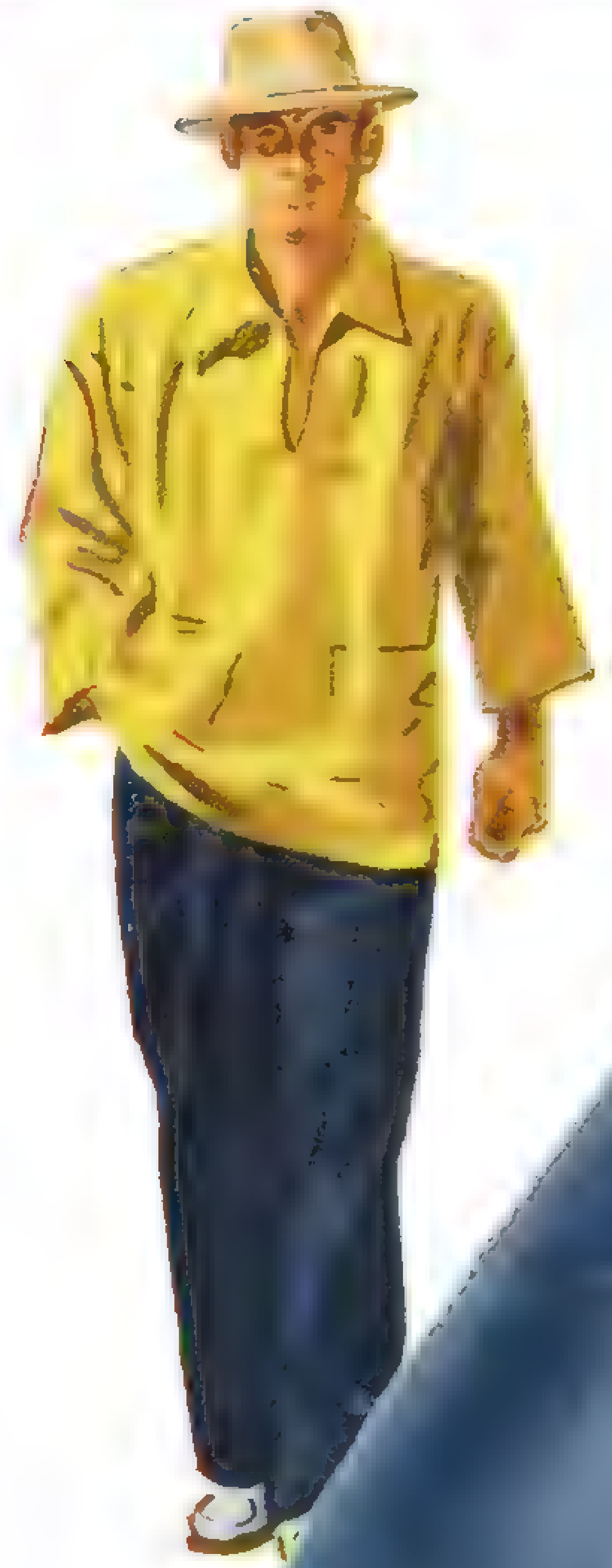




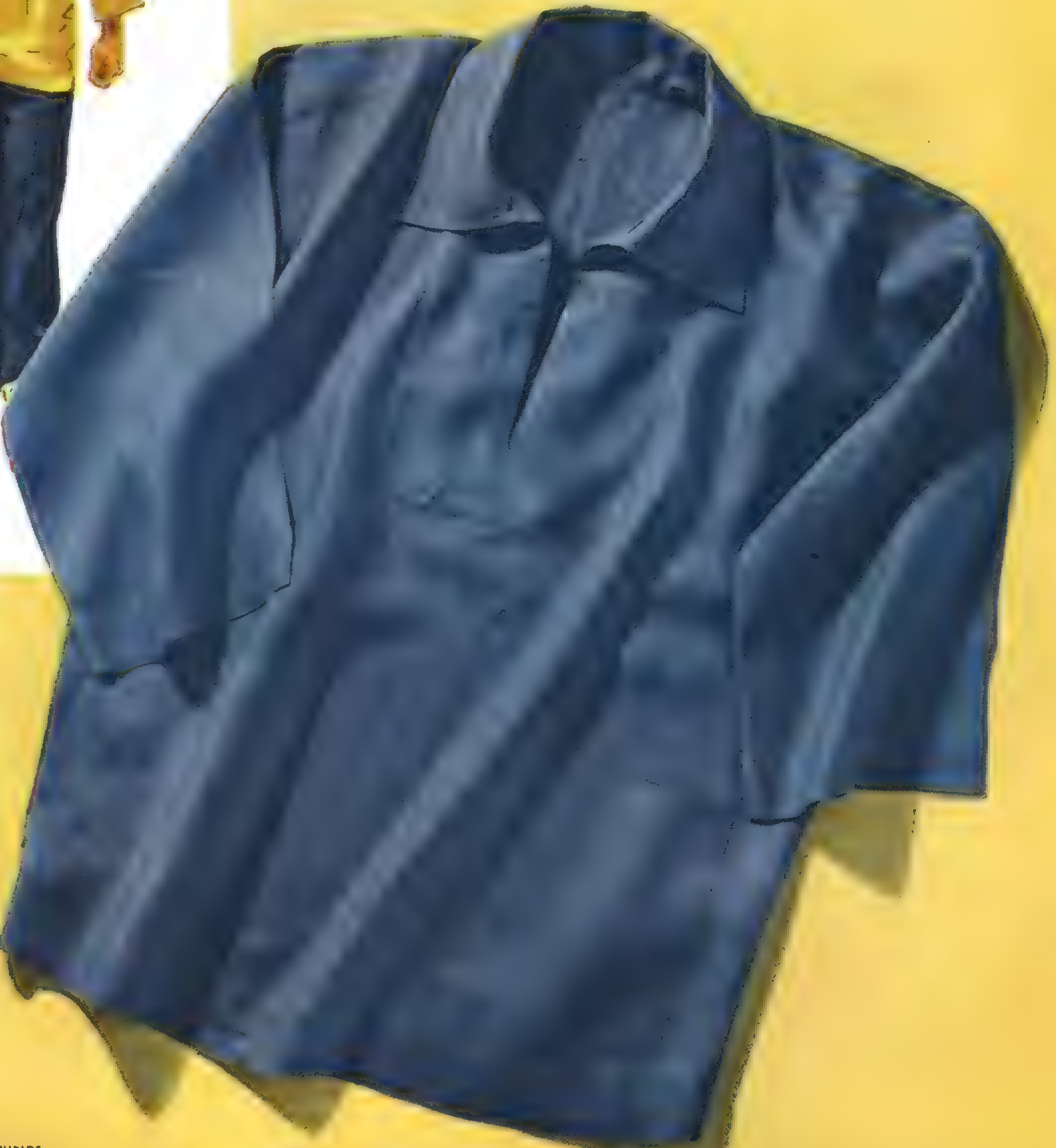
Cat-Cay Shirt. Prize catch of the season for every sportsman or snooze-in-the-sun athlete is this shirt which puts you equally at home on the deck while hauling 'em in, or afterwards, up in the clubhouse lounge where you don't usually want to turn up in your active sports clothes. Point is, that the Cat-Cay has big roomy sleeves, free-swing shoulders, man-sized pockets, and not a button or a tab on it to bother you in action. And yet the three-quarter sleeves give you good arm coverage for social encounters, and the collar has stand-up styling built right into it. You see it above in ecorn color, with dark brown slacks, white moccasins, and jaunty mesh Panama hat, pork-pie shape.

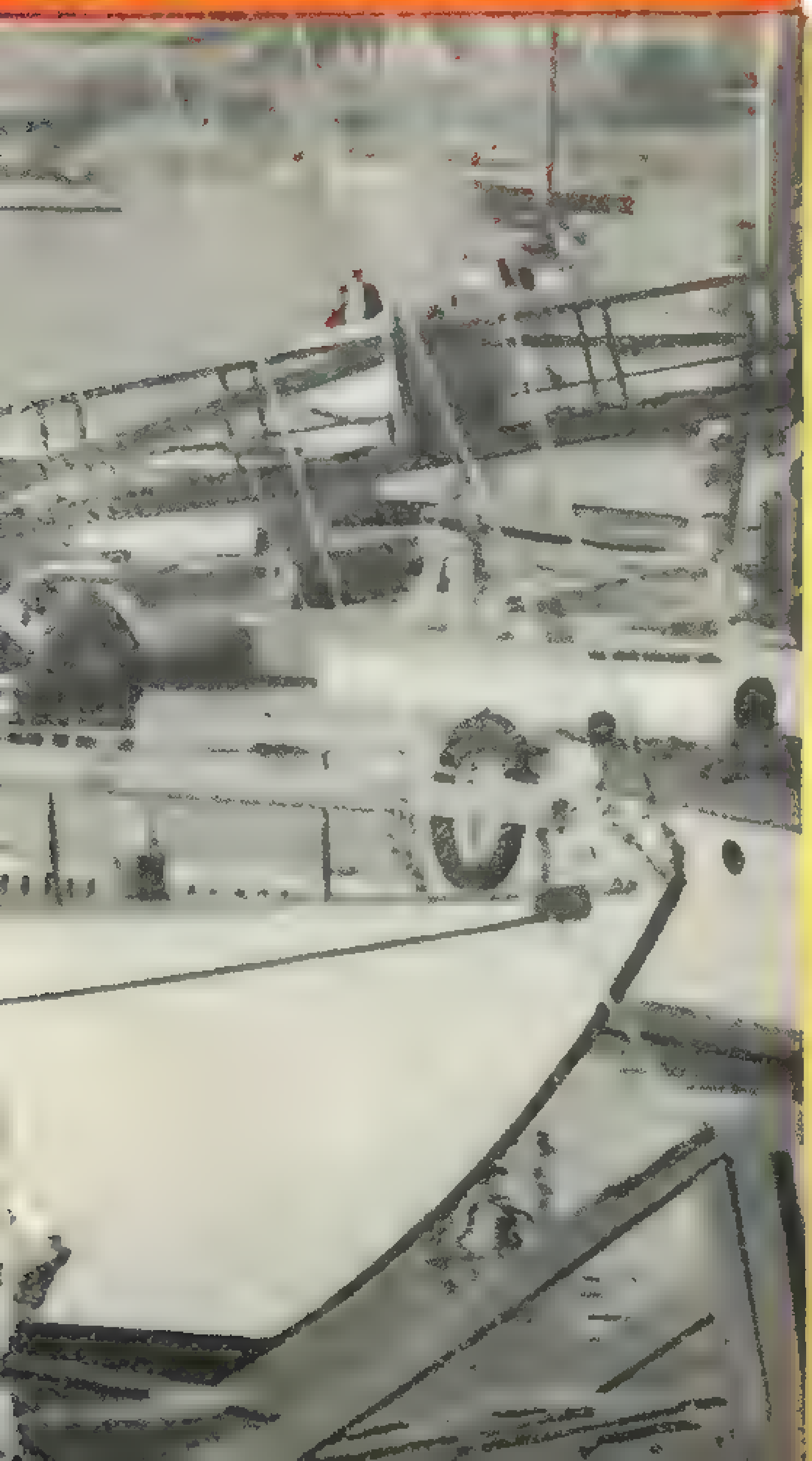


Cat-Cay Combo #2: Coconut palm hat in Alpin shape; Palladium grey slacks, no cuffs; Cat-Cay blue shirt.



#3: White mocs, Navy blue slacks, pinch crown panama hat.

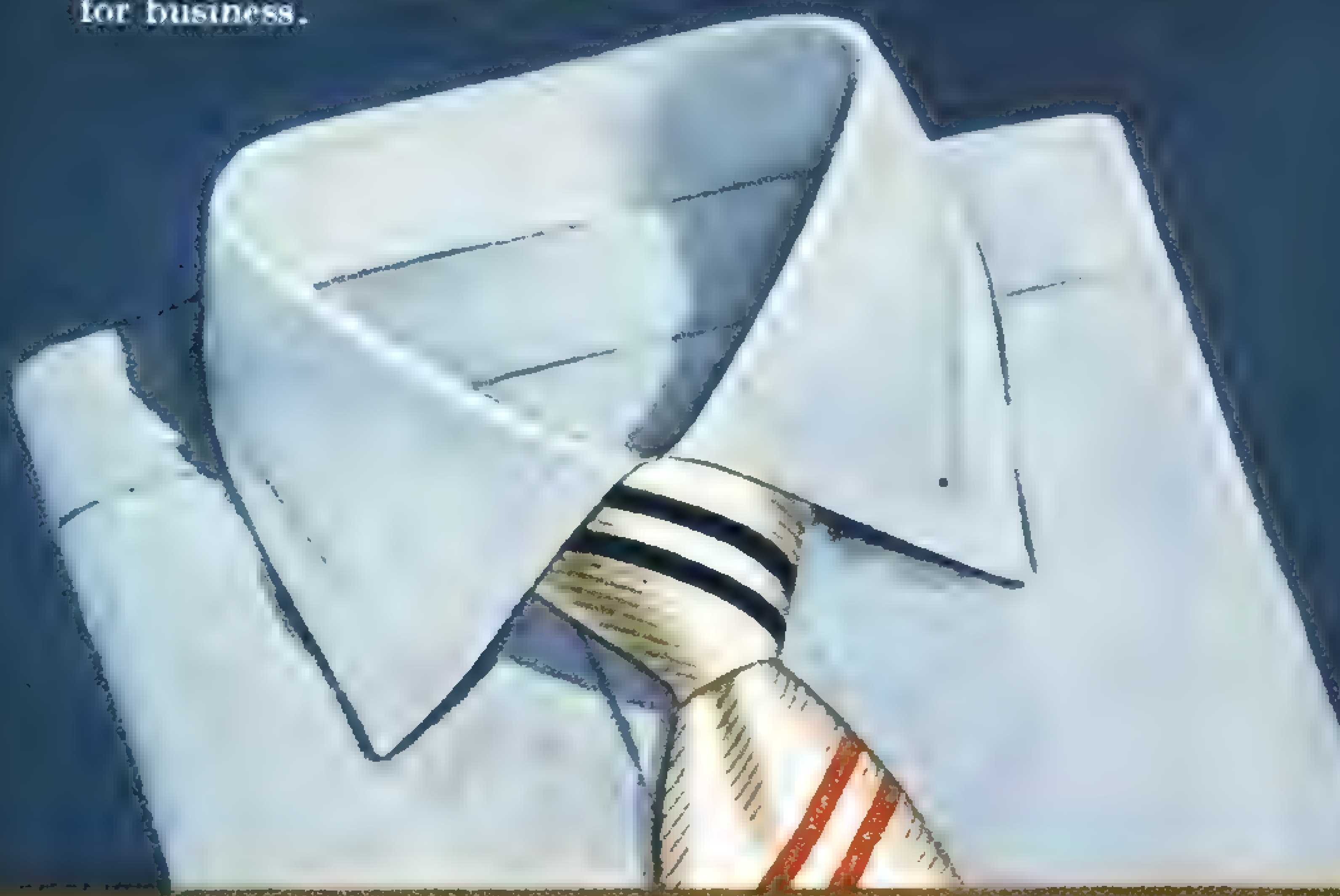




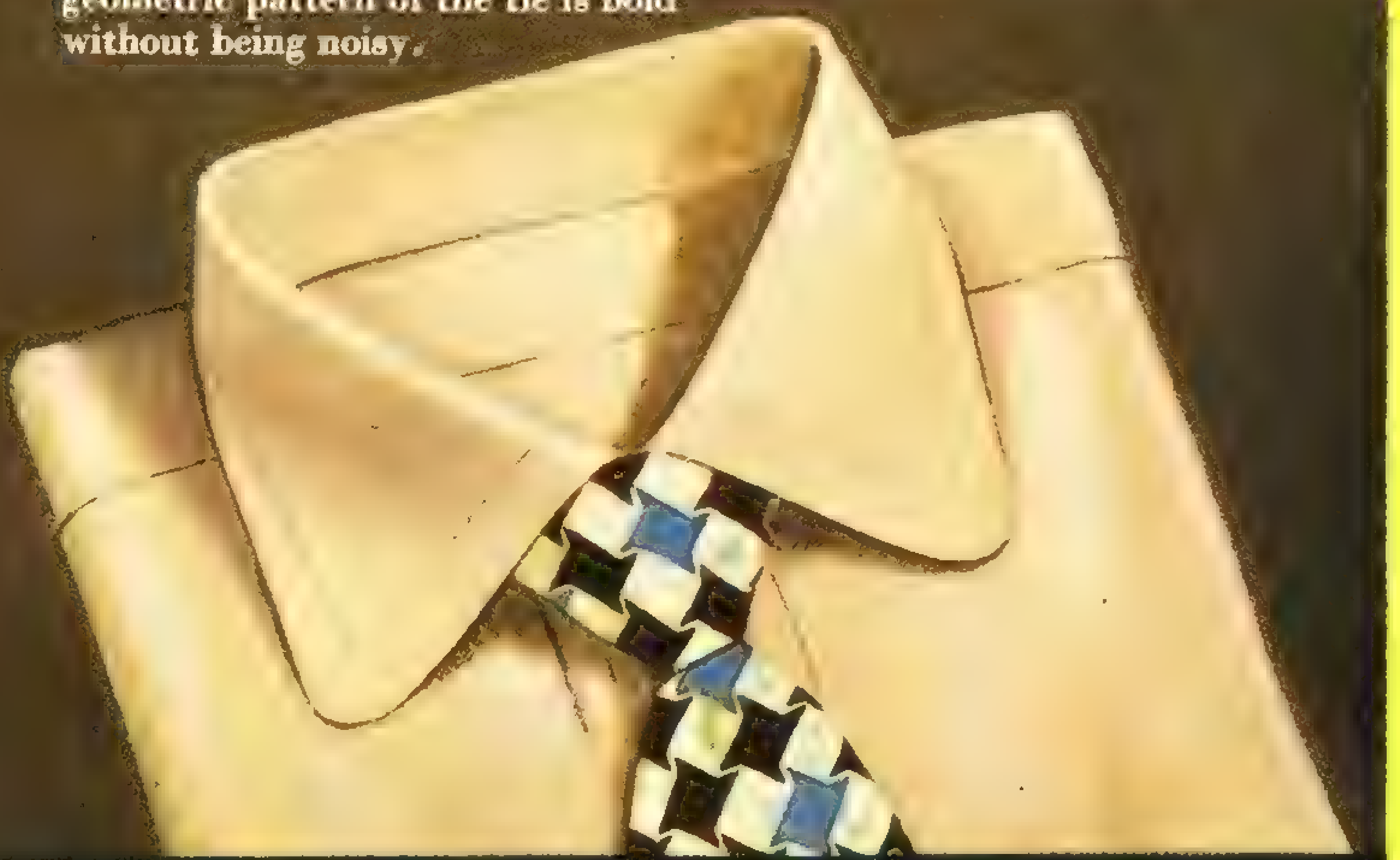
KODACHROME BY ESQUIRE STUDIOS

DRAWINGS BY MARTIN BURNISTON

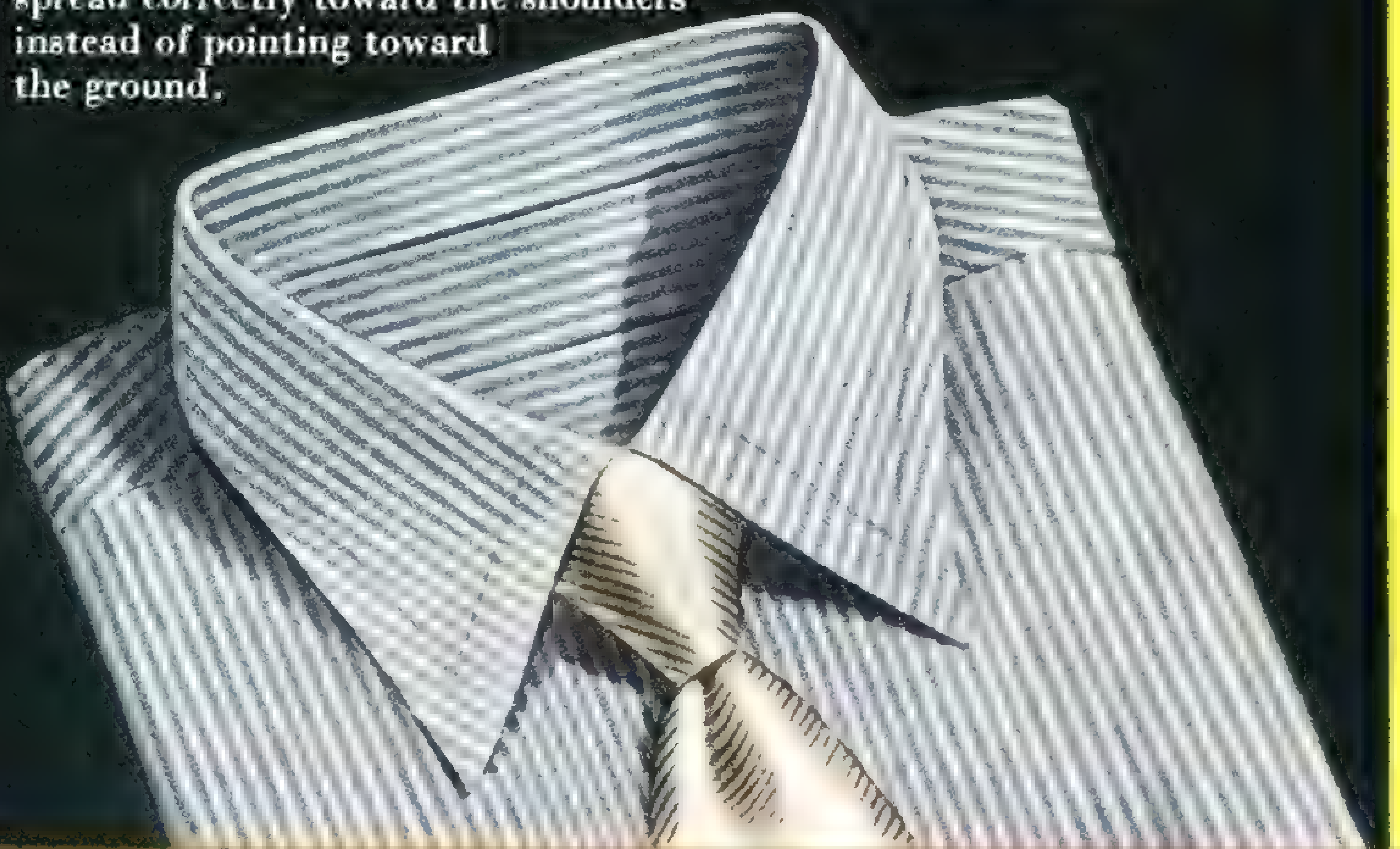
Bold Look, Command Collar. The wide spread favors the Windsor knot, the stitching is set back ½ inch from the edge. Shown in broadcloth, for business.



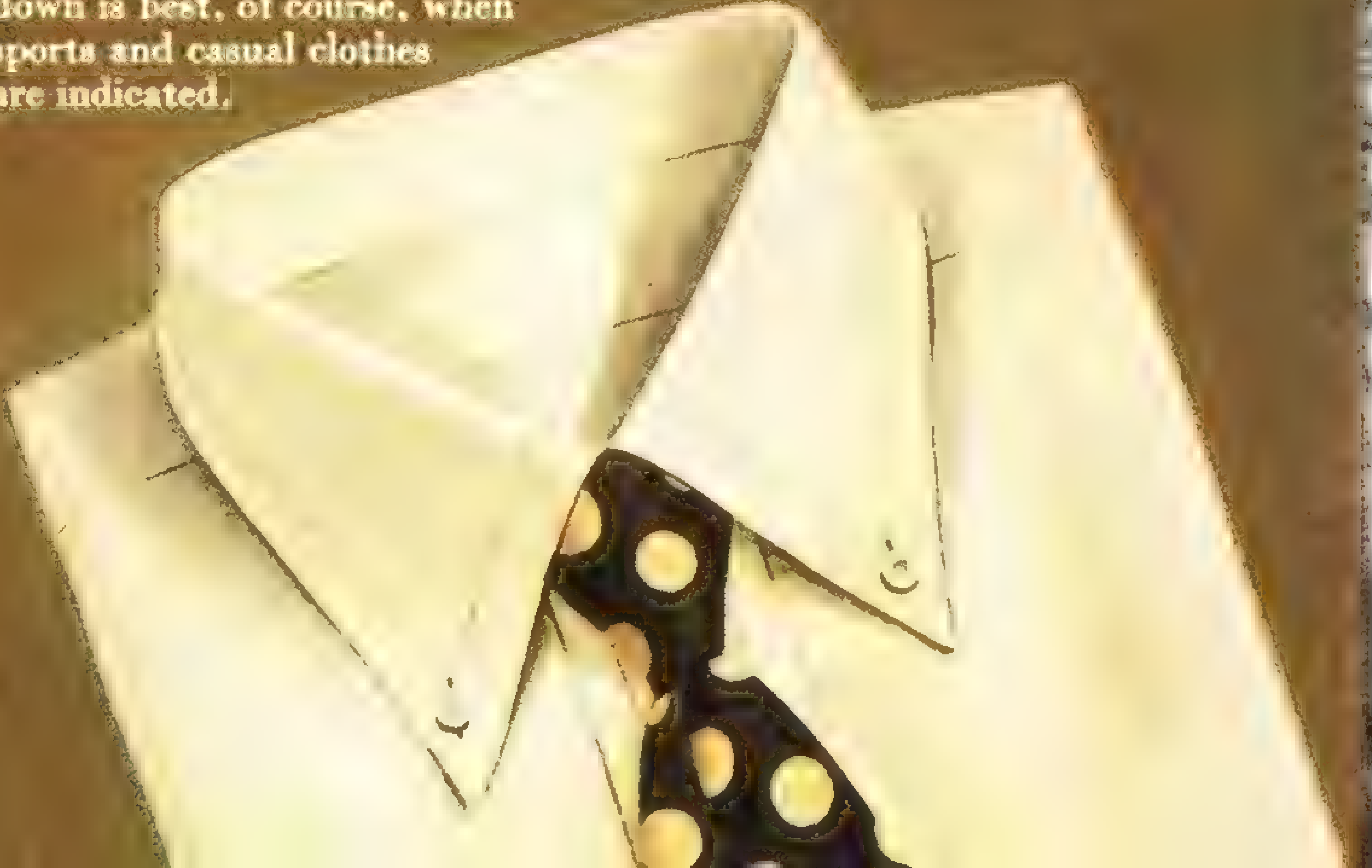
Command Collar, Round Points. Another new wide-spread collar style with a formal, sophisticated touch. The geometric pattern of the tie is bold without being noisy.



Forward Collar. This is the BOLD LOOK, Bold stitched low-sloped collar. The points are about 3½ inches long and they spread correctly toward the shoulders instead of pointing toward the ground.



Bold Look Button-Down. Old favorite, new casual smartness—Bold Look stitching, wider flare. Your Oxford button-down is best, of course, when sports and casual clothes are indicated.

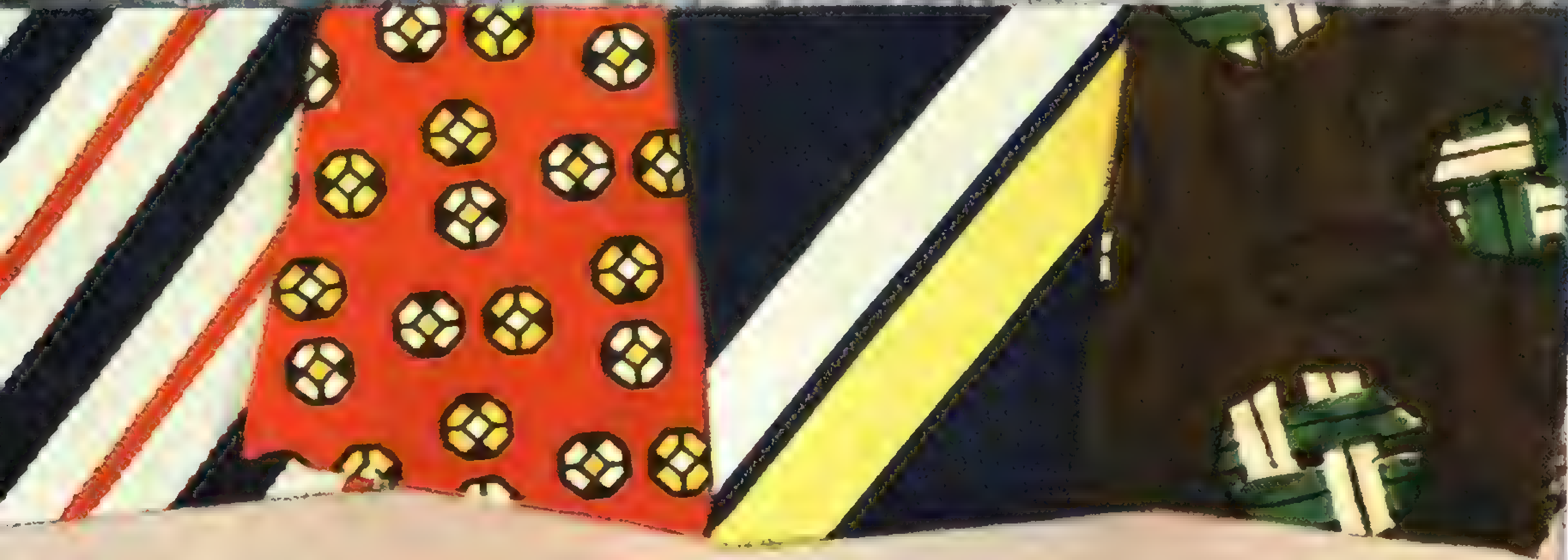


BOLD LOOK: Tie Score

You may think that your face is a permanent fixture—and that in the normal course of things, only age, a hangover, or a punch in the eye can change it—but the truth is that you can do awful things to it with the wrong tie and shirt combination. A man who works over the stubble on his chin with all of the studied skill of a surgeon often picks his tie for the day as carelessly as he would pluck an apple out of a deep barrel. We don't mind, of course, if you prefer to wear a black knitted tie every day of your life, or go in for explosive effects suggesting a disaster in a hothouse or shingle factory. But you should have a fighting chance, we figure, at the color harmonics and collar styles that mark you as a man of good taste and pleasing individuality. Hence this collection of ties that never will bind you to the wrong combination. Vary the colors you wear from day to day. Wear the style of shirt appropriate to the occasion. You might even experiment with a new kind of tie fabric than your usual—a lightweight wool, for example, will blend handsomely with your sports clothes, whereas with your business suit you might try a foulard with the small hand-blocked print effects characteristic of this fabric. Well, we leave you with this display of something for you to tie: go in peace, but give your chin a change of scenery every so often.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EWING GALLOWAY

DRAWINGS BY MERRILL HARVEY

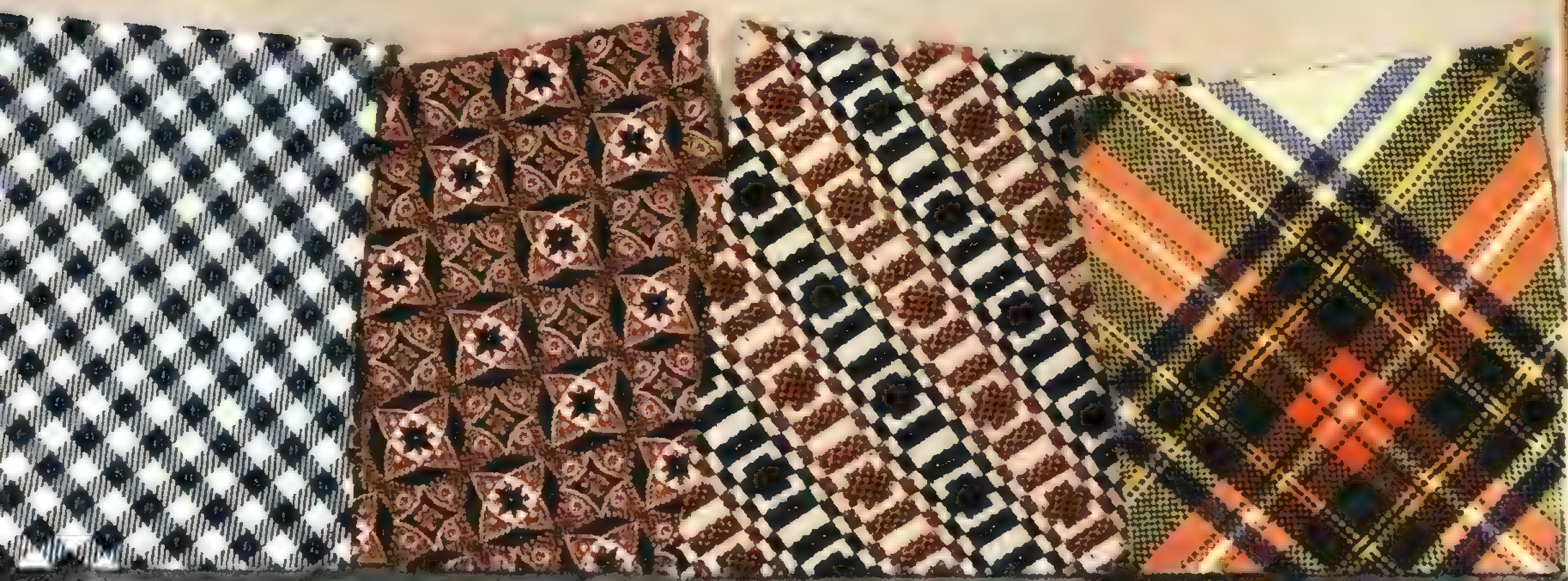


More tie fabrics than you'd think.
Above, left, a ribbed Repp.
Right, *Foulard* with small figures.

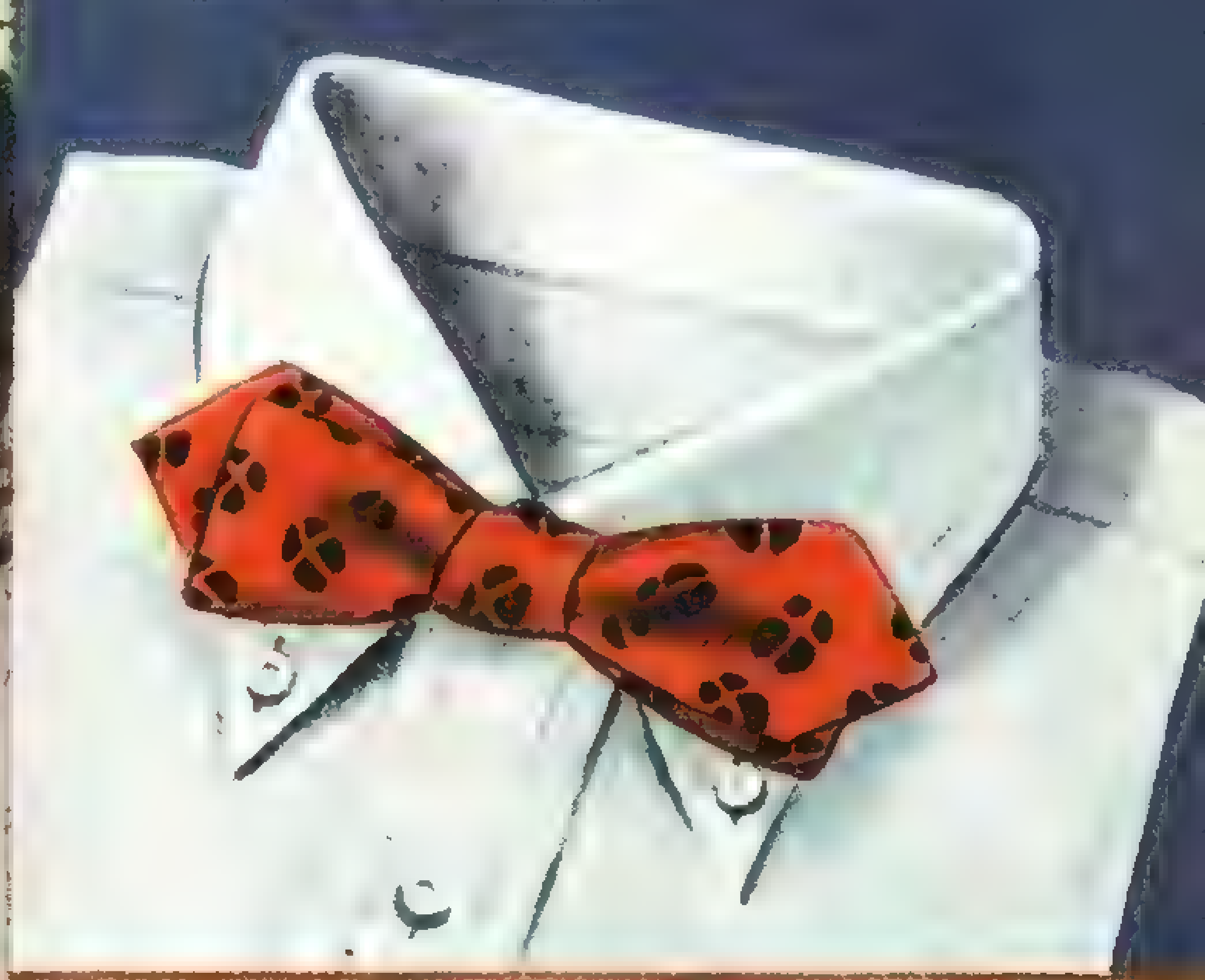
The Twill, above left, is ribbed in a diagonal line. The *Jacquard Crepe* has a very crinkly surface.

Louisine, below, left, is a lightweight fabric favored for checks or plaids. Right, *Macclesfield*.

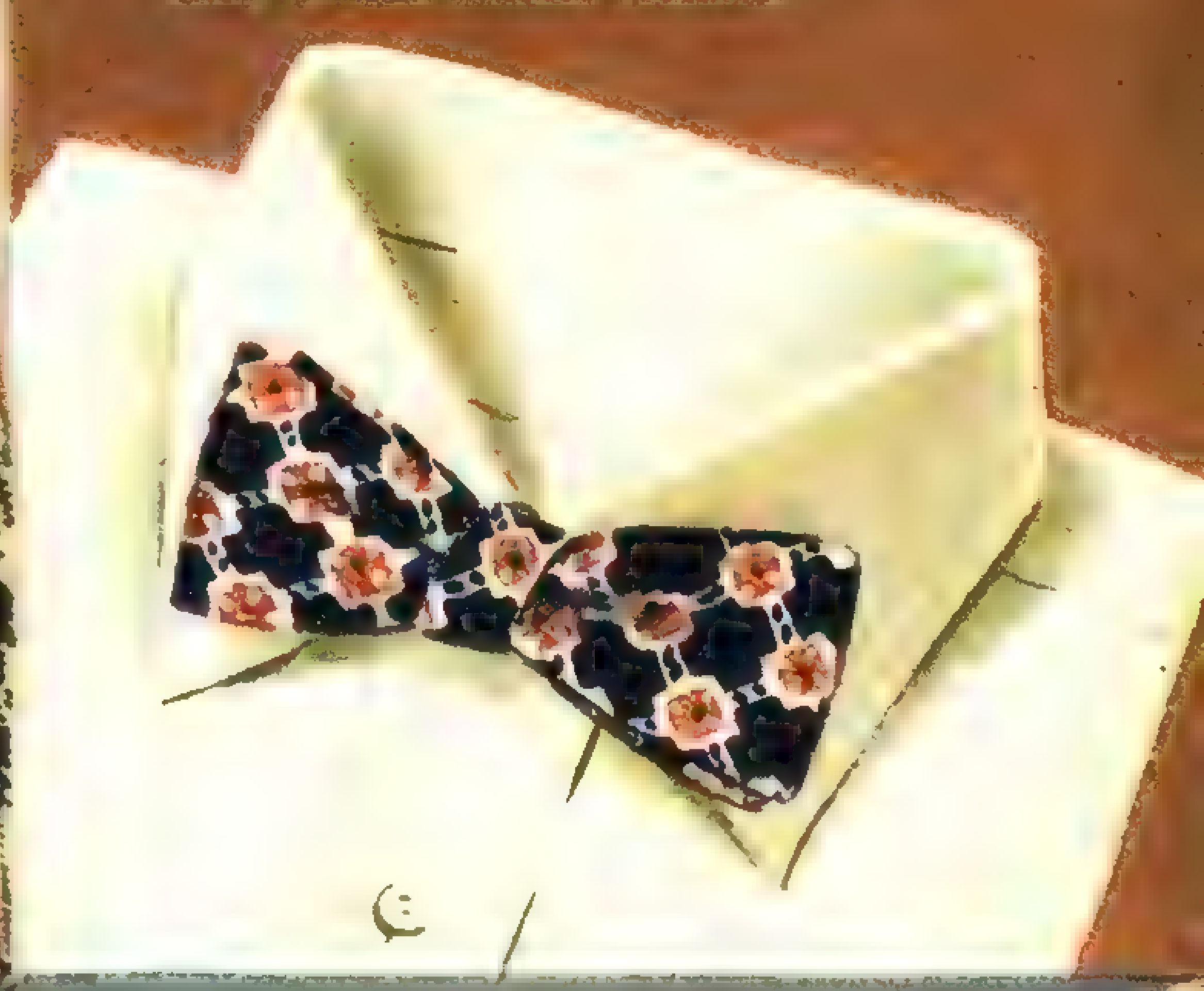
Spitalfields, below, left, is non-crushable, usually in small figures. *Worsted*, right, is highly resilient.



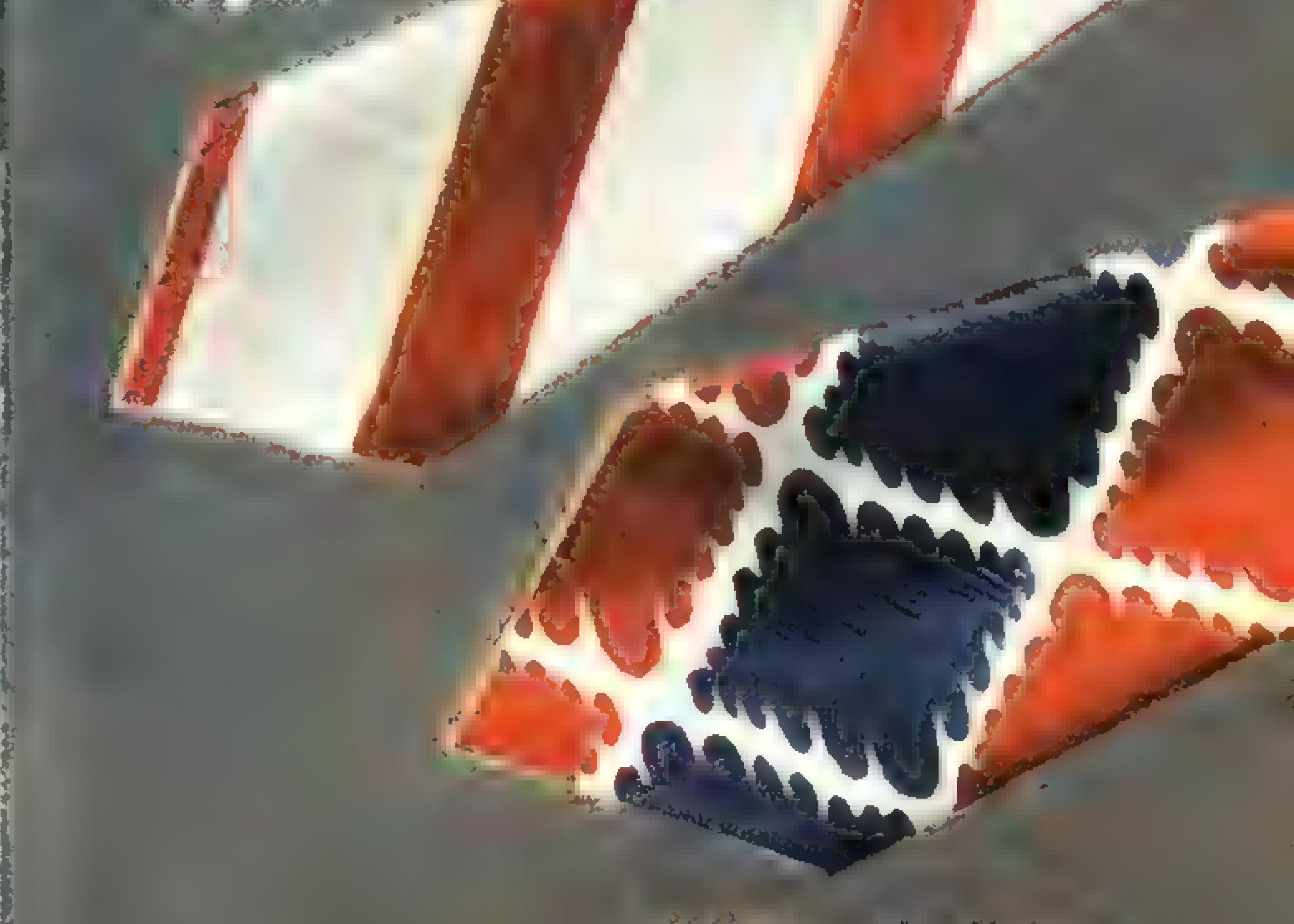
Sizing up your ties. The pointed end bow is 1¾ in. wide at the ends, ¾ in. where it crosses the bow, 1 in. neckband.



Straight end bow. 1¾ in. wide all through, ties an easy, informal knot. The summer shirt is thin batiste madras.



4-in-hands. Trend is narrower. Striped ties 4 in. at bottom of apron. Figured: 4½ in.



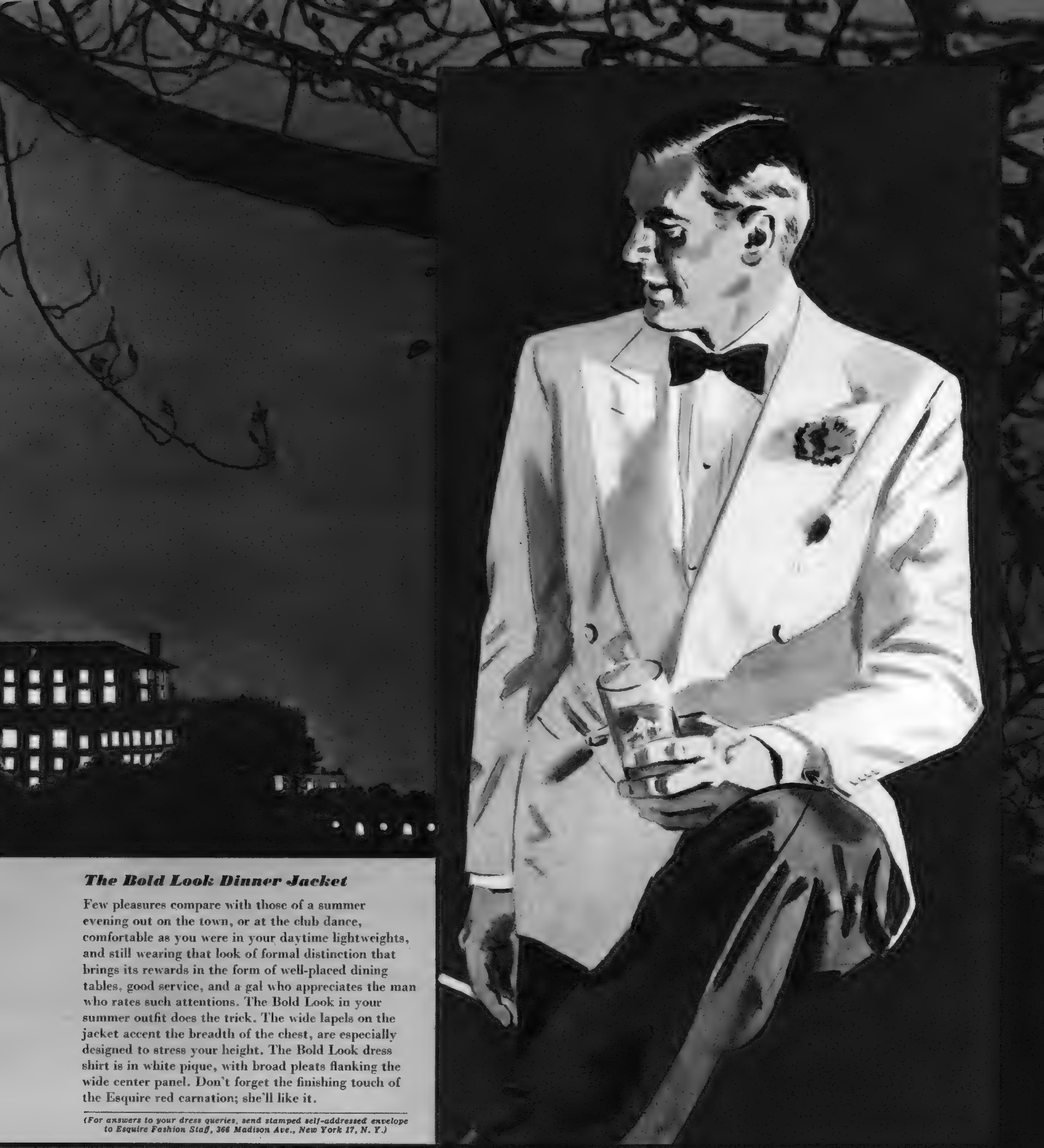
[illegible]

The Bold Look Life Saver

Caught like us all between business and pleasure, this citizen commutes between the Westchester Biltmore Country Club and his Manhattan office in this life-saver of a Bold Look team that keeps him high on appearance, low on extra luggage and switches in his outfit. The suit is light-weight worsted, the jacket with notched lapels town styled, yet our friend can wear it in the country—just as is—and feel at ease with his grey-flannel-and-sports-jacket friends. His jacket is OK with flannels, too. if he prefers: his trousers will serve as slacks with a contrasting blazer or jacket. With it: coconut palm hat; ecorn shirt color; shoes in reverse calf, straight tip, leather soles.

DRAWING BY MARTIN BURNISTON

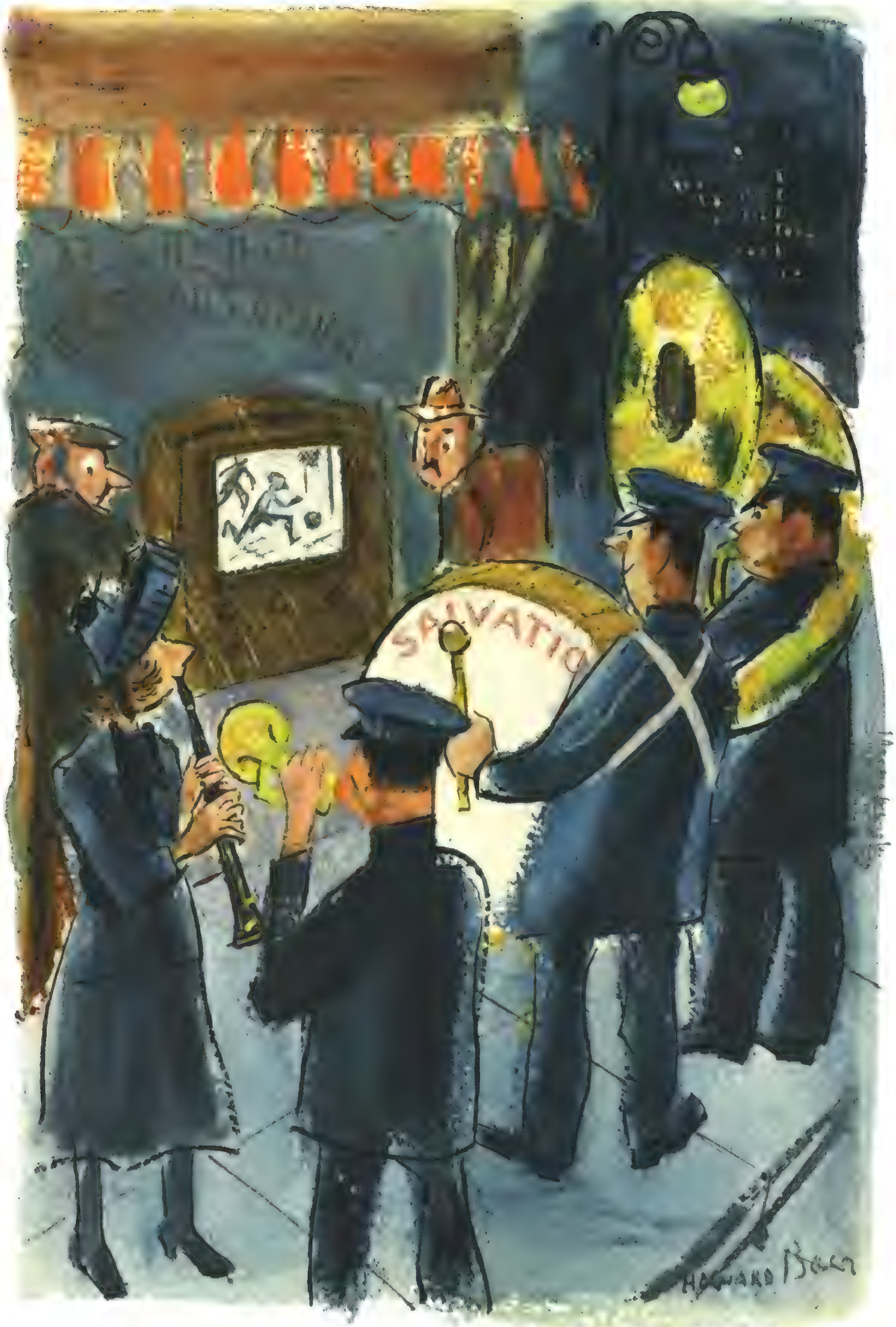
PHOTOGRAPH BY EWING GALLOWAY



The Bold Look Dinner Jacket

Few pleasures compare with those of a summer evening out on the town, or at the club dance, comfortable as you were in your daytime lightweights, and still wearing that look of formal distinction that brings its rewards in the form of well-placed dining tables, good service, and a gal who appreciates the man who rates such attentions. The Bold Look in your summer outfit does the trick. The wide lapels on the jacket accent the breadth of the chest, are especially designed to stress your height. The Bold Look dress shirt is in white pique, with broad pleats flanking the wide center panel. Don't forget the finishing touch of the Esquire red carnation; she'll like it.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

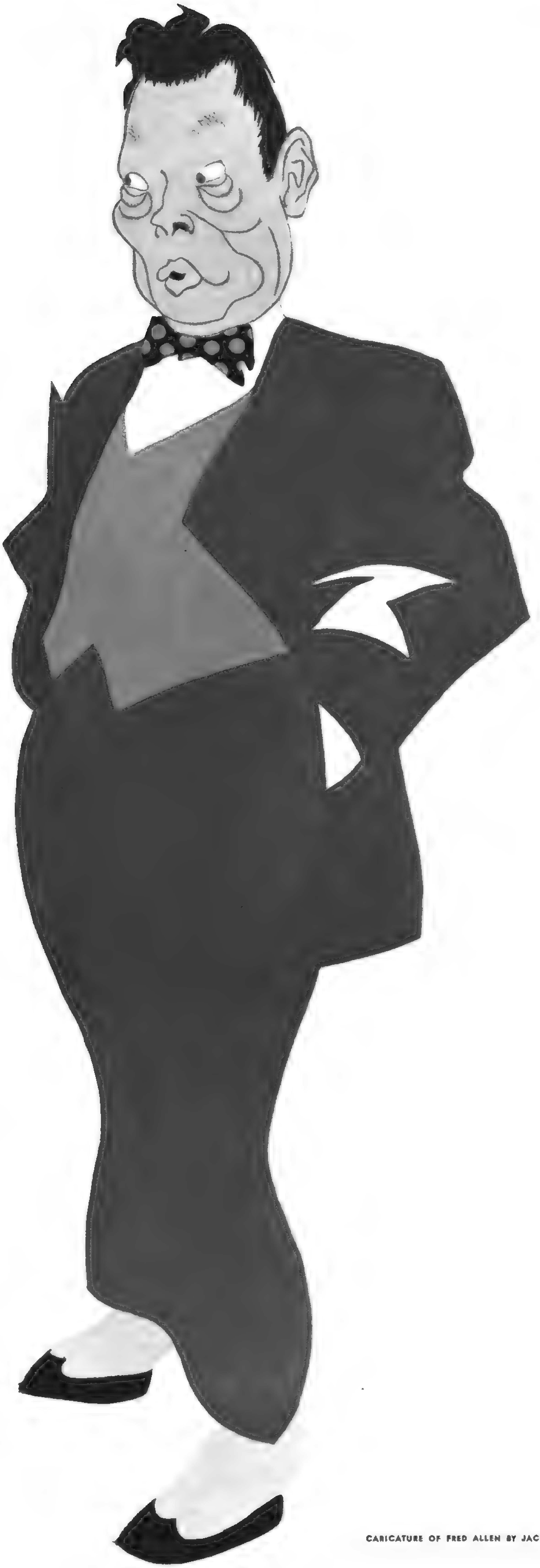

SALVATIO
HOWARD Baer

Allen's Alibi

The life, loves, and times, both good and bad, of the famous comedian—as told to himself

* i was born out of season at cambridge, mass. my father and mother didn't believe in the stork. i was enticed into the world by the family doctor. i was expelled from grammar school for flunking recess. had to leave high school because of nosebleeds. was asked to quit college when i was caught starching my hair to make my crew haircut stand up. left my home town suddenly. i was standing at the depot with a pocketful of nails. a freight train whizzed by with a large magnet lying on a flatcar. lost my first job in a vegetable store for putting digitalis on hearts of lettuce. became an actor so that i could sleep late mornings. went without food for so long forgot what my mouth was for. used to carry things in my mouth. thought it was a pocket in my face. appeared in several broadway shows to help motion-picture industry get started. appeared in several motion pictures to help popcorn industry get started. have been in radio seventeen years. if all the jokes i have told in radio were layed end to end you would have the longest lull the world has known since the night of november 2nd at the republican club. do not expect to go into television. i am not videogenic. after my only video appearance i received fan mail from three undertakers. about my future – i have no illusions. if i live long enough i expect to die.

* type for this page selected by the author, who can't see what capitals gain.



CARICATURE OF FRED ALLEN BY JACK MASEY

Sauces and Such

Some simple directions for producing staple sauces that make a plain dish into a delicacy, a delicacy into ambrosia, and you into a master of the skillet

An Article by

HARRY BOTSFORD

A SUPERIOR sauce is a work of art. A sauce should be prepared prayerfully, the ingredients carefully selected, measured exactly and mixed with the same precision a skilled chemist uses in the preparation of a secret and precious formula.

Many dishes, regardless of their basic quality or the skill with which they may be prepared, may prove to be tasteless, lacking in savor, unless an understanding hand adds the right sauce at the proper time.

In particular is this true of game or fish cookery. Some game and some fish, notably trout, require but little in the way of sauces. The maestro of the pots and kettles cooks them in such a manner as to preserve the inherent delicate flavoring—and that's one of the traits that makes a cook an acknowledged artist.

But if the dish should prove to lack the flavor it should have, then the man who knows sauces adds the one the situation calls for and the dish becomes distinctive and alluring to taste and eye. Sauces, if wisely made and used, become incidental but delightful music to accompany many food solos. As with all music, much depends on composer and harmony to form a perfect whole.

Let us consider some of the primary sauces.

Sauce Espagnole

This is a basic sauce and forms the main ingredients of many other sauces. Simple and easy to make: mix equal parts of butter and flour in a warm skillet, then set the skillet in a slow oven for its contents to brown, stirring frequently during the process. When the mixture is browned, add one quart of stock for each quarter-pound of butter used, stirring constantly while the mixture blends smoothly. Strain, and when cold place in refrigerator. It keeps well.

Deviled Sauce

Here's something very useful, especially fine in the cooking of certain fish. Take three tablespoons of tarragon vinegar, two tablespoons of finely minced onion (strong ones, if you have 'em!), a few parsley leaves chopped, one bay leaf, a pinch of dried basil and a chopped clove of garlic. Bring the vinegar to the boiling point and let it steep on the other ingredients for five minutes. Then stir in slowly a pint of Sauce Espagnole, a small glass of claret, two tablespoons of English mustard moistened with Worcestershire sauce, three tablespoons of tomato catsup. Cook at a slow boil for five minutes and strain. Baked in this sauce, a fish becomes a glorious creature of flavor. The sauce has many other uses, too.

Béchamel Sauce

This is a white sauce, a mild, inoffensive sister to Sauce Espagnole—and it also has many uses. Blend equal parts of melted butter and sifted white flour, but do not allow the mixture to take on color. After cooking thoroughly (don't forget to stir) add a mixture of two-thirds scalded milk and one-third clear stock, one quart to every quarter-pound of butter used. Now add some finely minced mushrooms; remove from the stove after a quarter-hour of cooking. Strain, cool and place in the refrigerator.

Sauce Bordelaise

Served with a roast of beef or pork, here is a sauce that calls for cheers. First, you brown one medium-sized chopped onion in sufficient oil—olive or other cooking oil—with half a crushed clove of garlic. When browned, add a pint of Sauce Espagnole and the same amount of red wine, and half a pint of rich pan gravy. When the mixture bubbles and boils down, add more red wine. Let the sauce cook slowly until thick; then strain and serve piping hot with a few chopped parsley and mint leaves mixed under.

Sauce à la Mornay

A grateful world should erect a fitting and proper monument to the chef who invented this sauce, to be used on any breaded dish.

Three cups of Béchamel sauce is reduced over a low fire until it becomes almost solid. Now stir in several tablespoons of thick, sweet cream, and a little mushroom essence, and whip with an egg beater until the sauce is light and fluffy. It will look like a very superior sort of cake frosting. Reheat, but do not permit to come to a boil, beating continuously. Remove from the fire and mix under a small piece of butter and a few tablespoons of grated Parmesan cheese.

When breading a venison cutlet, add the bread crumbs to the sauce—or try breading fillets of bass or pickerel in this manner.

For run-of-range cookery, Sauce à la Mornay has a thousand uses on breaded foods—chicken especially. Draw pieces of chicken through the sauce and turn in bread crumbs before putting in fryer. Delightful!

Hollandaise Sauce

I can never understand why so many otherwise good cooks have such an unhappy time preparing Hollandaise sauce. It's a good sauce, with many limitations, but it is above all a basic sauce that should be better understood and more widely used. Maybe some cooks don't have a sound recipe for the sauce. I'm passing on my favorite, just in case.

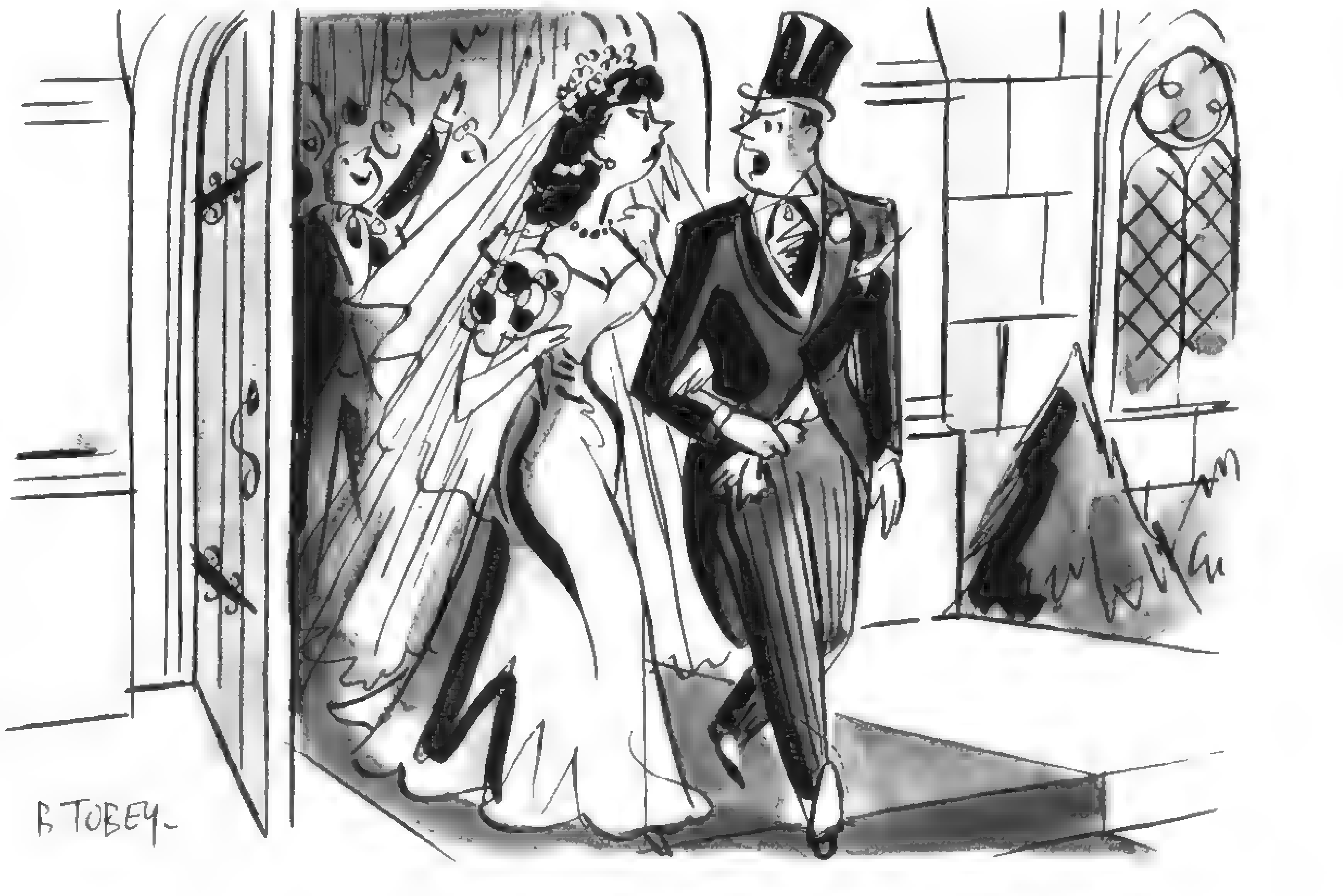
Boil about half a teaspoon of white peppercorns in a small quantity of wine vinegar until just a little of the liquor remains—that concentrates the flavor. Permit to cool while you prepare to add five egg yolks, one-eighth pound of butter, salt to taste and a dash of nutmeg. Place this mixture in a double boiler, having strained out the peppercorns, and stir vigorously as the sauce thickens. Little by little add half a pound of butter cut into small pieces, and when the butter has been thoroughly stirred under, the juice of a large lemon, drop by drop, never forgetting to stir. Serve hot. ##

From The Fish and Game Cook Book *by Harry Botsford. Copyright by Cornell Maritime Press, Publishers*

◄—*Up and Over*

ANY time a man picks up a stick, runs a few feet, then jumps 15 feet in the air, it's your cue to relax in simple enjoyment of a worth-while human feat. Pole vaulting's balletlike precision—knowing where each step goes in the runway, spotting the pole in the slot while running full speed, the midair control of the man whipping over like USC's John Montgomery here—is for all earthbound mortals to ponder and envy.

KODACHROME BY STUDIO 10



"Nag, nag, nag. Always nagging!"

COLOR BY STEPHANIE JUNGMANN

Switzerland: chocolate, watches, and scenery

FIFTH IN A SERIES OF VACATIONS "PLANNED FOR THE MAN" BY ESQUIRE

RETURN TO *Europe*

Fortress Europe has pulled in the cannon and put out the welcome mat

A Travel Article by **RICHARD JOSEPH**

THIS is the year for you to go back to Europe. Even if you've never been to the continent before, chances are that you've been going there in your dreams ever since you were big enough to have dreams, and old enough to remember them. This is the year to make those dreams come true.

This is the year, too, for the return of the man old enough and lucky enough to have known Paris in the Golden Twenties, and for the veteran who saw something of Europe when it was all mixed up by the war, and promised himself to come back someday and really look around.

That someday is now. Most of western Europe is ready, willing and panting for tourists. The continent has made a wonderful recovery from the war and, after all, it is four years since the last shot was fired.

Every time we hear some greybeard counseling a would-be traveler to postpone his European visit until things get better, we think of a man we know. He'd planned all through college to go abroad right after his graduation. He was a little short of money, though, so somebody advised him to work a year, save up, and then take his European trip without having to worry about cutting corners.

Well, the depression hit just that year—and it took our friend almost ten more to get back to the point where he could afford a European junket. But by that time the annual war scares were on in Europe, and he let himself get talked out of going every year. Then the war really came and that took care of four or five more years. Today the guy is forty years old: he's got four kids, a wife who collects antiques, and as much chance of ever getting to Europe as Jack Dempsey has of winning the flyweight title.

Actually it's much simpler to go to Europe now than it was before the war. Then you had to take at least a month off to do the continent—and you couldn't do very much in that time. Now the man who only has two weeks off can—if he's air-minded—do more, see more and cover more territory.

Which is certainly not meant to tout you off going by ship if you've got the time—and can get a reservation. At the time of writing it looks as though all the transatlantic liners will be sold out for the summer long before their departure dates. So the first thing to do, if you're thinking about going to Europe this summer, is to make your ship and/or plane reservation. That out of the way, you can sit back and indulge in the fascinating business of planning your trip abroad.

The one-way-ship-the-other-way-plane deal is a wonderful setup for the man who wants the fun of a transatlantic crossing in a luxury liner, but can't stay away too long from the salt mines. We've crossed the Atlantic on the *Queen Mary*, the *Ile de France*; Constellations of Air France, KLM, British Overseas Airways, Pan American and TWA, a bucket-seat C-54 of the Air Transport Command, and a Liberty ship from Newport News to Naples in a ten-knot convoy in twenty-eight days, including stops, air raids and foul-ups.

All of these we can recommend enthusiastically, except *(Continued on page 147)*

COLOR BY ACME

COLOR BY ACME

COLOR BY DE BURCA

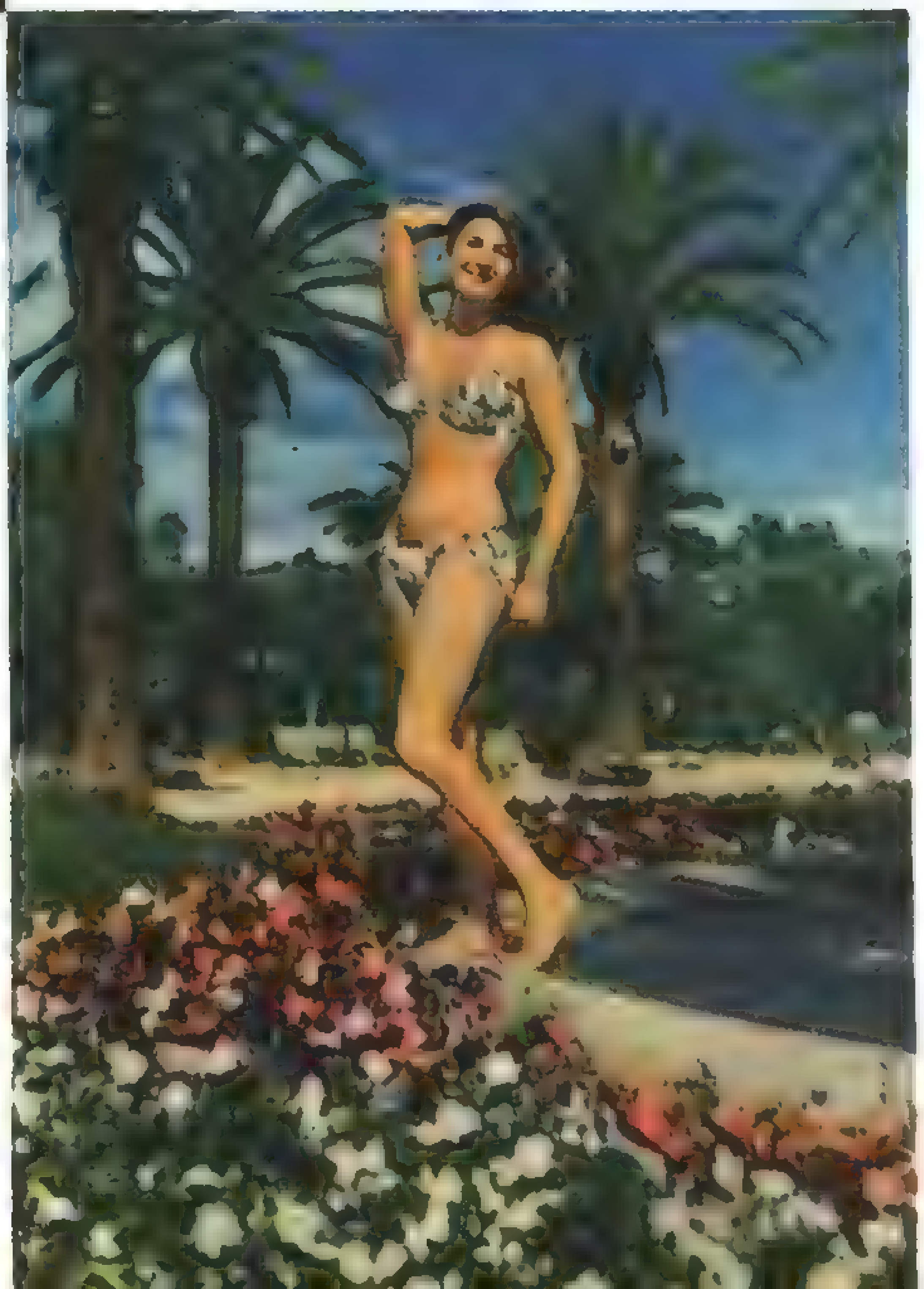
Above left: The Scots Guards rehearse the trooping of the colors at the Chelsea Barracks

Above: Capri, with its soft Italian sunlight, and its blue Italian skies, and *dolce fa niente*

Left: Castle Blarney, where the Irish and the travelers go to get their gift of gab recharged

Right: Monarch of all you survey is Mademoiselle Myriane Bru, seventeen-year-old Queen of the Côte d'Azur for 1948. The charms of the Riviera, as you can see, have not been overrated

COLOR BY SERGE FROM RAPHO GUILLUMETTE



Holland has bounced right back from war damage and into the fight for the American traveler's dollars. The land of dikes and bikes, canals and windmills, aims to please—and does

COLOR BY HAMILTON WRIGHT

Gentleman in Distress

Hamilton had never met people like Sugar-Coated and Harry the Panther, and since he didn't speak Broadway, you couldn't expect him to know the score

A Story by

HANS RUESCH

How Hamilton Hancock, a confessed Englishman whose loyalty to the law was as much a byword as his shyness of the unfair sex, landed both a wife and in the hoosegow, is a story that will remain memorable to Mr. Molveni, the police commissioner.

With the intake of invigorating beverages, that is from 5 p.m. onward, Hamilton's natural respect for Law & Order soared to sheer adoration. Even in dismally sober moments he could be heard proclaiming: "There is nothing greater than the law." Personally, he was a splendid example of lawfulness. When the 12 o'clock curfew became a wartime measure, he closed up unfailingly on the dot of midnight, though it almost killed him to stay up so late.

He was good-looking in an English sort of way, though just a slip of a fellow, two pounds heavier than a duck, with a high chest and a deep voice. He had come to the States sometime between the two world wars and opened an English pub where fellow countrymen could find solace and refreshment with warm beer and hot tea. When he started The Ailing Pheasant he didn't have fifty dollars to his name. But after years of thrift, square dealing and shrewd managing, he had almost fifty dollars to his name.

His clientele was select and scarce. The usual Broadway crowd avoided the pub like the plague, but a few aging British gents who wore girdles and had shot tigers in their youth went there to inhale tea from the Commonwealth or stronger waters. The chimney blazed even in summertime and into it Hamilton croaked Christmas carols when he was stoned.

At five in the afternoon he had sobered up sufficiently on tea to switch to Manhattan cocktails; the doctor had prescribed more fruit in his diet and he liked cherries.

It was with the swaggering entrance of a notorious Broadway personality that Hamilton's trouble and happiness began.

"My name's Harry," this gentleman said, "but my friends lovingly call me the Panther. I hear you got a vacant storeroom on the second floor. I'd like to rent it for social gatherings."

Being a waiter on Broadway I knew a lot about the Panther; so while he was inspecting that upstairs room, I gave Hamilton warning:

"That man's a wise guy who's done time in the Big House."

"Thank you," said Hamilton. He assumed the Panther was a scholar long active at some university.

"Suits my purpose fine," said the Panther when he returned. "And because you're a swell guy, Ham, I'll give you a break and let you have the famous thrush, Sugar-Coated Candy. She'll fit perfectly in this swell joint of yours. I'm expecting her any minute."

As he spoke, Sugar-Coated Candy came in. She wore a California-blue suit, and her hair, peaches-and-cream color this month, was arranged in a tall coiffure. With high heels and coiffure she was no taller than Hamilton. When she spoke she was an agreeable mezzo-soprano, but she could not sing a note. The trouble was, she wanted to.

"This," said the Panther, "is Miss Candy. And this is your new boss, Mr. Hancock, that's been dying to meet you."

Sugar-Coated gave out with a three-quarter smile and put out her hand. As Hamilton bowed to kiss it, there was a crack in his back for he hadn't had that much exercise in years and at the same instant there was a crack in Candy's heart because she'd never been kissed before on the back of her hand. This incident caused her to buy an Oxford dictionary and long gloves, while Hamilton inquired about renting a piano.

Soon the Panther's club upstairs was in full swing. One could accede to it through the pub as well as through a side exit that gave directly into the alley, and The Ailing Pheasant received such visitors as Sing-Sing Sam, whom Hamilton presumed to be a vocalist, Weaselpuss Willy, Pushing Jones, and Gruesome Henry—all well-off folks, Hamilton thought, as they never arose till afternoon.

In their wake came romantic-looking ladies with feathers: Central-Park Claire, no doubt a nature lover, Ice-Cold Kathy, Portable Anne, and Typhoid Molly. But Hamilton had eyes for Sugar-Coated only, watching her in stolid adoration seated on the piano and making with the legs.

When the place closed up for the night, Sugar-Coated took leave from him with a sort of a curtsy and he would solemnly rise and kiss her glove, no matter how stiff he was. Then she joined the Panther's club and I steered Hamilton home.

Hamilton never intruded upon the Panther's club, heeding his wish for privacy. But his British clientele began to join the upstairs festivities.

"I am delighted," Hamilton informed me one day, "that our patrons seem to enjoy Mr. Panther's social gatherings."

"What's good about it?"

"Why, it keeps them out of mischief. You have no idea of the places in this neighborhood—gambling halls and the like. Have Mr. Molveni, the police commissioner, tell you about it sometime." And he rejoiced at the thought of his friends at the Panther's club, engaged in excited games of dominoes, chess and double solitaire—and Miss Candy sharing in these innocent amusements.

One Saturday night, as I was closing up, the police commissioner stepped into The Ailing Pheasant. Hamilton welcomed him with great ceremony. "Tea for Mr. Molveni," he ordered. "And use my special brand." Nothing was too good for the police.

"Mr. Hancock," the police commissioner said brusquely. "For years I've held you up on Broadway as the acme of rectitude. And because of your spotless past I give you fair warning."

"Warning, sir?"

"Warning, sir! The Department is wise to the fact that you're running a gambling establishment on your premises."

Hamilton sat bolt upright. Then he began to laugh uproariously.

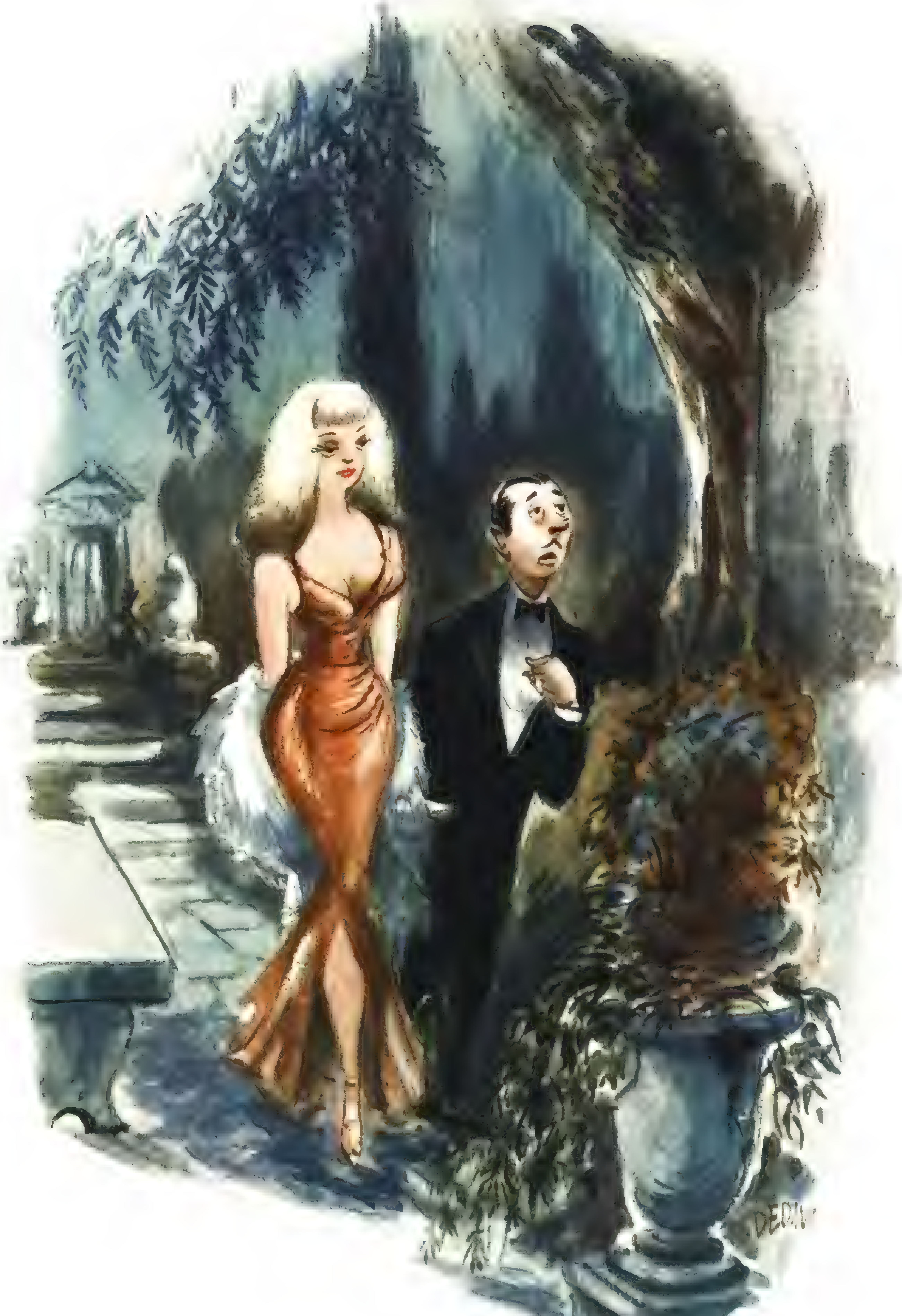
"Haw," cried Hamilton. "You are evidently referring to the private club upstairs."

"Yeh, the private *club*," Mr. Molveni sneered.

"Sir, the upstairs premises are used exclusively by a select *(Continued on page 130)*

HARBIN Swim Suits

"Five o'clock or no five o'clock—we can't quit now!"



"It's a pity, Delores, it's so dark out here—I could show you more of the grounds—"

Bewitching and Bedamned Golf Ball

100 years of research produced the golf ball. If it won't go where you hit it, maybe—we said maybe—your swing is at fault

An Article by **HERB GRAFFIS**

THERE are many registered trade names for golf balls. None of them, though, are the names that a fervent golfer is sometimes apt to call a ball. A man could go to jail for calling anything such names.

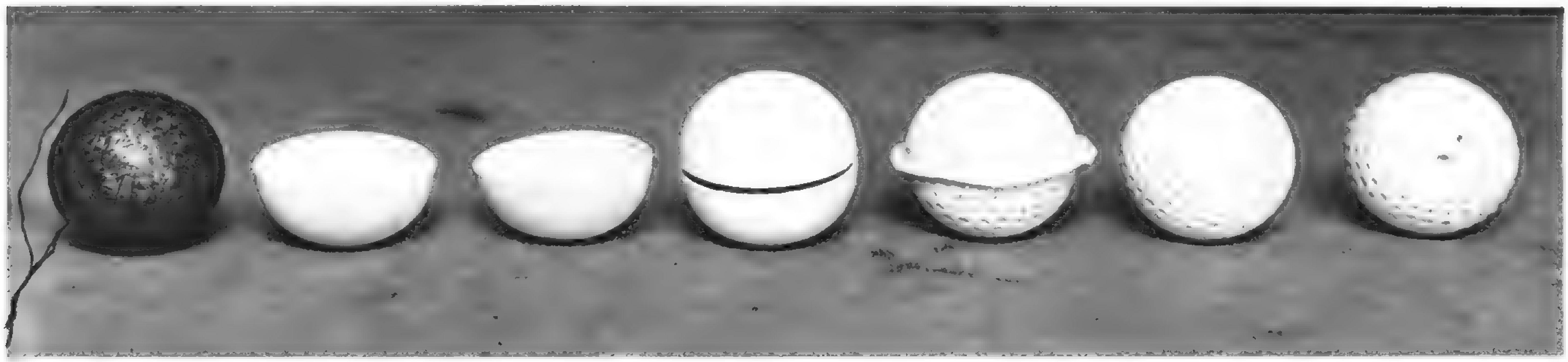
The golf ball, beyond all doubt, is the most infuriating inanimate object in sport, although it appears to be an innocent little thing upon which have been lavished high genius in design and construction and untold millions in money. It is fearfully and wonderfully made to legal specifications—in this country, of a size not smaller than 1.68 inches in diameter and a weight not more than 1.62 ounces—and it has been contrived to bring great joy and peace to suffering mankind; but it's been the cause of more damned arguments than almost anything else intended for delight, including women and money. Paradoxically, the better the golf ball gets, the more official trouble it creates.

This often diabolical innocent-looking instrument, the rubber golf ball, has a background of holy association. The first gutta-percha ball ever made was constructed of material that came to the museum of St. Andrews University, in Scotland, wrapped around a black marble statue of Vishnu, a Hindu deity. St. Andrews was known as a religious center as far back as the sixth century, but its world-wide fame comes from its prominence as a golf resort. That latter distinction, according to the sage and distinguished James K. Robertson, editor of the St. Andrews *Citizen*, is largely due "to the world-wide impetus given to the game of golf by the gutta ball, which replaced the centuries-old 'featherie' crudely made from a hatful of feathers stuffed into a jacket of tanned hide."

Where the United States comes into the picture of the rubber golf ball is by the curious route of the first American bible college for training American missionaries. That school was established at Binghamton, New York, by Robert Adams Paterson, a former St. Andrews schoolboy who was the brother of the man who had sent the Vishnu statue from Singapore to St. Andrews in 1843. Wee Robert Paterson had used some of the gutta percha in which the idol was wrapped to repair the soles of his shoes; and, in 1845, two years later, he made golf balls out of what was left of the used soles.

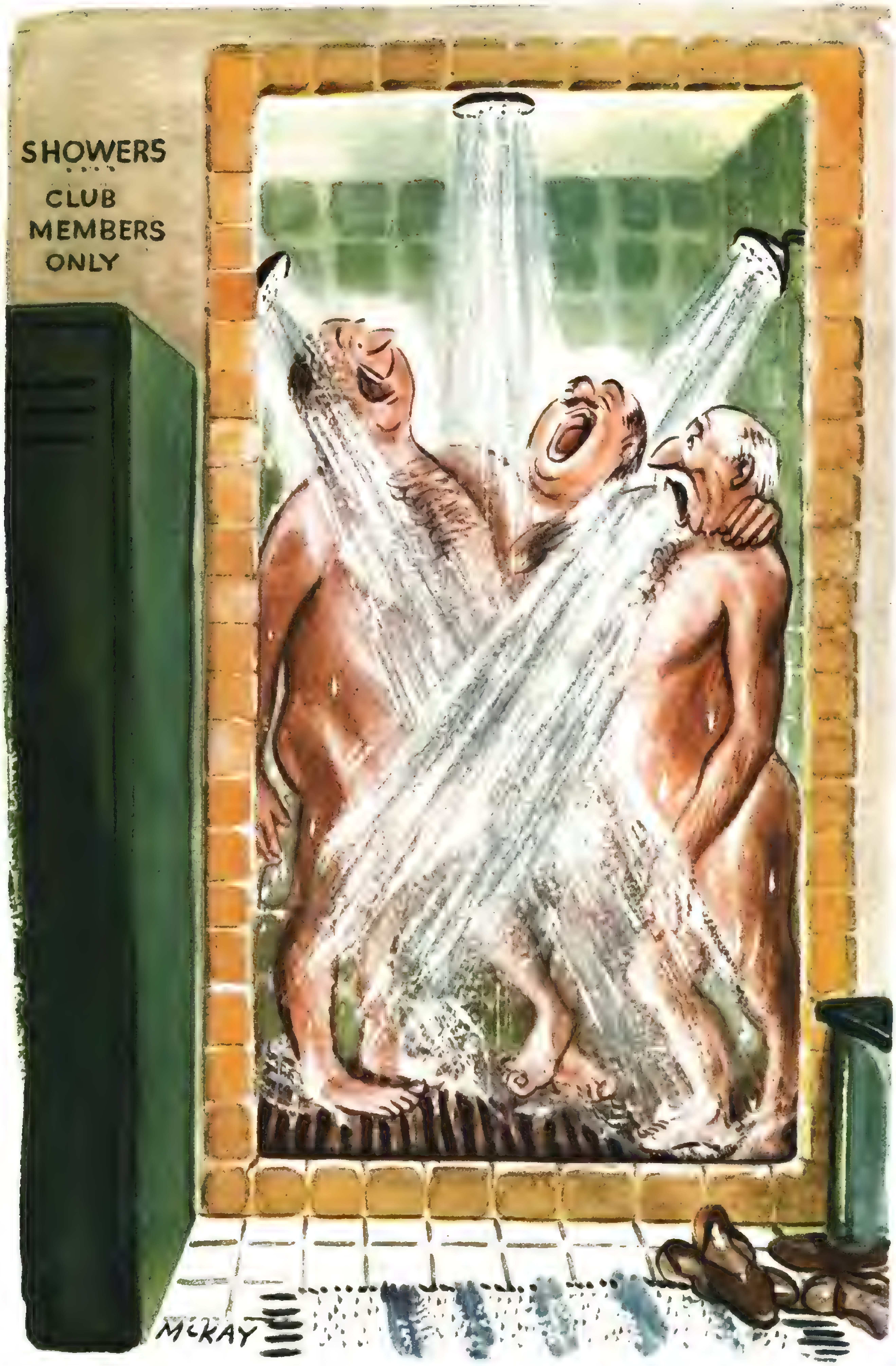
Young Robert's golf balls traveled so much farther than the traditional feather-filled balls that, in 1846, another Paterson brother in Edinburgh put "Paterson's Composite" golf ball on the market. That ball was a marketing and playing failure for a reason that wasn't determined until a canny old Scotsman named Tom Morris figured it out. Smooth, freshly molded gutta-percha balls ducked and otherwise deviated without outdistancing the (*Continued on page 144*)

The stroboscopic lens records the fluid perfection of Bobby Jones' drive. And how about yours, sir?



COURTESY A. G. SPALDING & BROS., INC

A modern golf ball has a filled rubber-bag center which is wound tightly with rubber tape and then with rubber thread. The cover, a compound of balata, rubber and vulcanizing material, is molded on at high heat and dimpled. When the seam is buffed off and the cover painted, you take over


SHOWERS
CLUB MEMBERS ONLY
McKAY

" . . . Down by the ol . . . e . . . mill—ll . . . stream . . . "

Engagement with a Diamond

A lot of people are hoarding diamonds against the day of disaster—atomic or inflationary. The sad fact is that diamonds are mighty small things to hide behind

An Article by

ROBERT BLEIBERG

During the French Revolution, terror-ridden French aristocrats found the gems to be a better kind of life insurance than a paid-up membership in the Scarlet Pimpernel's fraternity. Ever since that time, affluent and uneasy citizens all over the world have been scrambling to own fine diamonds.

In the long parade of wars and revolutions that followed bumper-to-bumper behind history's first tumbrel, the precious stones have saved many a jeweled neck. They've been a passport to anywhere, opening closed borders as if by magic and whisking their fortunate owners away to the safety and comfort of friendlier countries.

A chambermaid of the Empress Eugenie of France, fleeing from the Prussians in 1870, hid a diamond fortune in a paper parcel of shoes. A famous old Romanoff nobleman made his way to Shanghai in 1918 with a valuable stone cemented in a molar. During the recent unpleasantness, thousands of refugees, stripped of the rest of their wealth, got to America with diamonds enough to begin life over again, often in considerable style.

That well-to-do Europeans have come to harbor a great fondness for the handy little stones isn't at all surprising. They've learned the hard way. But it may be a slight shocker to read that a number of residents of Main Street, U. S. A., are storing away diamonds—just in case.

In case of what? In case of almost any catastrophe in the book. Is your town going to be atom-bombed right after breakfast tomorrow? Grab your little fistful of diamonds and head for the hills. Are you going to wake up some morning and find it costs a double sawbuck to buy a newspaper? Pay it with a smile, because that two-carat gem you have in your wall safe is now worth half a million. Is an enraged Brooklyn citizenry, after dropping three straight to the Giants, planning to dangle the Dodger manager from an arc light? If Duz can't do anything about the situation, diamonds can.

The same diamond that is merely "native crystallized carbon, highly valued when transparent and free from flaws," to unsophisticated old Noah Webster, holds considerably more meaning for a lot of other people. When they look at a fine, blue-white stone, they don't see the sparkling adornment of beautiful women. They see a good investment—a safe hedge against inflation—and, most of all, something that can be used as currency in any emergency.

"If and when World War III is brought upon us," intoned a world-famous investment adviser not long ago, "it is unlikely that we in the United States will be as fortunate as in the two previous world conflicts in keeping actual fighting from our own soil. If that tragedy comes to pass, many must necessarily and suddenly be torn from their present seemingly secure home grounds, to find shelter and temporary sustenance in safer areas."

To his goose-pimpling readers, he continued: "Stocks, bonds or deeds have little immediate cash value when communications are disrupted, and a prospective purchaser can have no prompt or sure means of knowing whether the property behind them still exists. Even currency, which we take so much for granted ordinarily, may be looked at quite differently if atomic bombs and guided missiles are falling on our great cities."

Next to this sort of thing, any other reason for owning diamonds seems as pallid as chalk. There are those, though, who manage to make out a pretty good case for buying diamonds as a hedge against inflation. They're not worried about war; all they are willing to predict in the way of disaster is an inflation so rampant that when you talk of lighting your cigarette with a twenty you won't be kidding. Of course, they say, there is a way open to shrewd operators to avoid coming to such an unpretty pass. You guessed it. Buy diamonds.

To a country that last year chewed nineteen billion sticks of gum (excluding bubble gum) and gulped down five billion five hundred million gallons of coffee to quiet its palpitating nerves, this kind of talk has been as inflammatory as an editorial in *Pravda*. And people in the trade, all the way from the dusty mines of Kimberley, South Africa, to the polished showcases along Fifth Avenue, have become aware of an extraordinary investment demand.

Probably the man in closest touch with the situation is the chairman of the board of a British company called the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd. The De Beers company traces its history back to the days of Cecil Rhodes, Oom Paul Kruger, the Jameson Raid, and the siege of Mafeking. Besides being rich in tradition, the company has also done rather well financially. Today it controls well over ninety per cent of the world's supply of uncut diamonds. The chances are overwhelming that if you buy a diamond from a recognized retail jeweler, it originally came from De Beers, or an affiliate.

Its chairman, then—a gentleman by the name of Sir Ernest Oppenheimer—presumably can speak with authority. And last June he told his stockholders, at their annual meeting in London, that sales of gems were at record levels. In the first half of 1948, he said, De Beers had sold $60,000,000 worth of diamonds, exclusive of industrial stones. In the peak year 1946, the company had chalked up a record sales volume of $118,400,000 ($105,000,000 in gems, the rest in industrial diamonds). Considering the fact that the January-March period is usually off-season for the diamond industry, the chairman confidently predicted that sales would set a new high mark in 1948. His prediction was borne out in September, 1948, when the *nine*-month sales figure for gem and industrial diamonds totaled $126,700,000—breaking all records for any previous *twelve*-month period. Of this amount, $87,700,000 went for gems, and the rest for industrial diamonds.

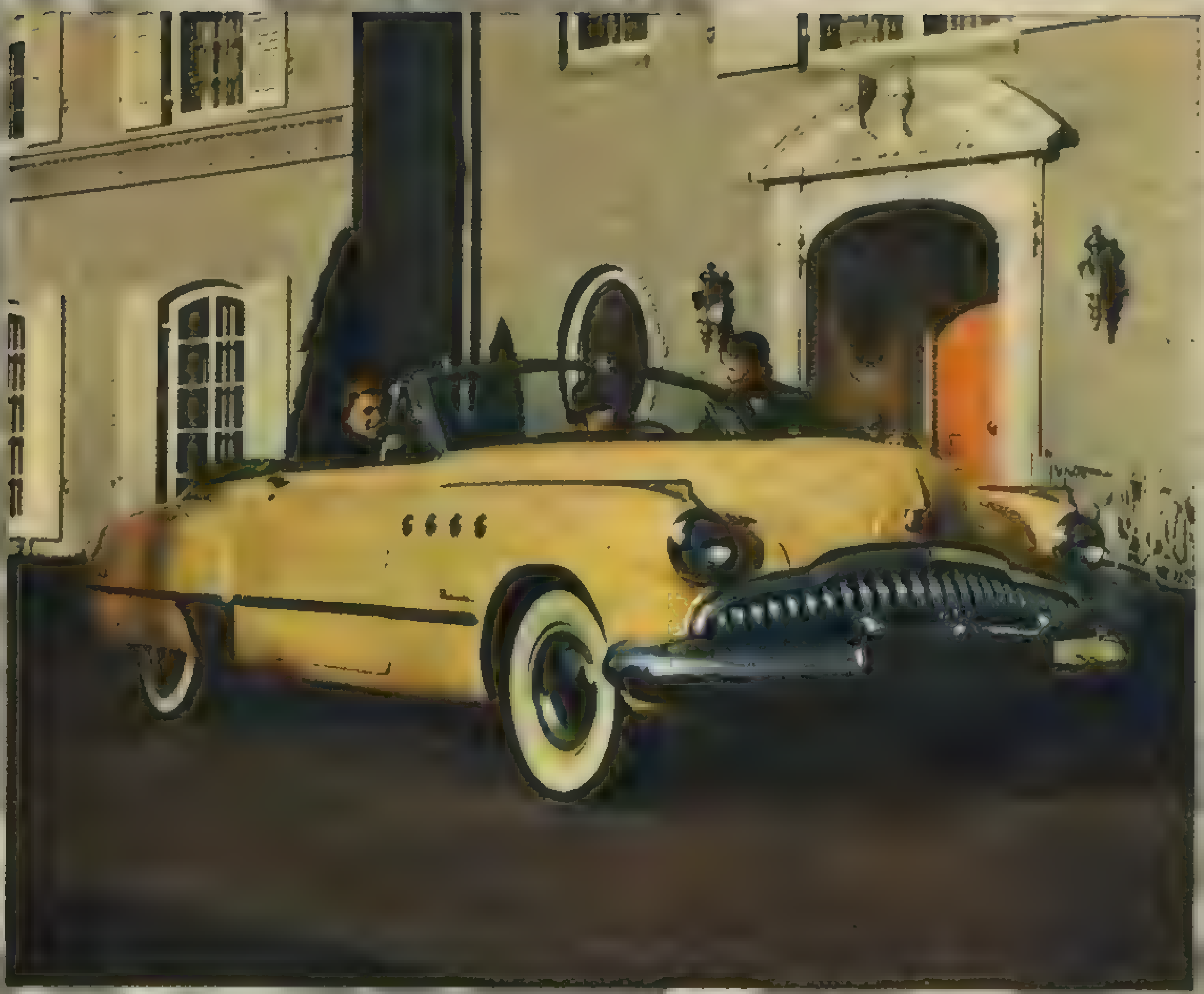
To what did Sir Ernest ascribe the flourishing condition of his company? Primarily to an enormous demand stemming from the high degree of prosperity in the United States. He noted also, though, that the demand reflected, to some extent, hoarding against all the dangers with which the modern world is beset.

Resolutely turning their backs on the windfall that has come their way as a result of this unromantic demand for the stones, this coun- *(Continued on page 143)*

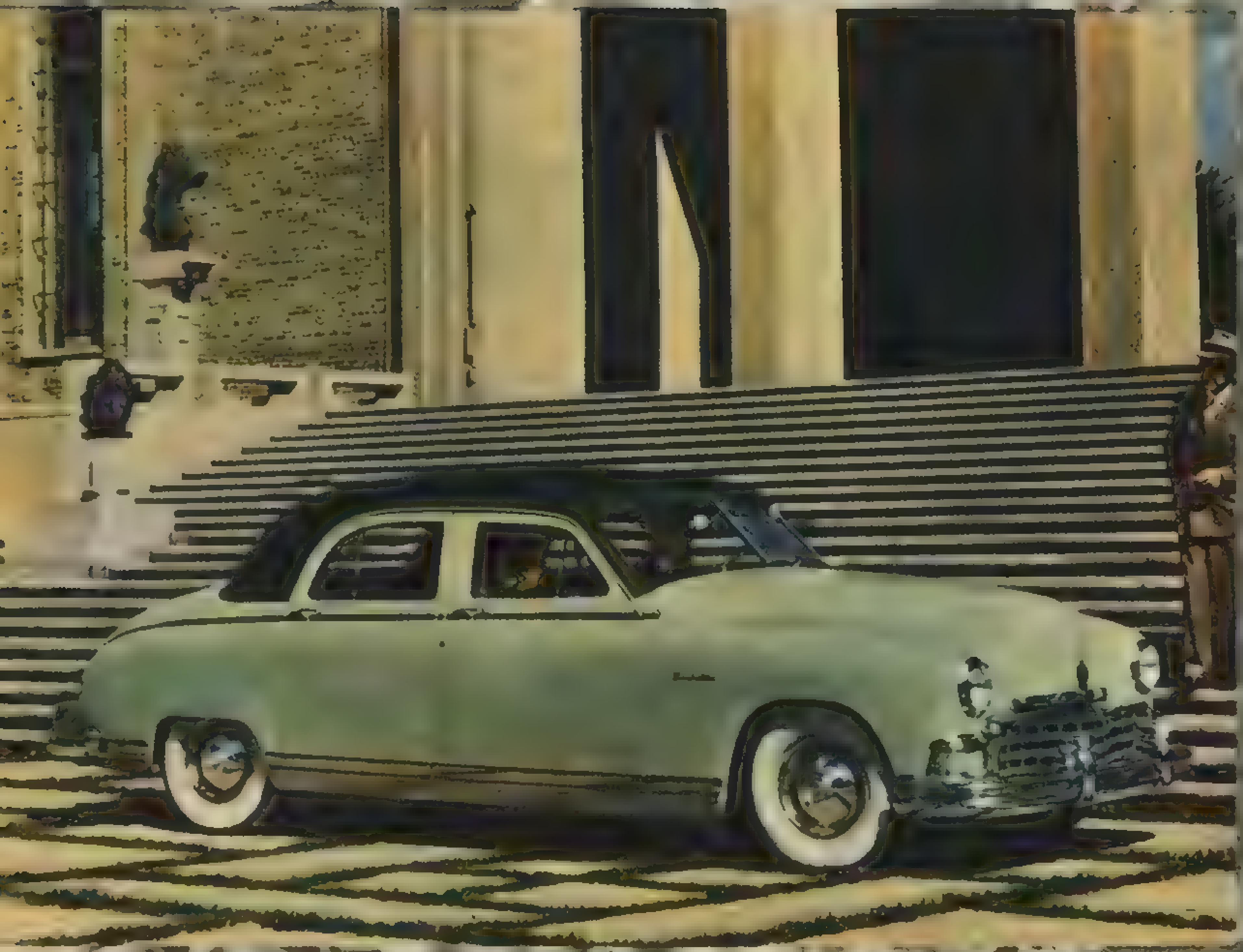
"Darling, this is Gladys—she was my campaign manager!"

The Esquire automobile show...

Lincoln 6-passenger Coupe

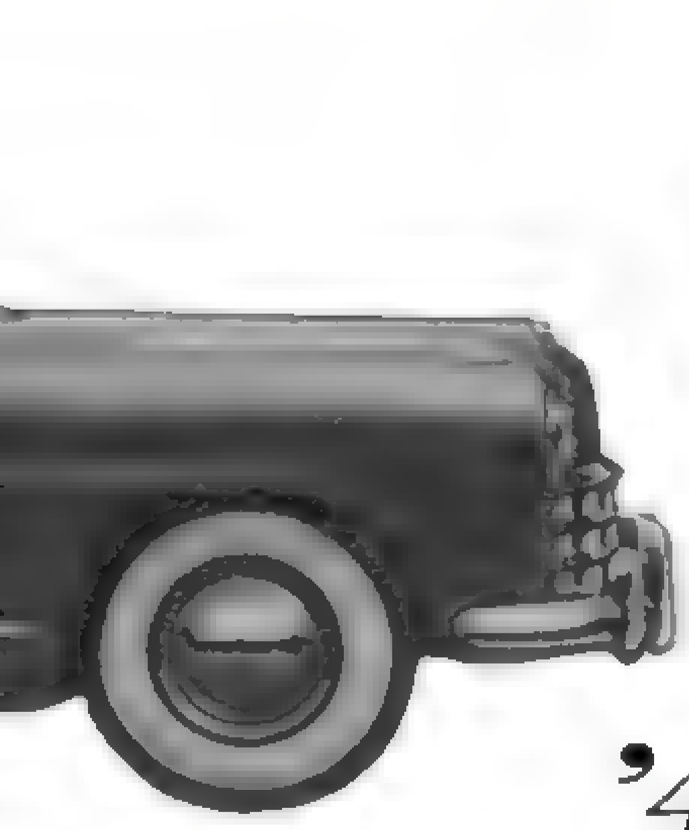


Buick Roadmaster Convertible



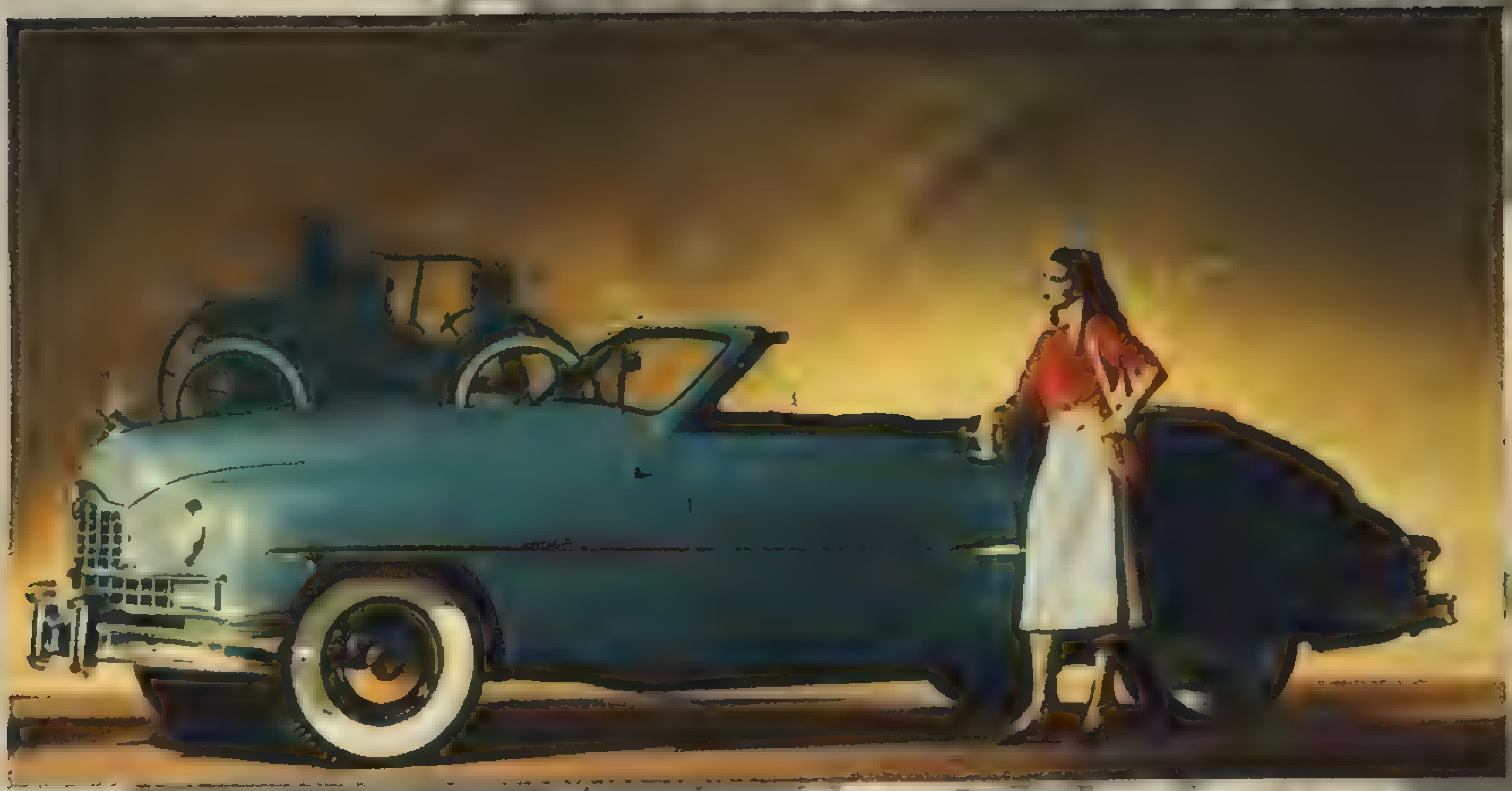
Frazer Manhattan

Cadillac Series 60 Special 4-door Sedan

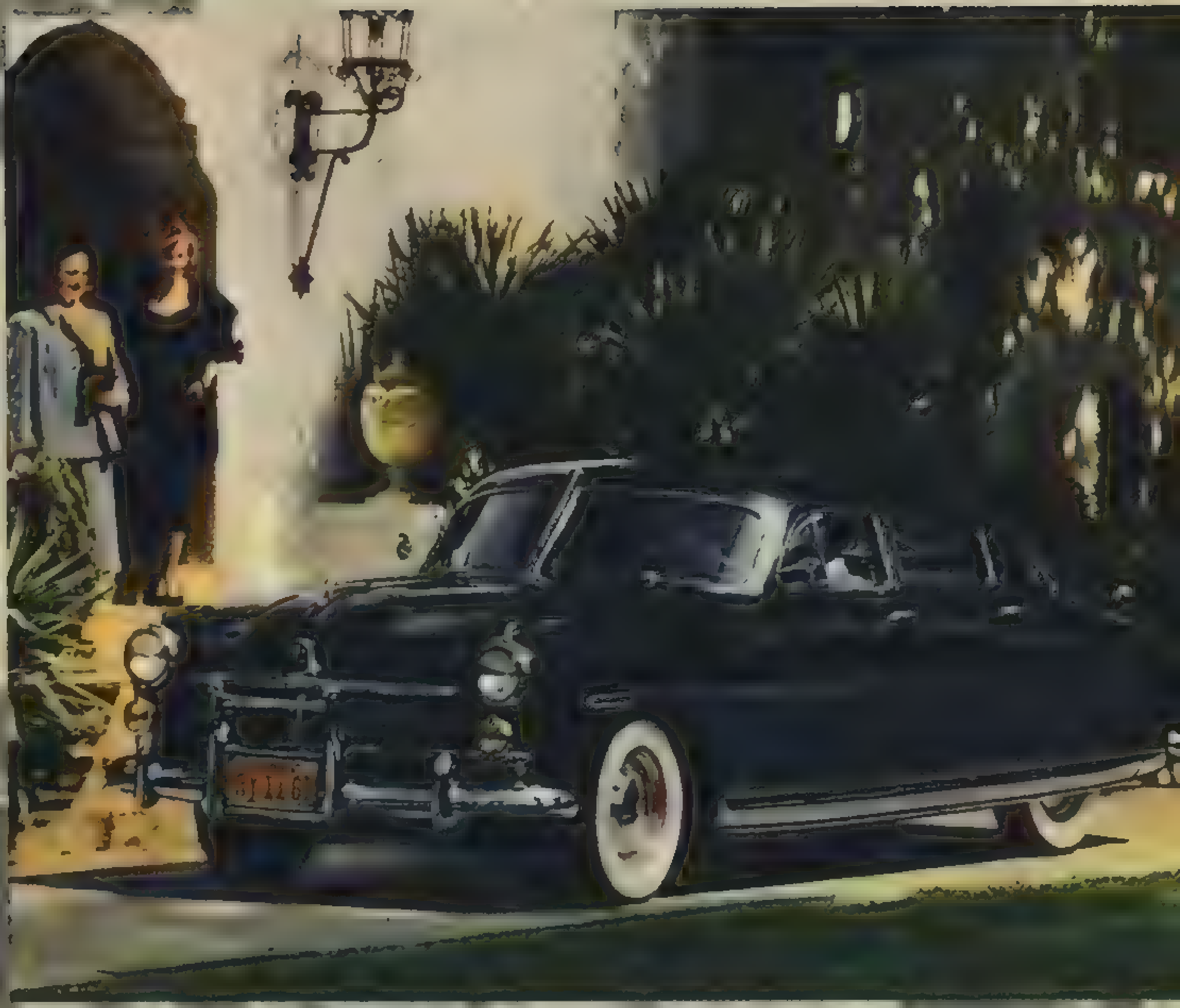


the parade of the '49ers

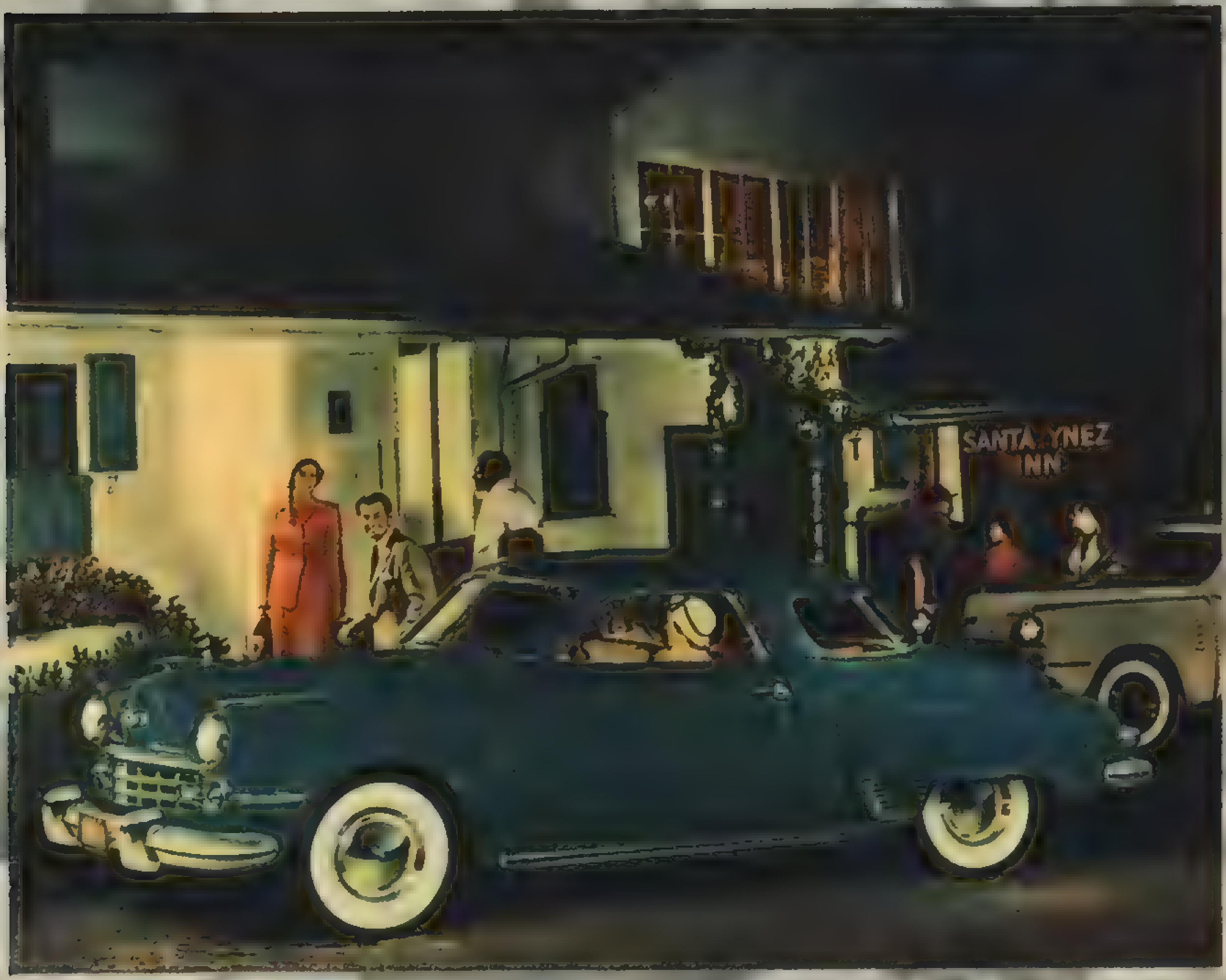
DeSoto Custom Club Coupe



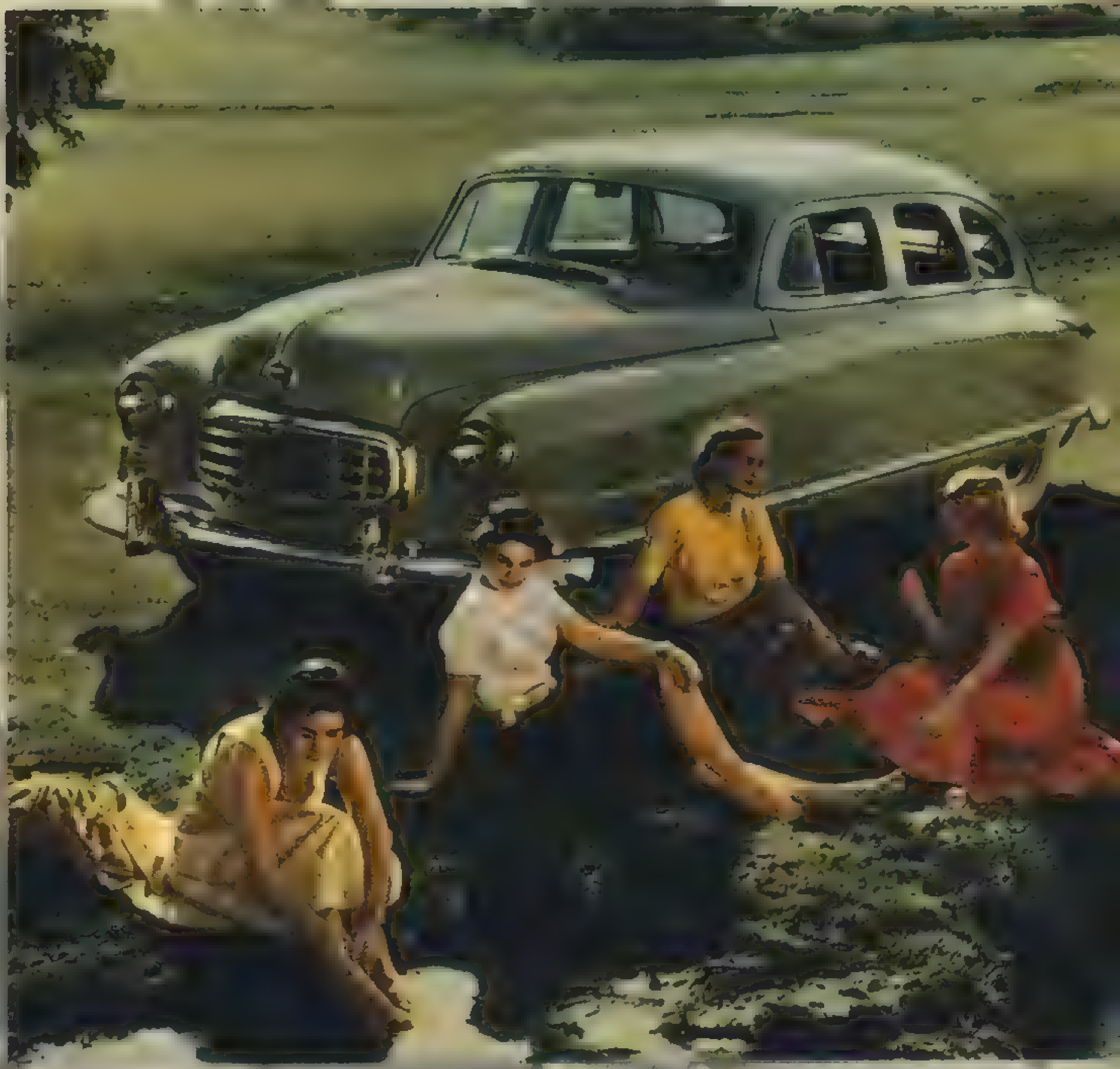
Packard Custom Eight Golden Anniversary Convertible



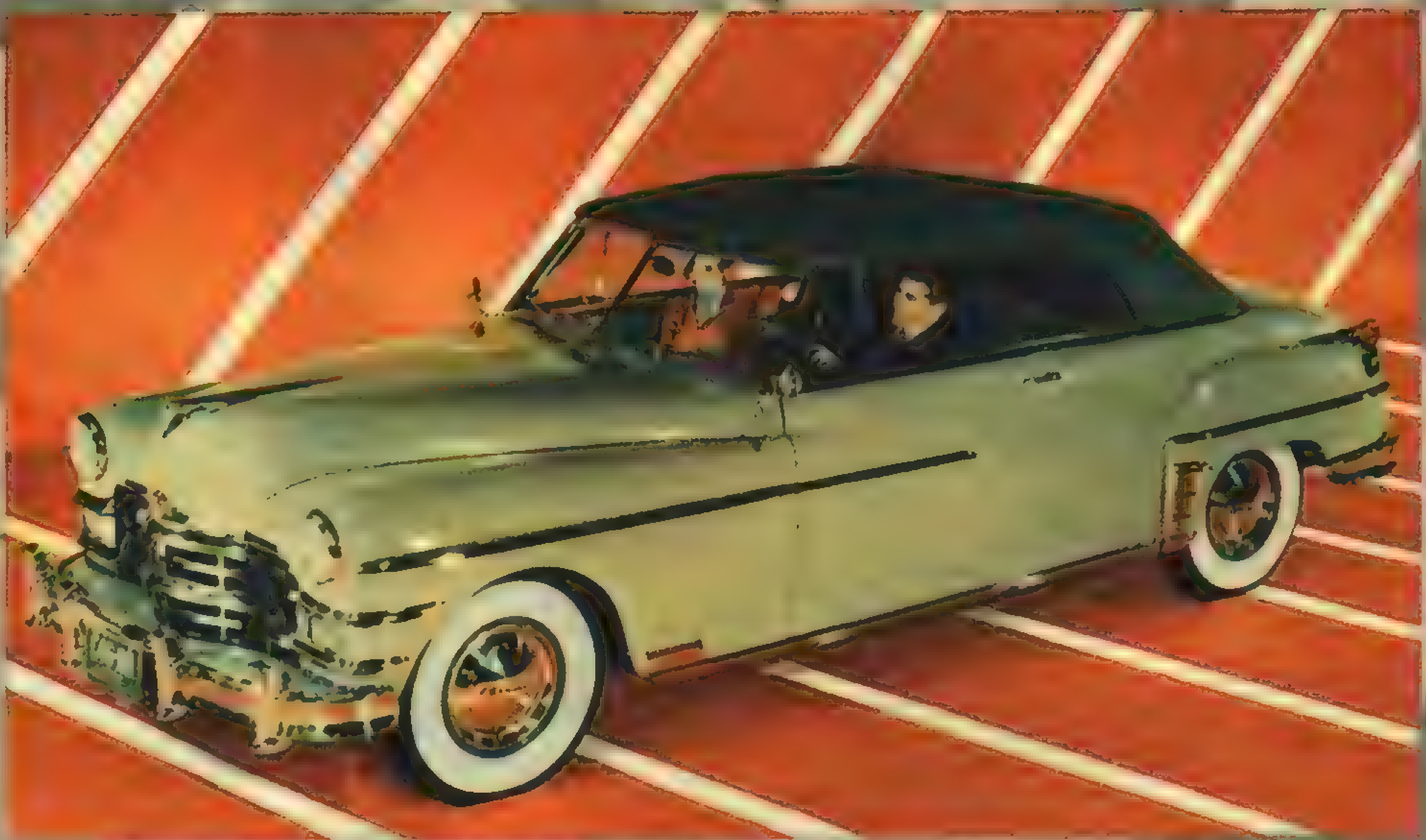
Hudson Commodore 4-door Sedan



Studebaker Commander Regal De Luxe Starlight Coupe



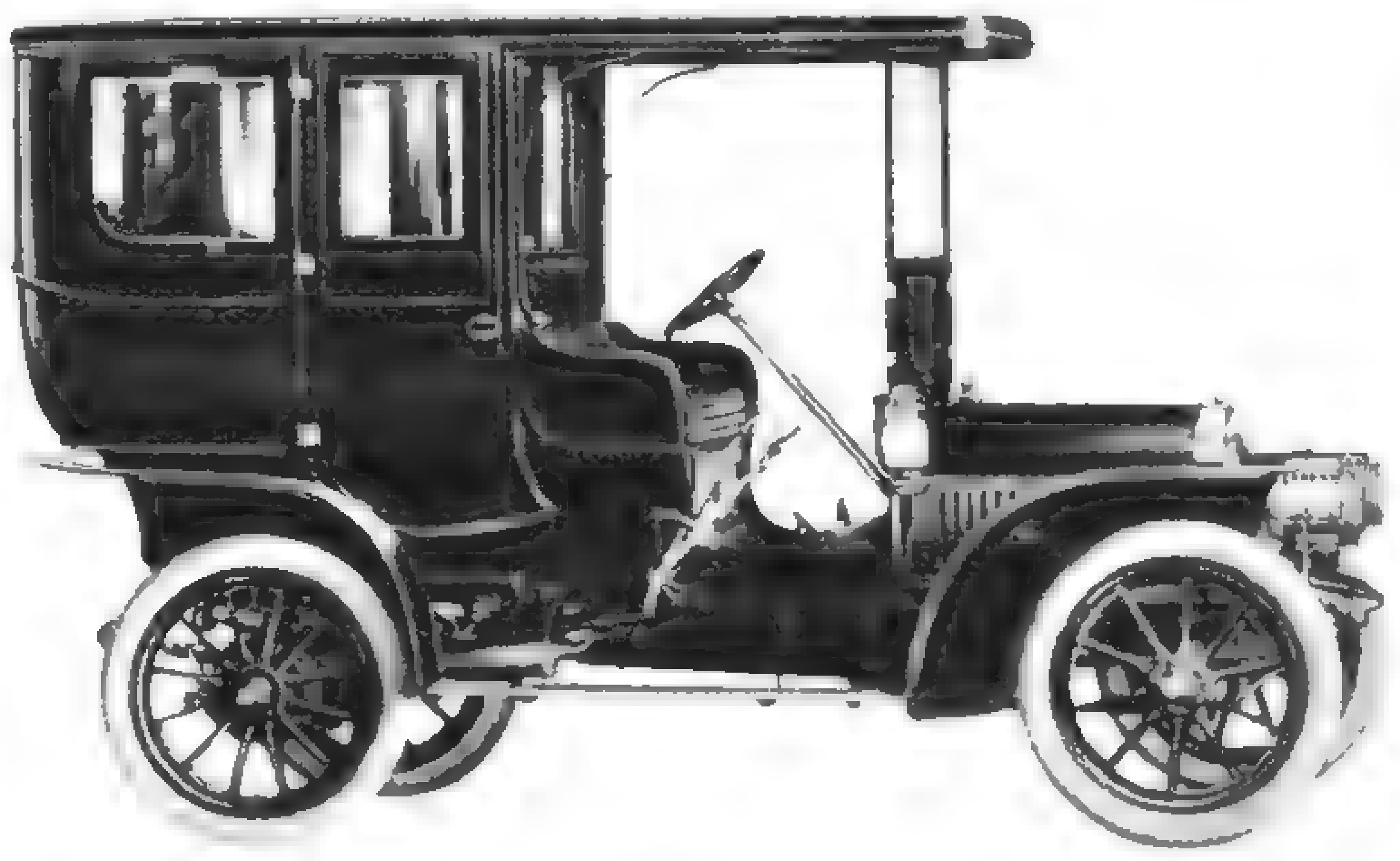
Nash Airflyte Ambassador 4-door Sedan



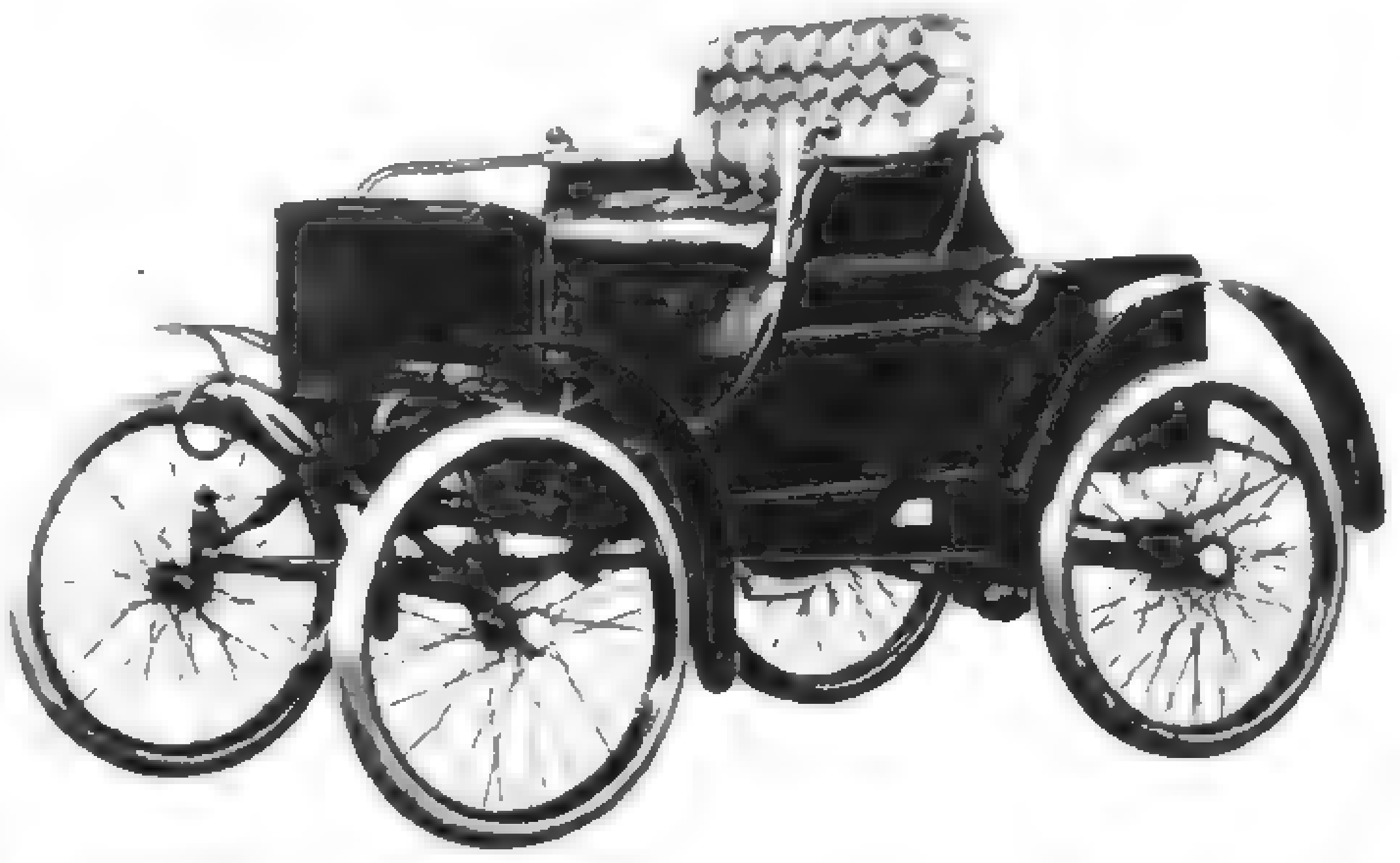
Chrysler Silver Anniversary
New Yorker Convertible
Coupe

PIONEERS' PARADE

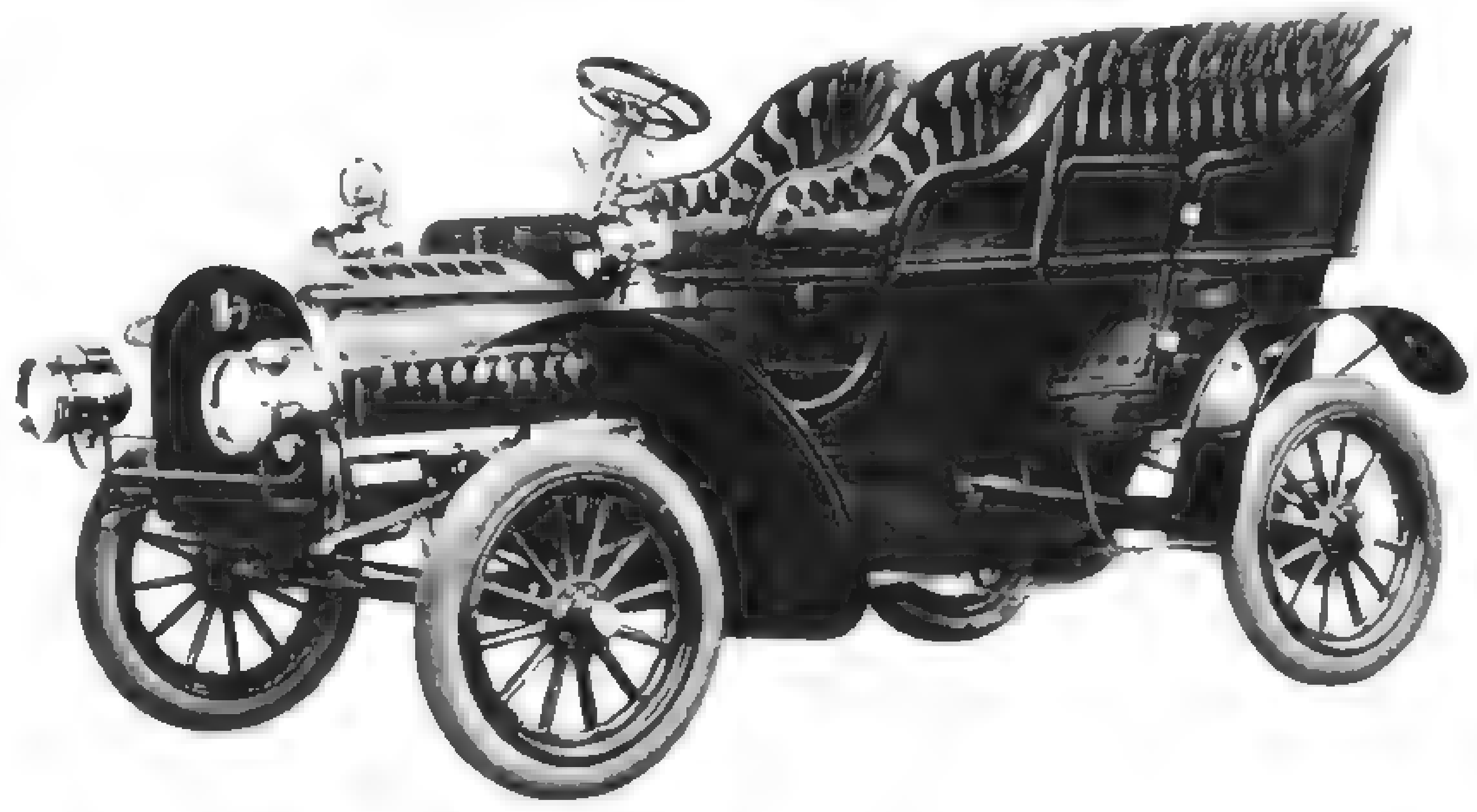
Although 2500 different makes of American cars have vanished into the past, 12 of the 20 manufactured today were early pioneers.



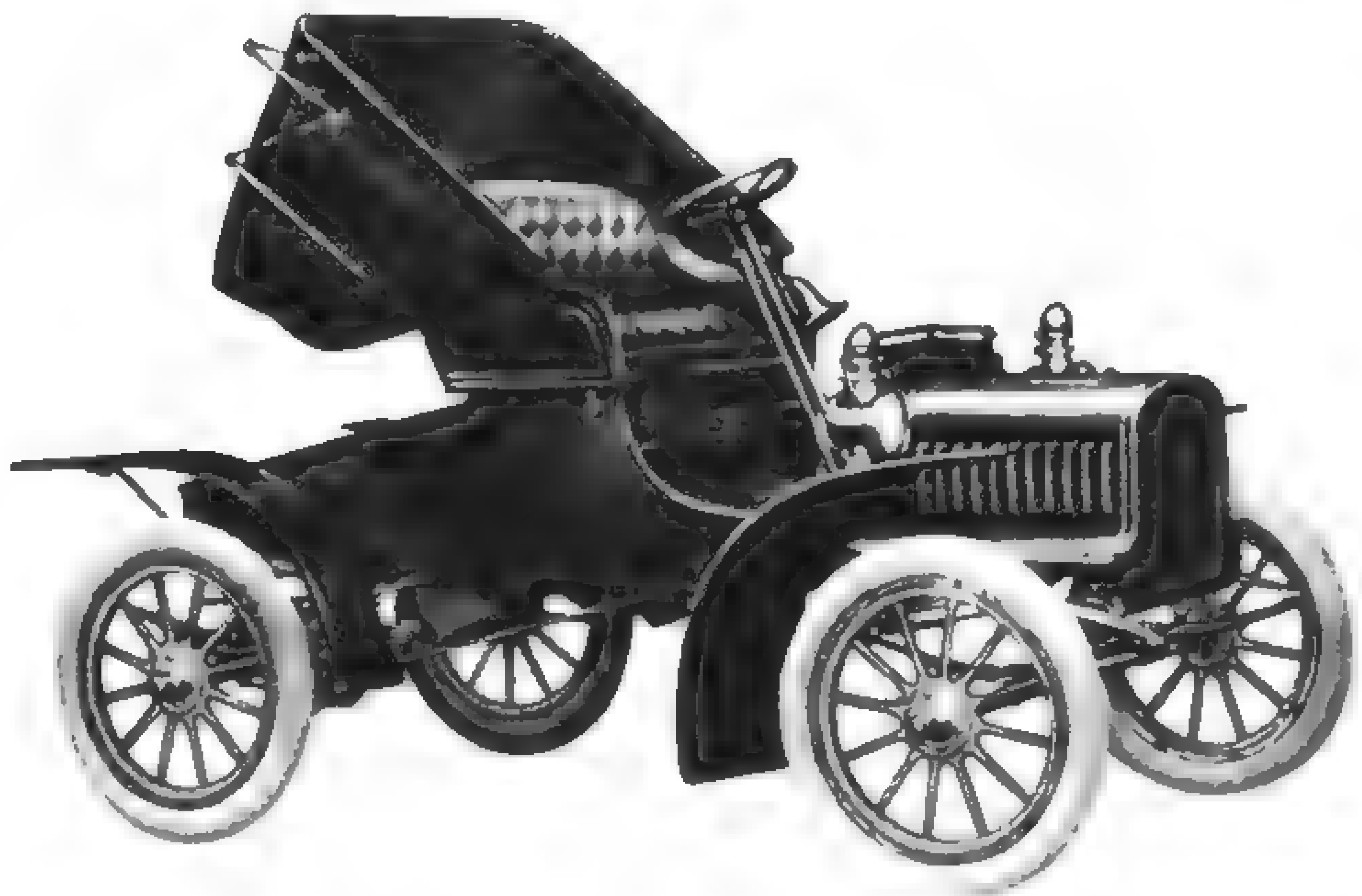
In 1908, Cadillac was offering this elegantly appointed sedan which could maintain a speed of 30 miles an hour.



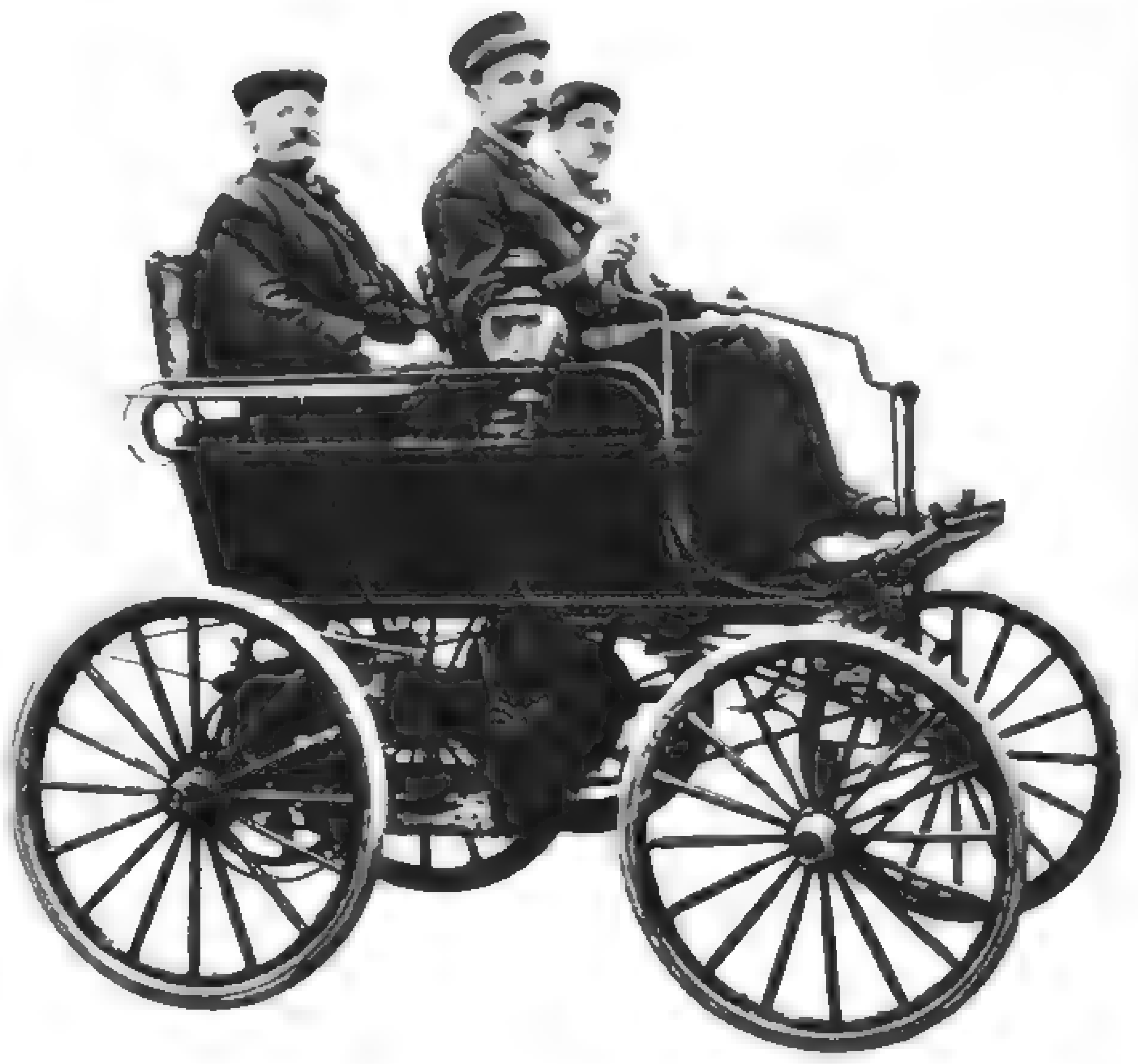
Fifty years ago Packard's Model "A" car showed clearly its horse-and-buggy beginnings.



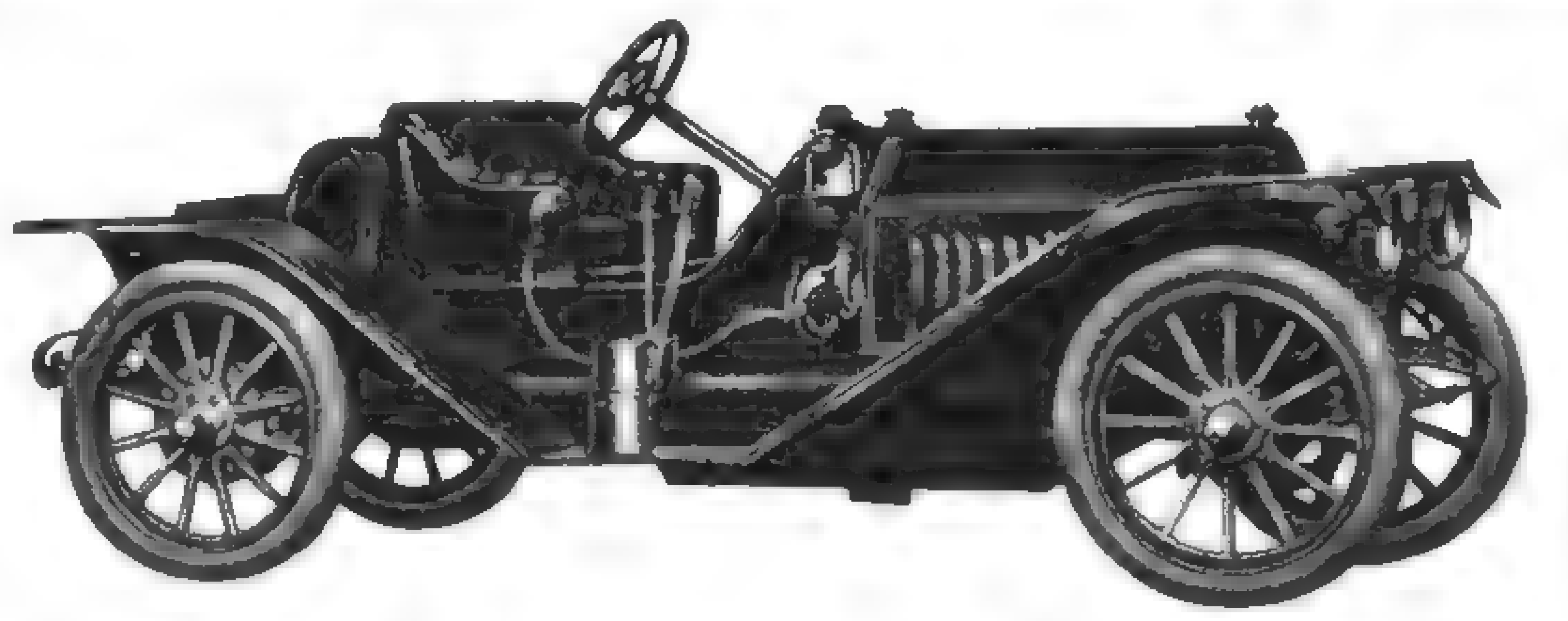
The 1905 Rambler, a forerunner of the Nash, had a double cylinder, 16-horsepower motor and two brakes.



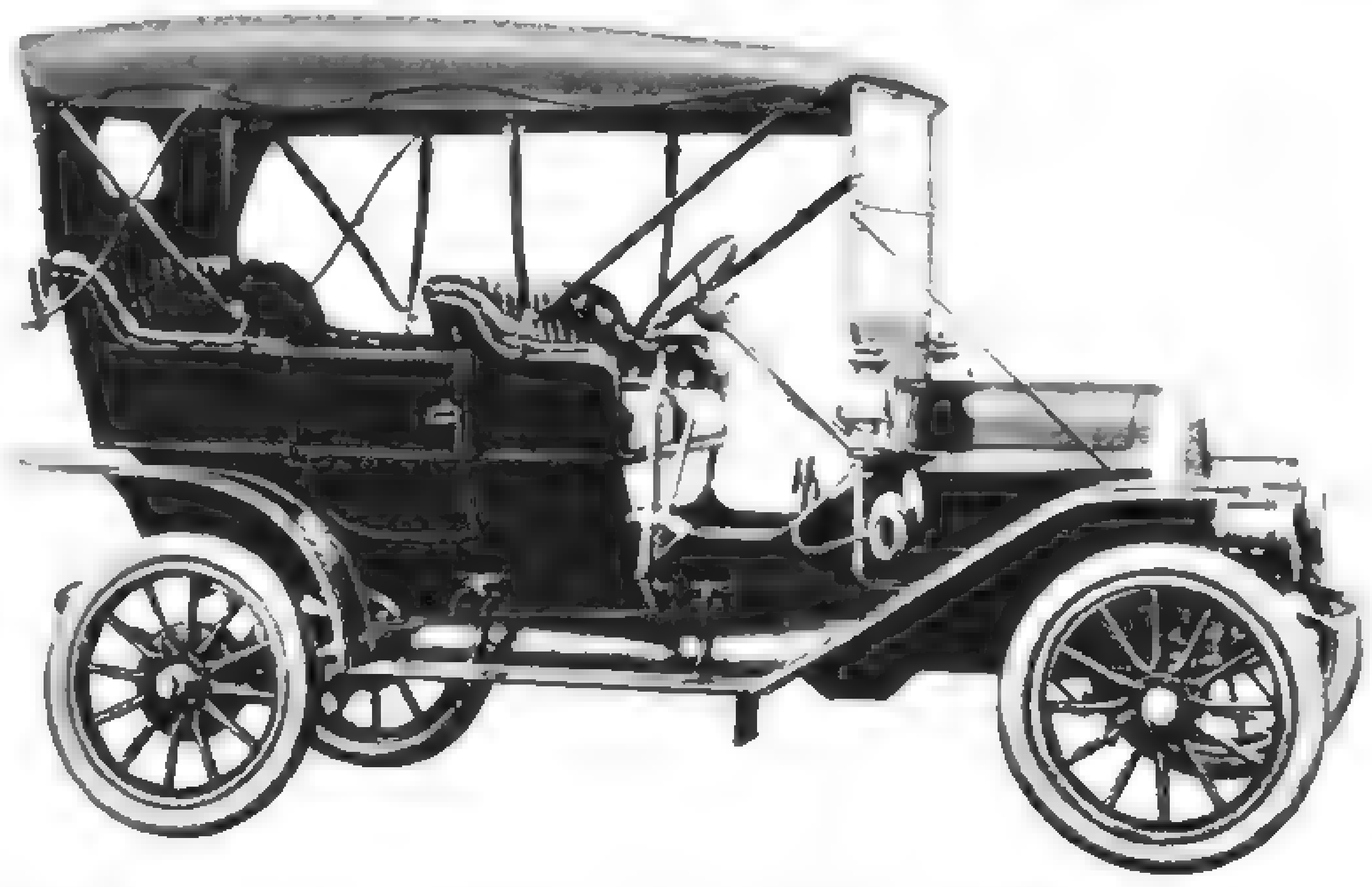
One of "The Big Four of the Ford Line" in 1905 was this $850 "Doctor's Car" designed for physicians.



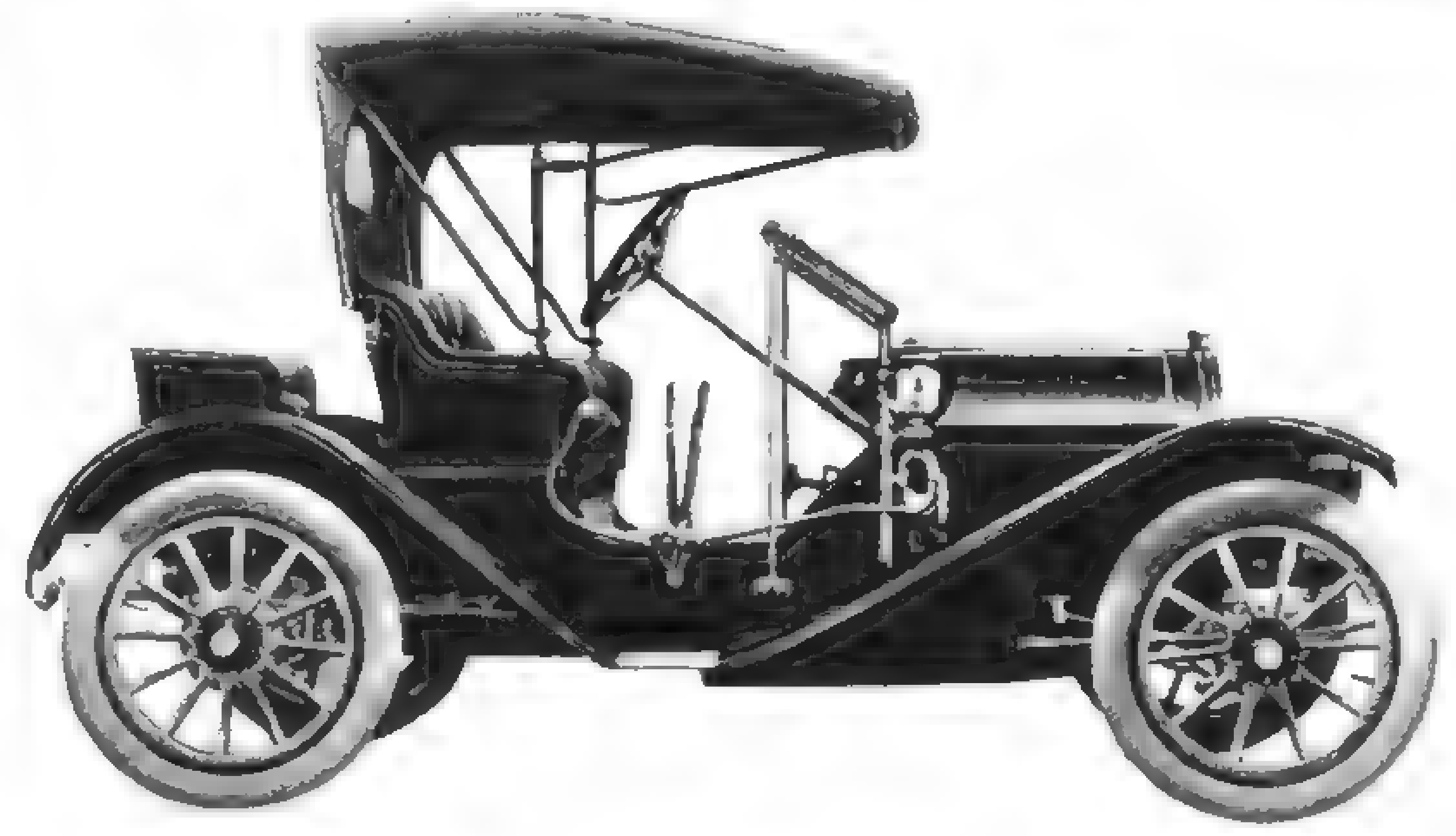
This earliest Oldsmobile, which is now in the Smithsonian Institution, was built in 1897.



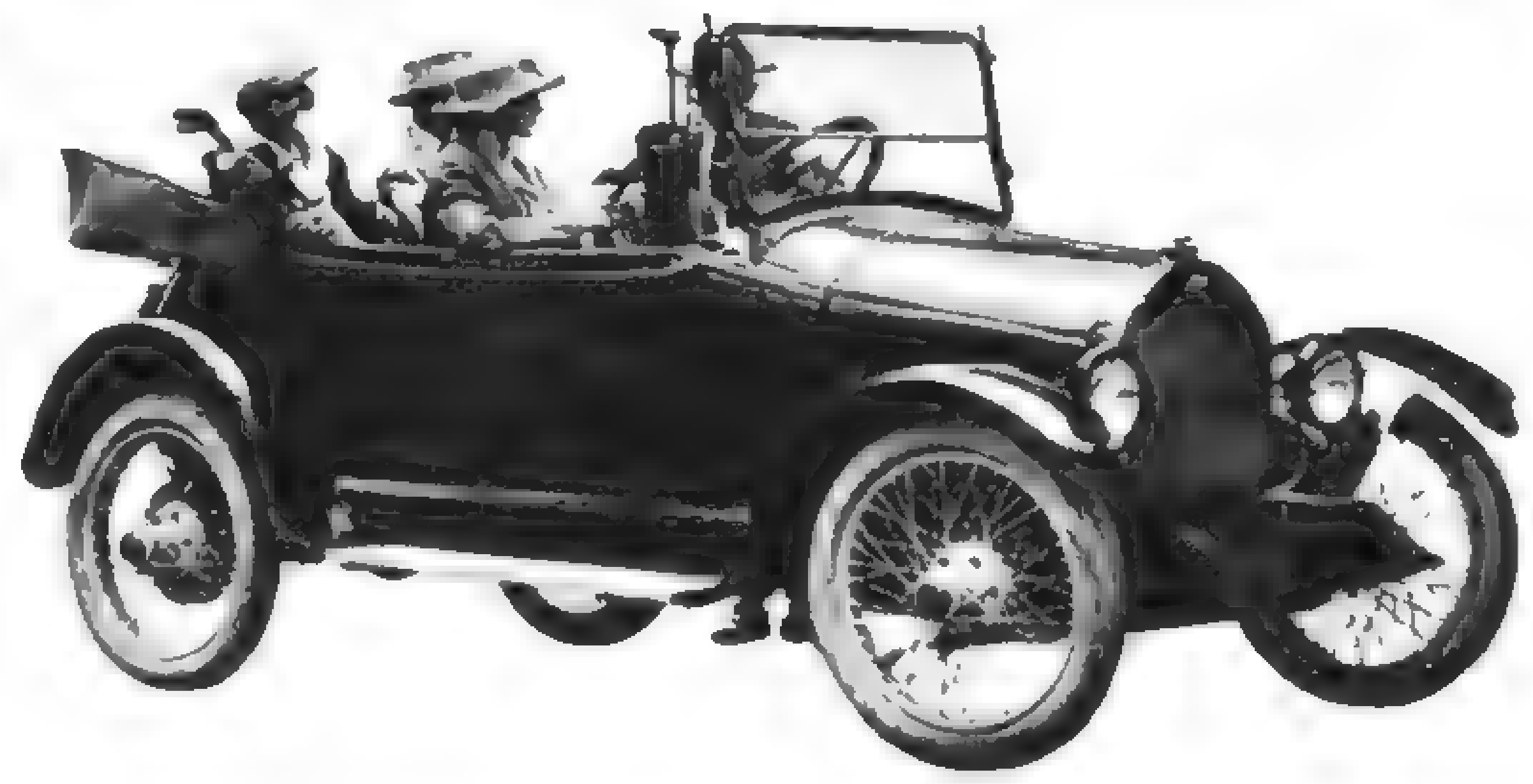
The 1911 Buick "38" was a 2-passenger roadster in a dark blue with wooden wheels painted battleship grey.



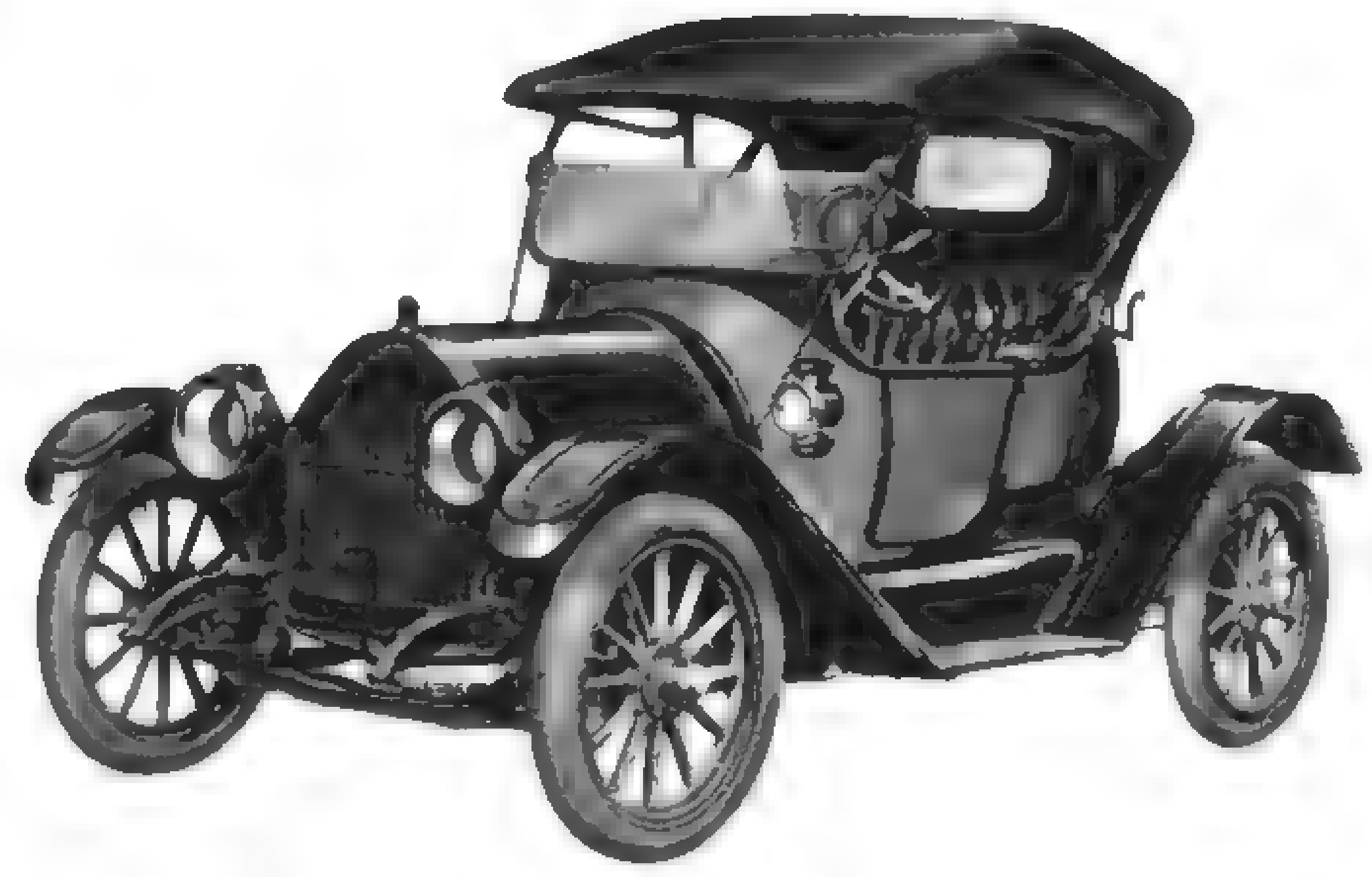
Studebaker put a folding top on their 1909 car which had a shaft drive, four cylinders, three forward speeds.



Hudson's roadster in 1911 had a small forward facing rumbleseat, brass trim and overhanging collapsible top.

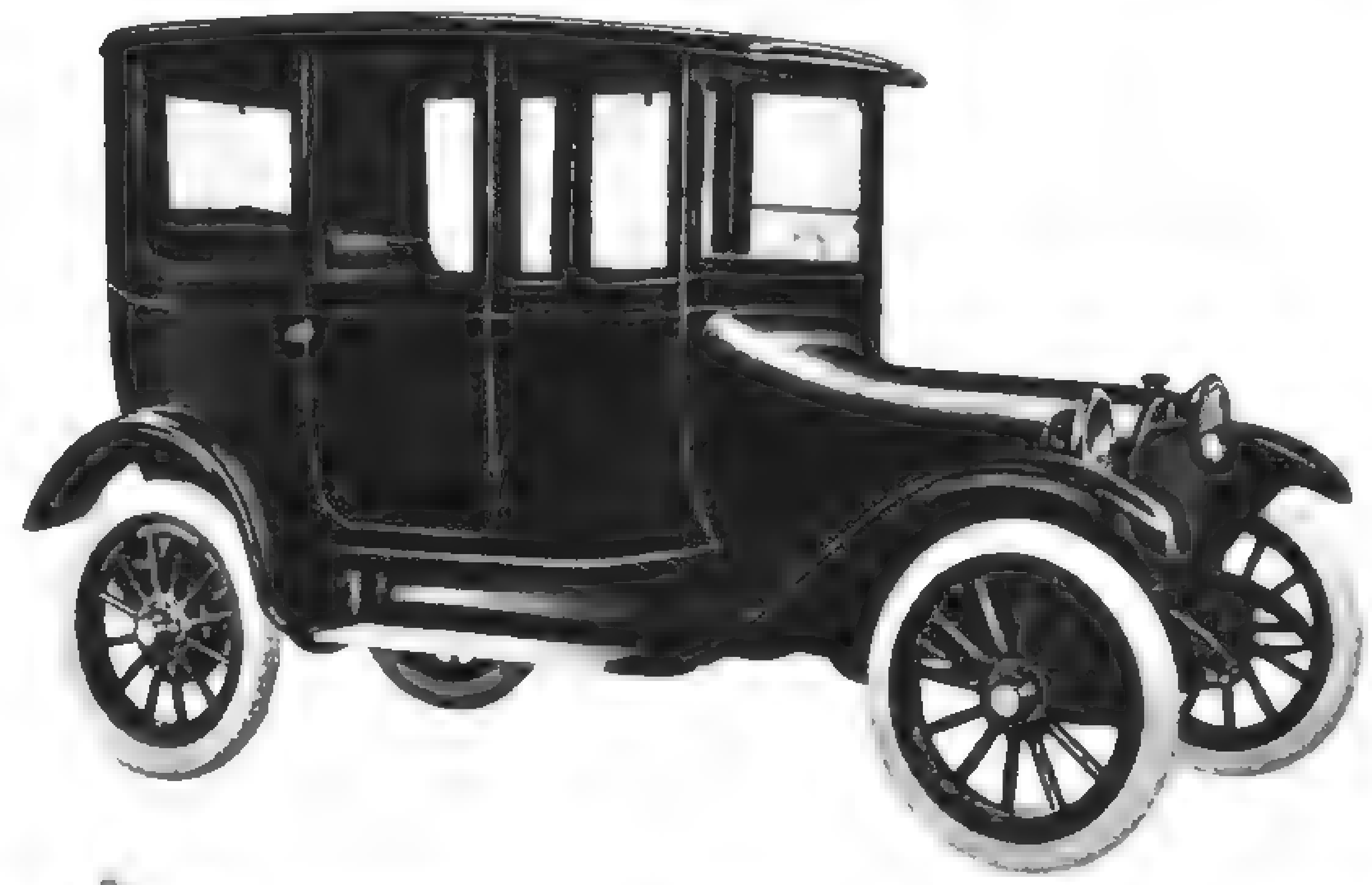


Streamlining had taken hold when Willys-Overland brought out their Country Club model in 1916.

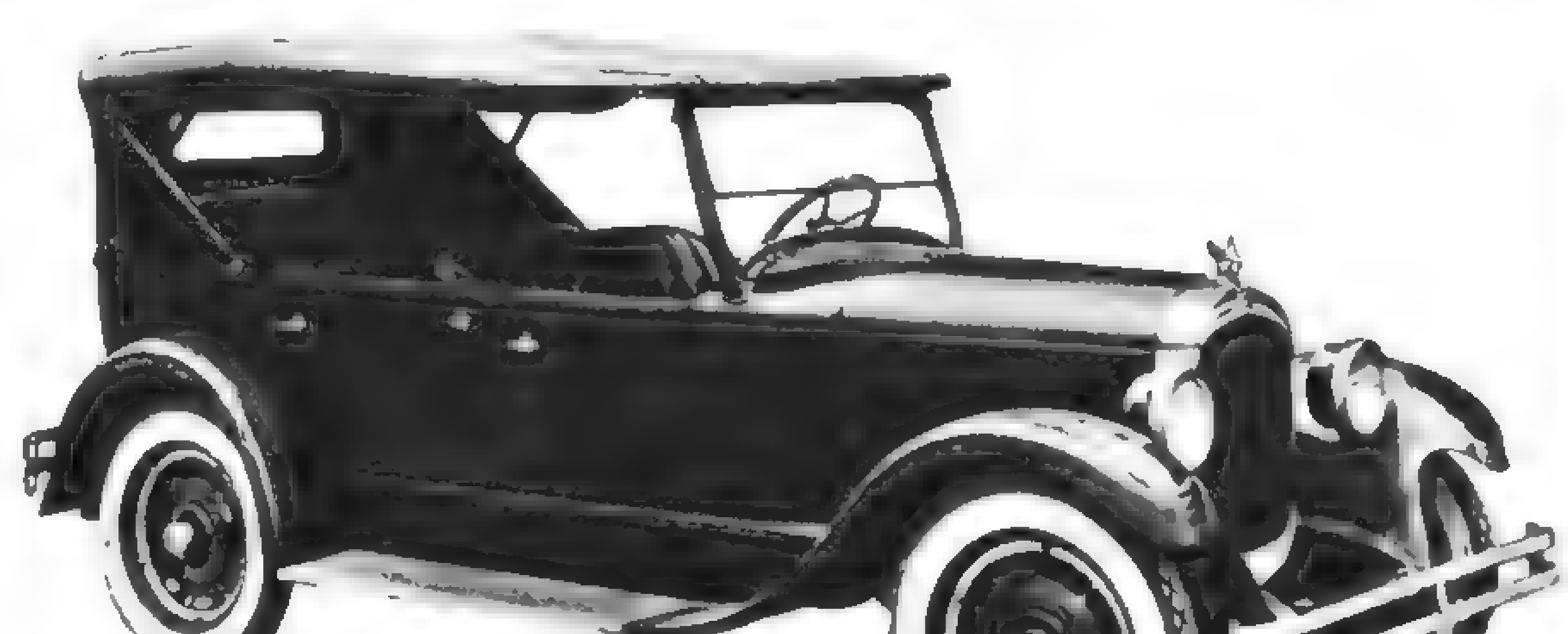


Chevrolet's 1914 roadster had a folding windshield and top which battened down in front.

For 11 more '49ers turn the page



Stripped of the gadgets and brass trim of most previous automobiles, Dodge offered this high-topped sedan in 1915.



The first model brought out by Chrysler in 1924 clearly indicated the trends in design modern cars would take.

Mercury Station Wagon

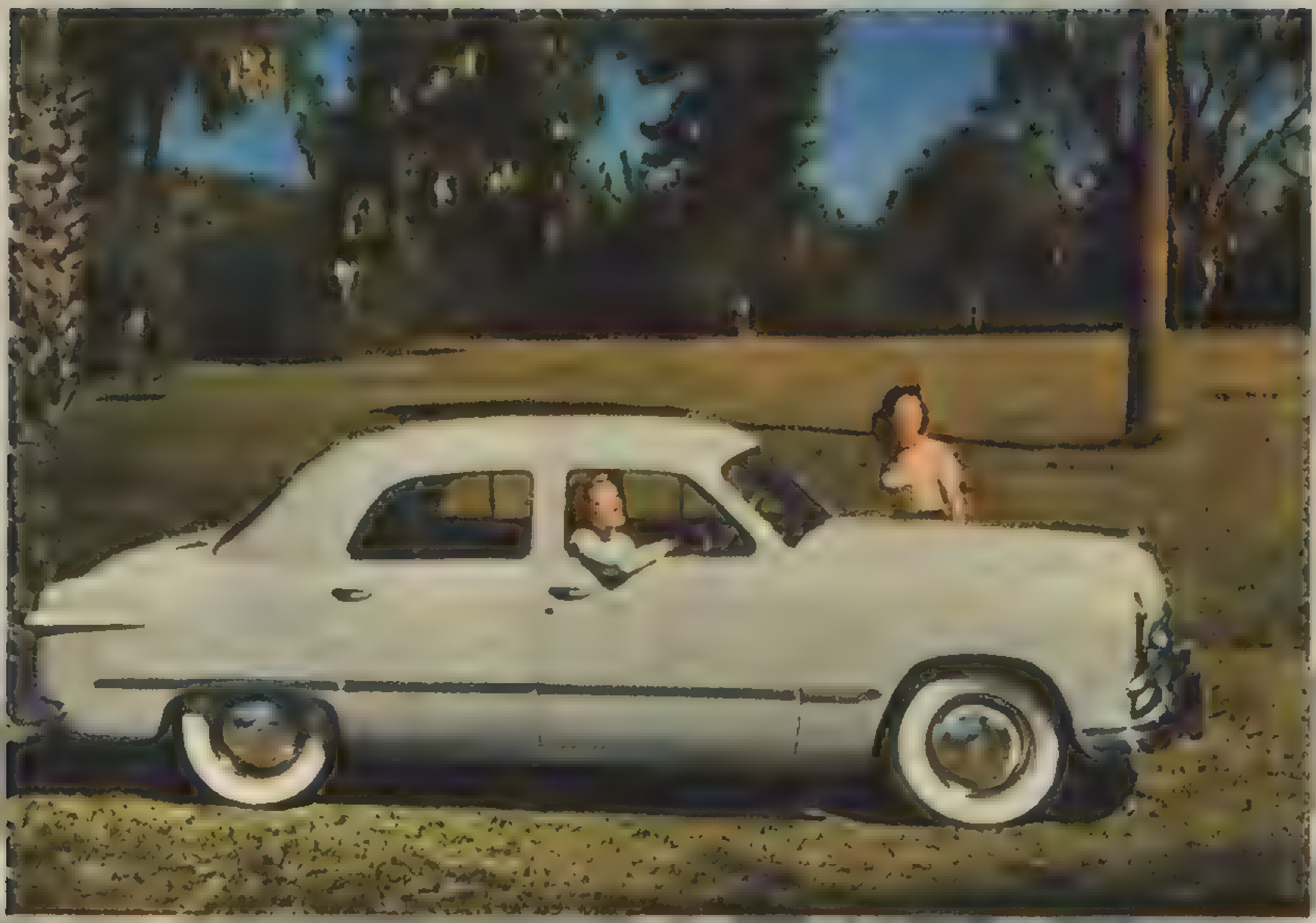
Oldsmobile Holiday Coupe

Austin 'A 90' Atlantic Convertible

Kaiser Virginian

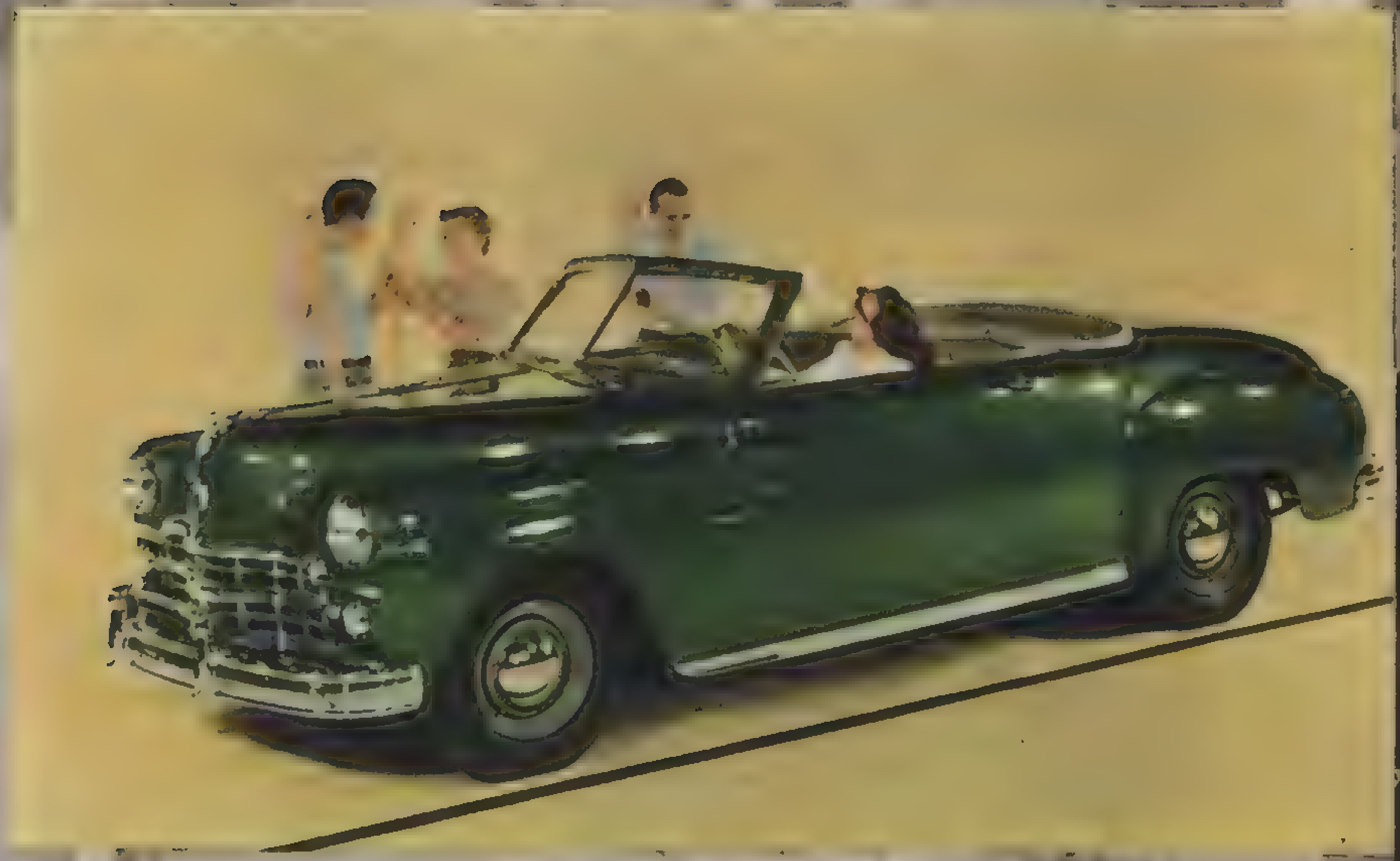
Crosley 2-door De Luxe Sedan

Pontiac Chieftain De Luxe Convertible

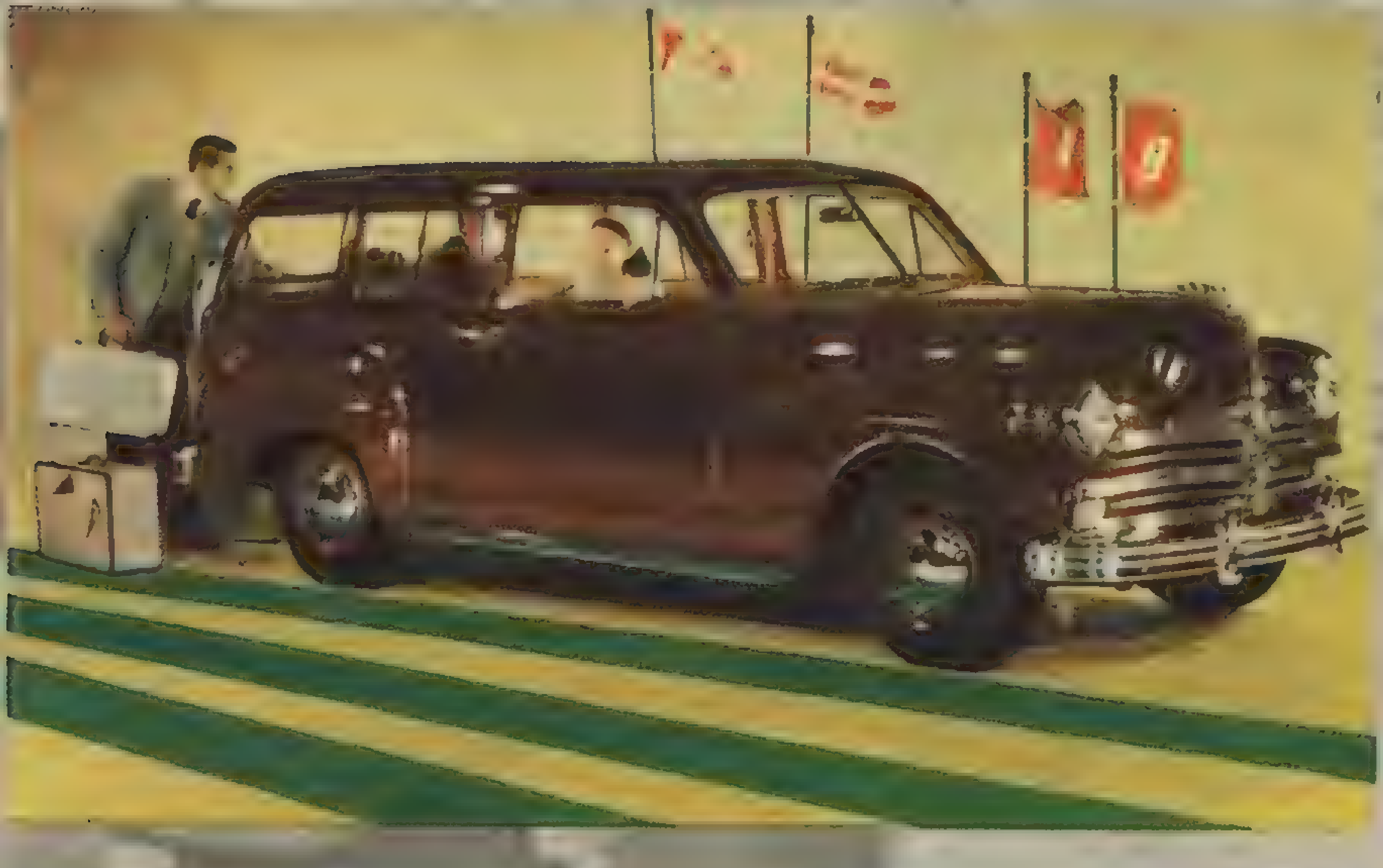


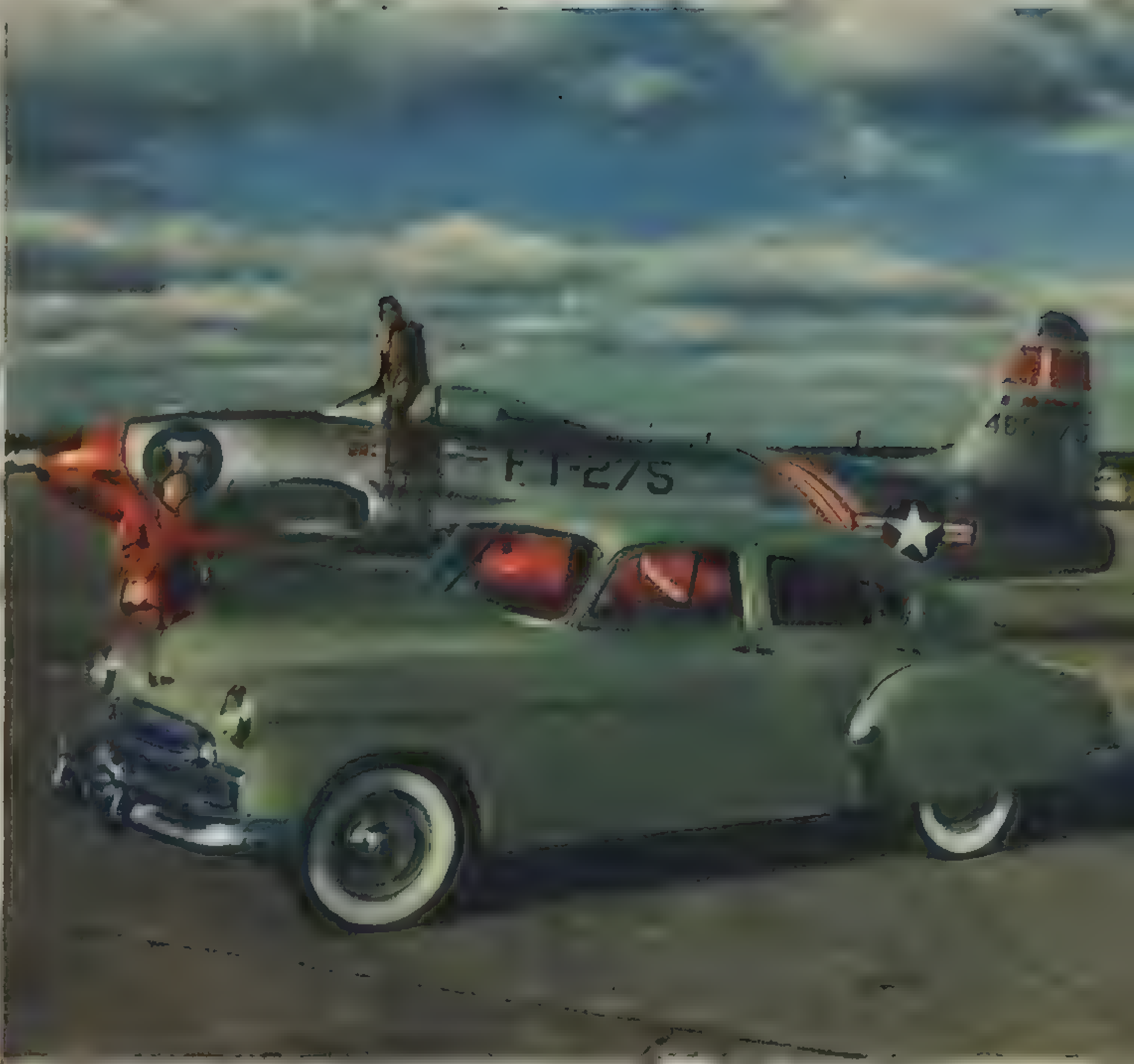
Ford Custom Fordor Sedan

Dodge Wayfarer Roadster

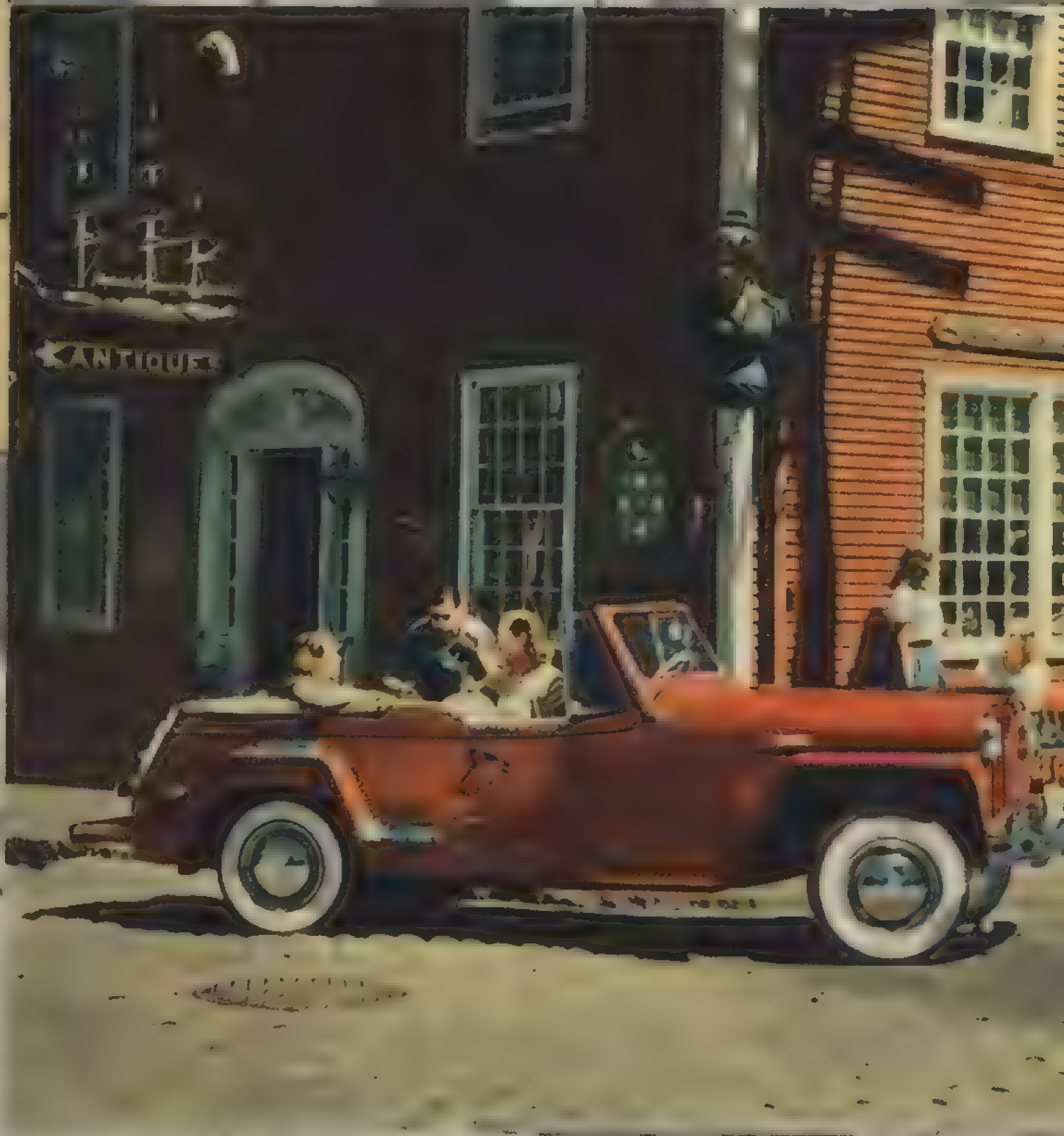


Plymouth Suburban





Chevrolet Fleetline 4-door Sedan



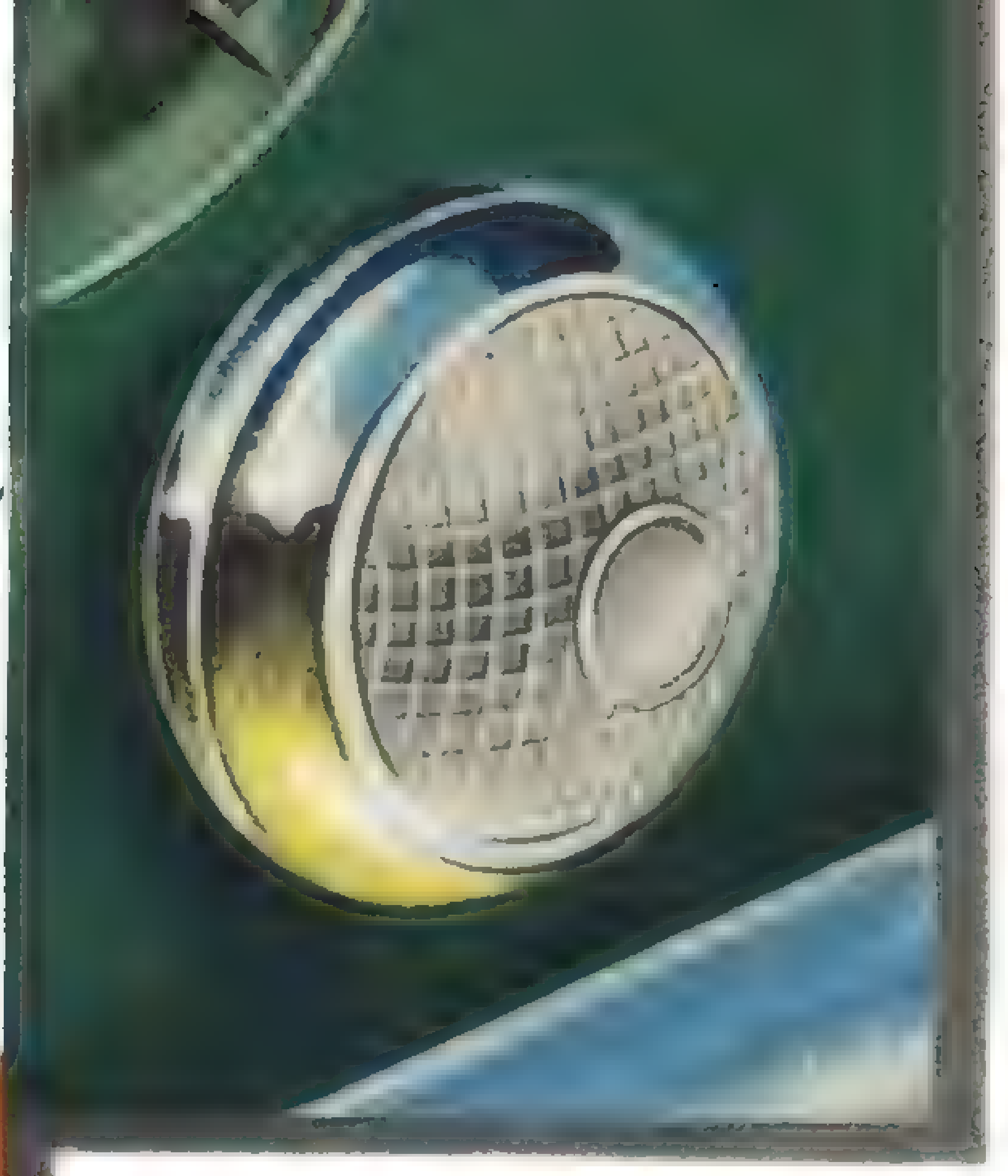
Willys-Overland Jeepster

accessories

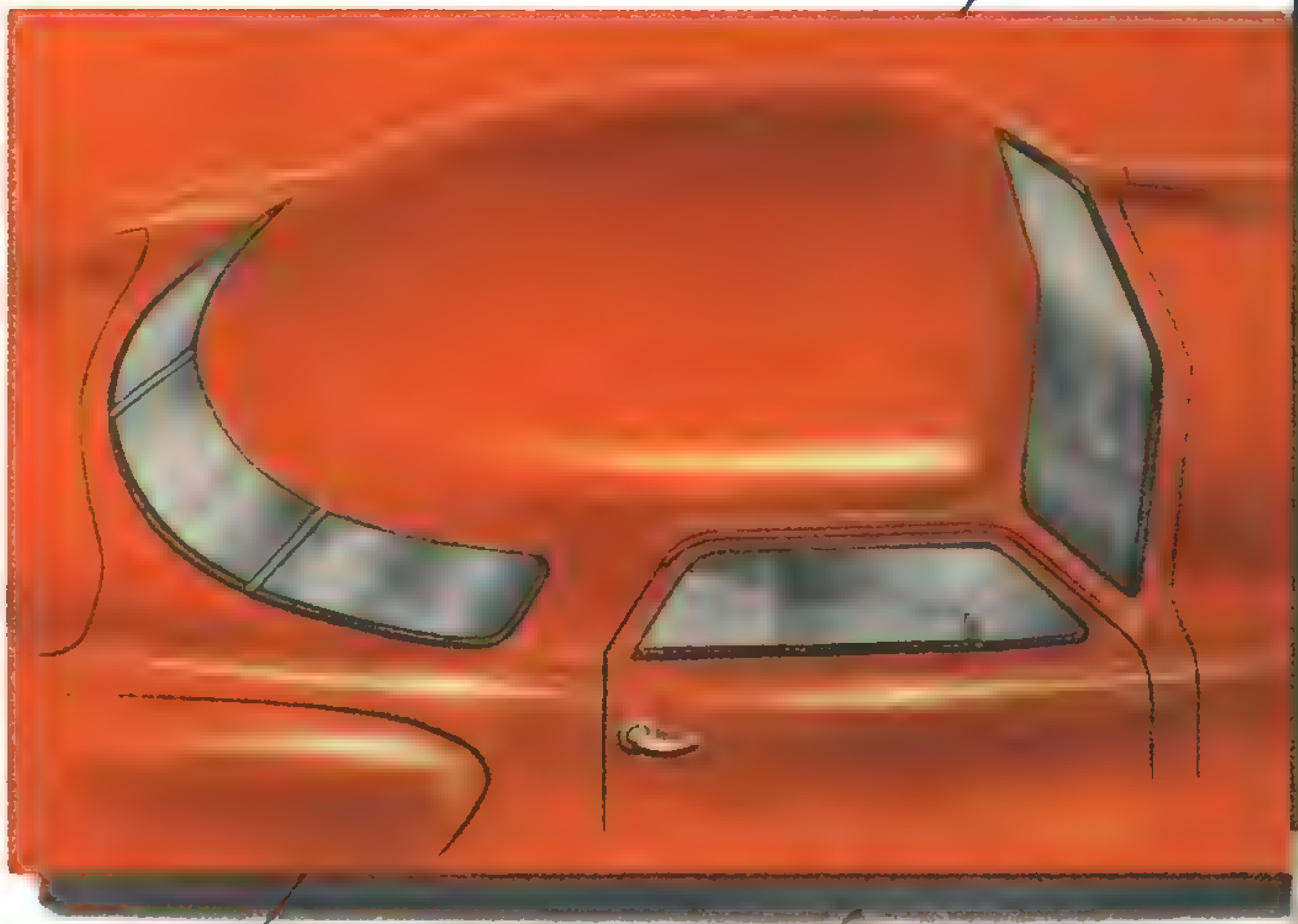
Following a well-mapped route from the picnic basket and car tray at upper left, run east past the fluorescent light, fog lenses, auto skate for easing flat tires into a garage and, above it, white metal side walls for smarter looking tires, then a rubber car fan and portable cocktail kit. Below the thermos case is an insulated food container and, swinging south, a pillow for back seat dozing, sun glasses and a fleece-lined foot warmer to go with this alpaca car robe. West from the gold watch are two pairs of binoculars, a map case, magnifier and mileage measurer for maps. The electric razor operates on a dry cell. Wise motorists will want a camera and motoring wise drivers will

carry the trouble light, tire inflator and fire extinguisher, not forgetting an altimeter and illuminated compass. When you head for open spaces, a telescope takes in wider horizons. Starting north again from the warning light is an automatic cigarette lighter, a magnetized danger signal, a metal traction strip to put under a wheel bogged down in mud and a double-faced plastic lens that warns approaching motorists of a stalled car.

what's new in today's cars

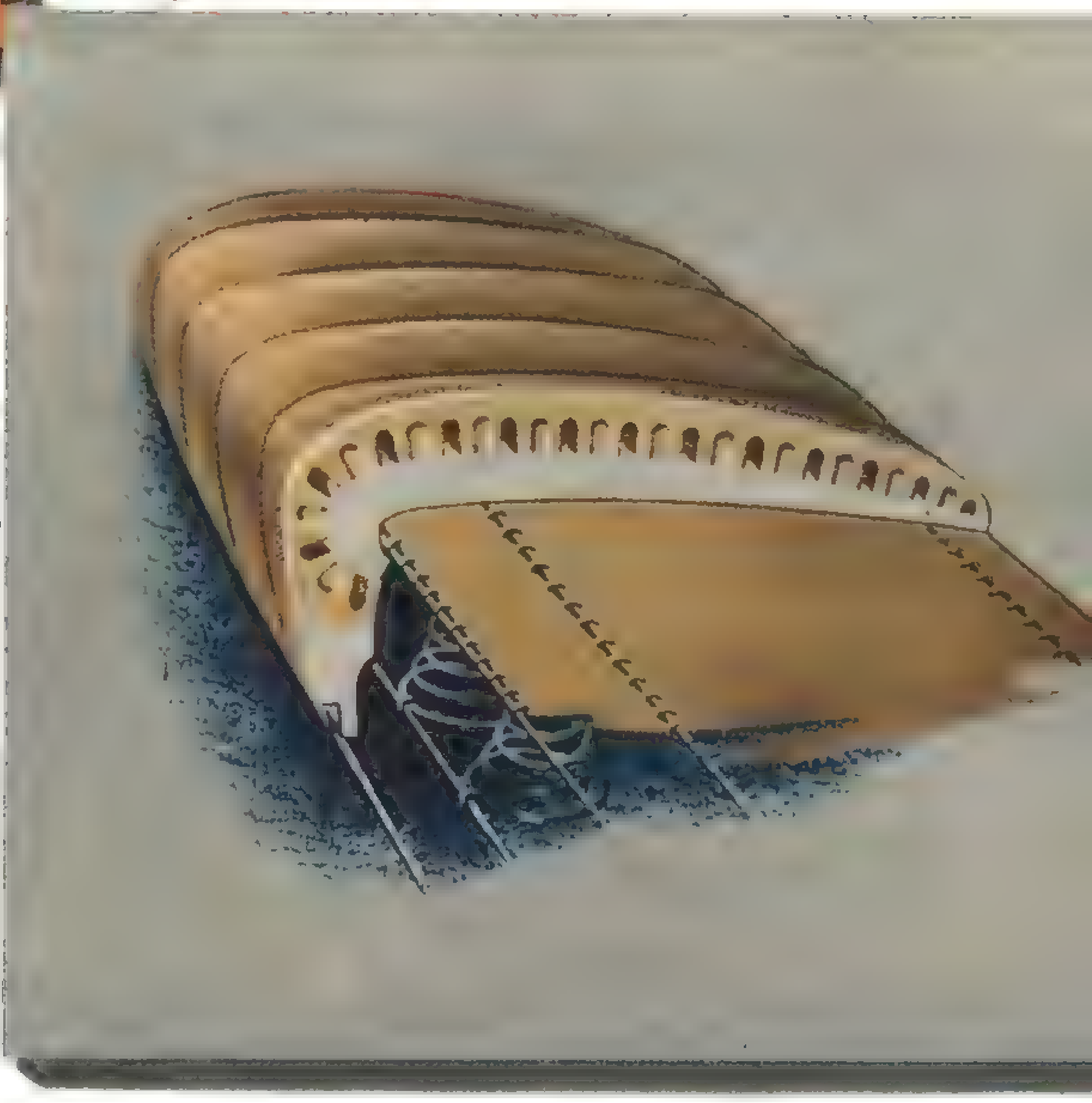


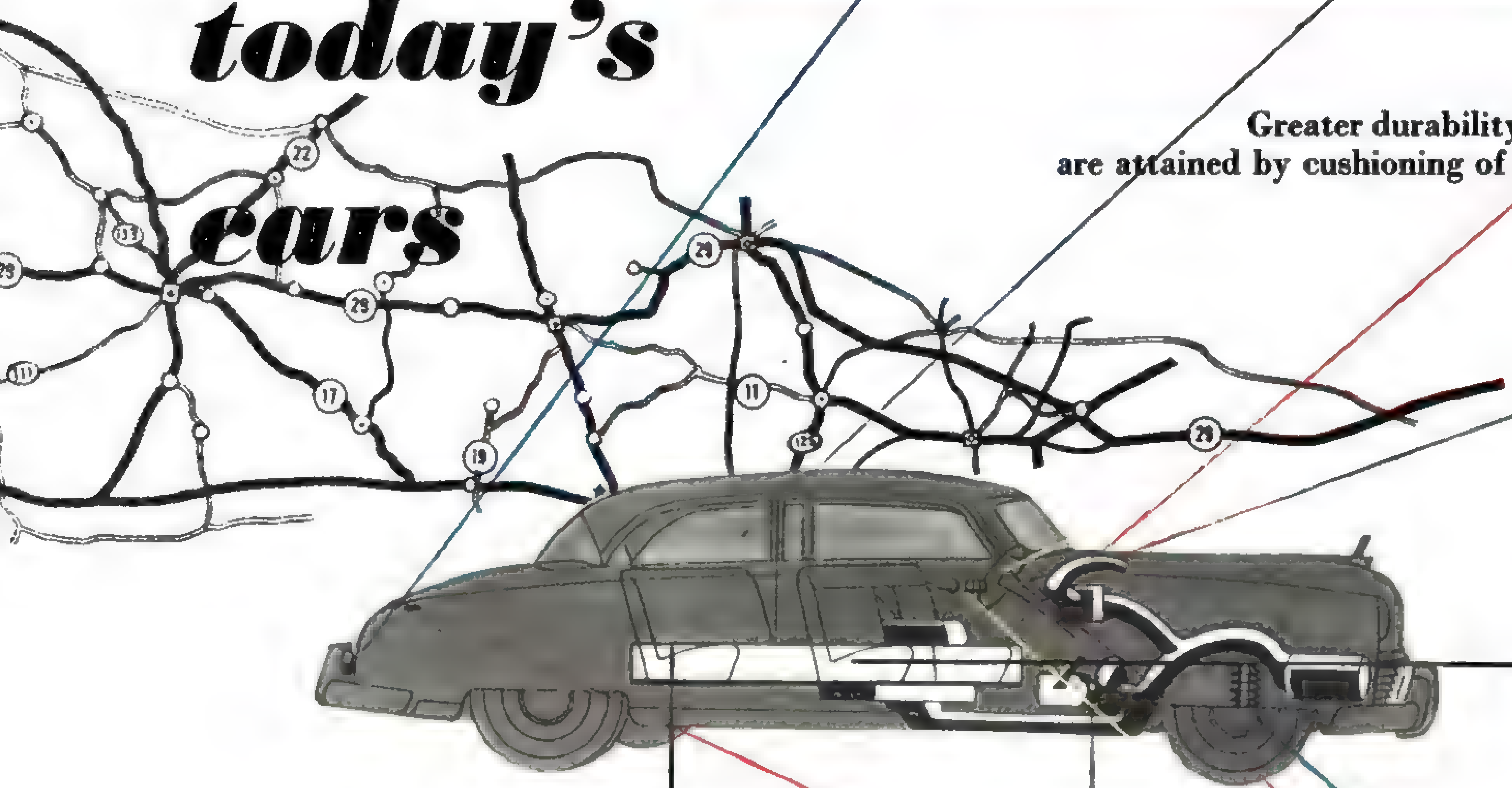
This back-up light turns on when the car is put in reverse, illuminates a 20-ft. path.



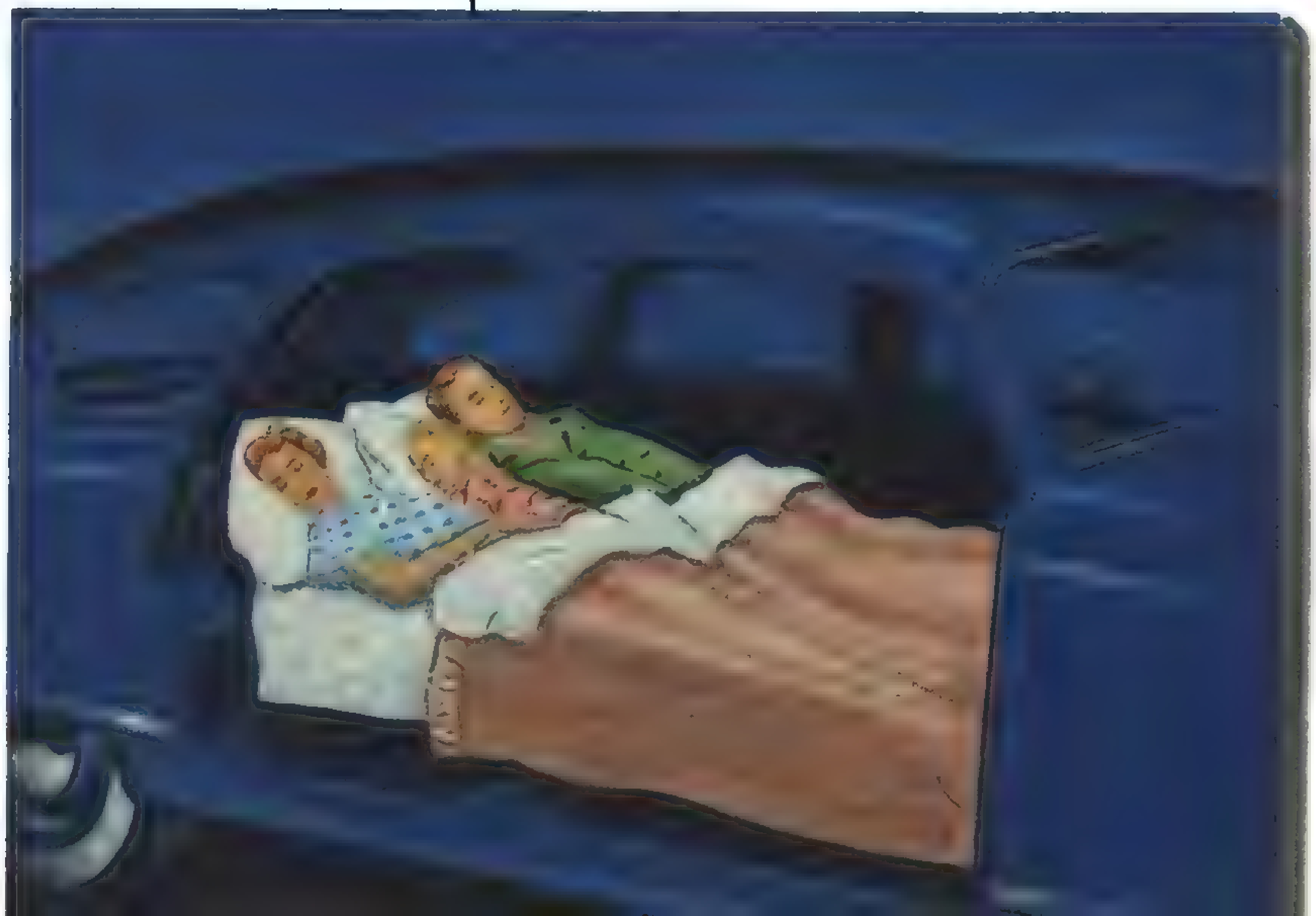
The 1949 models show a trend toward a wider and safer field of vision all the way around.

Greater durability and comfort are attained by cushioning of foam rubber.

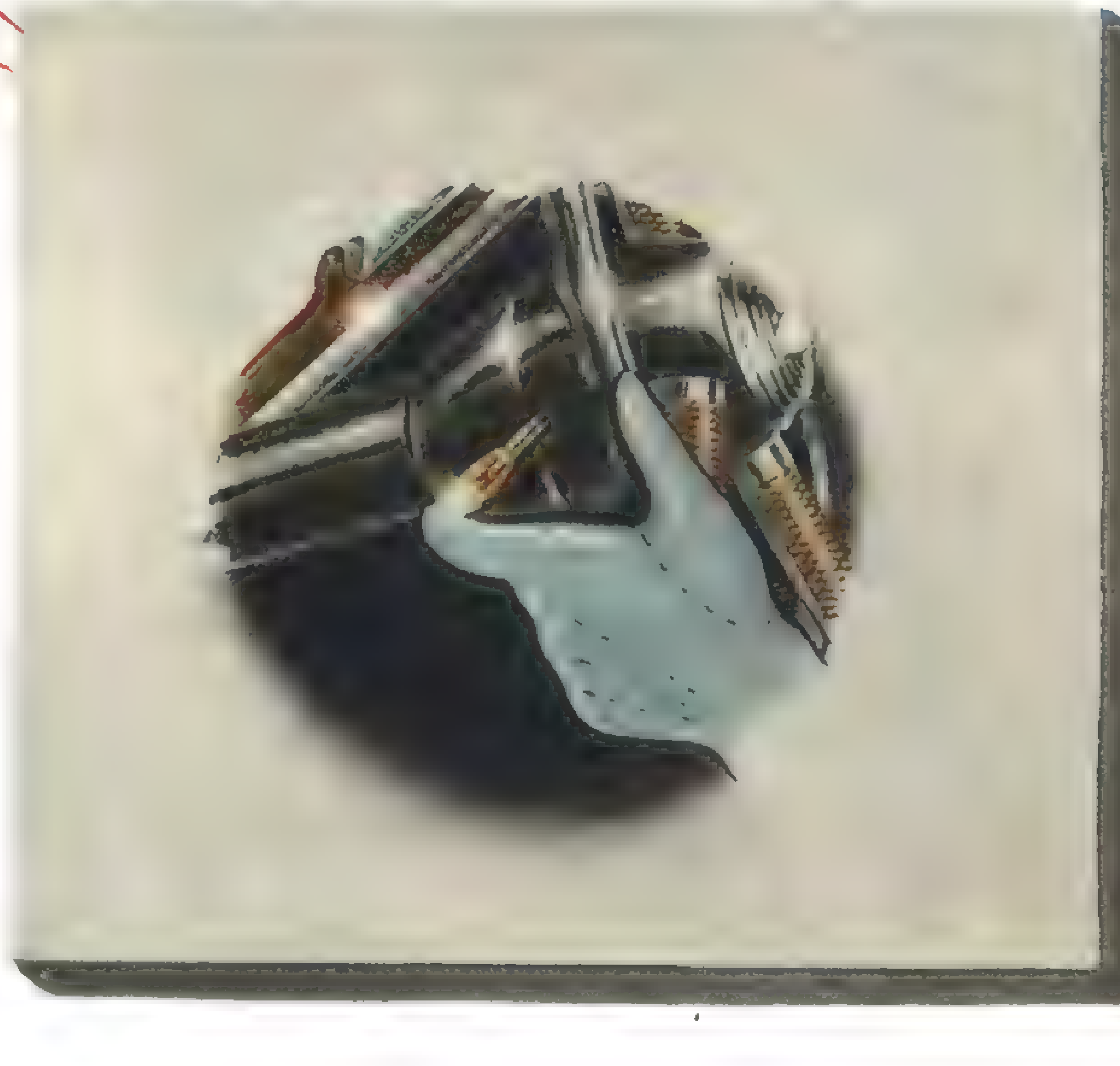


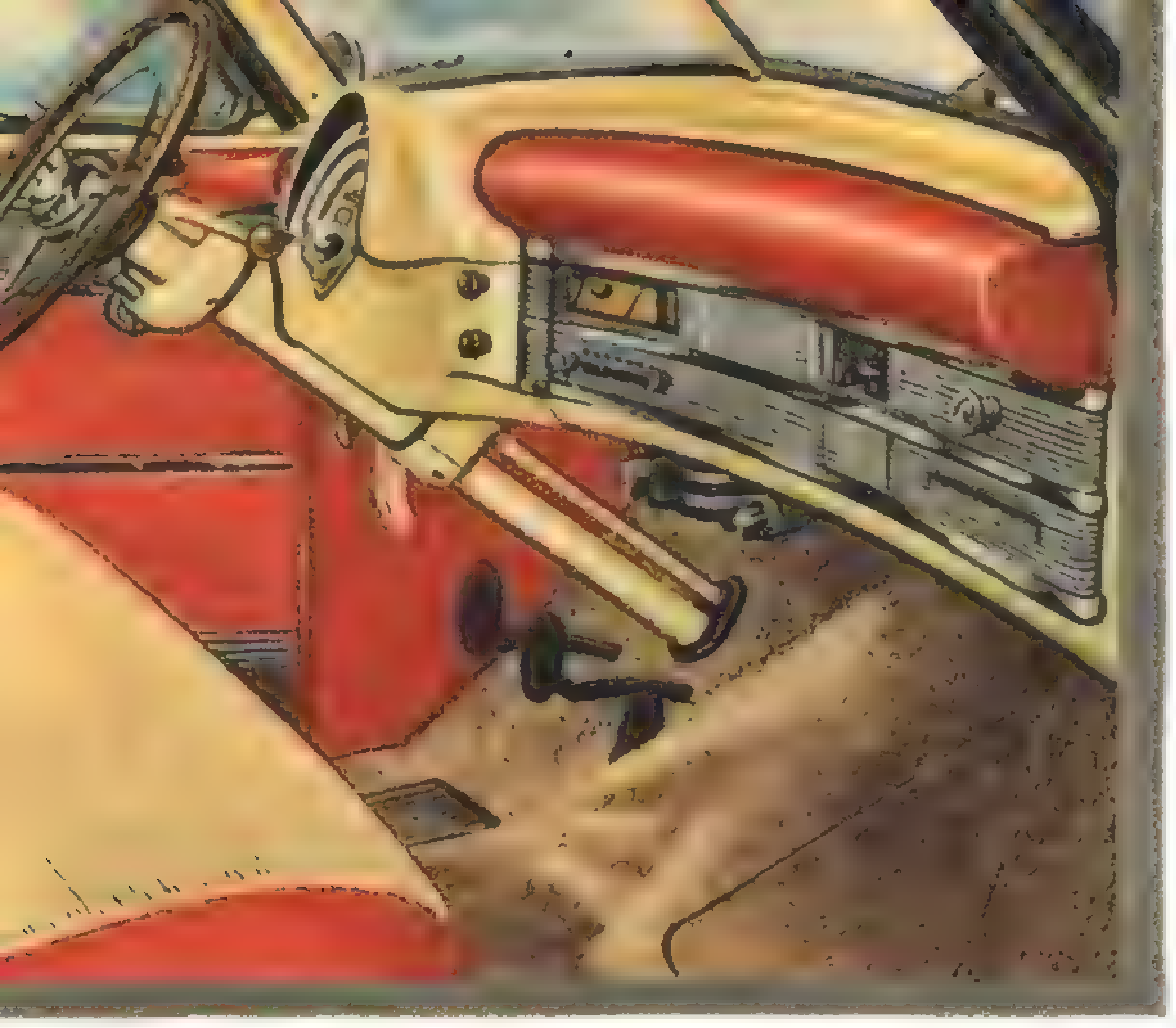


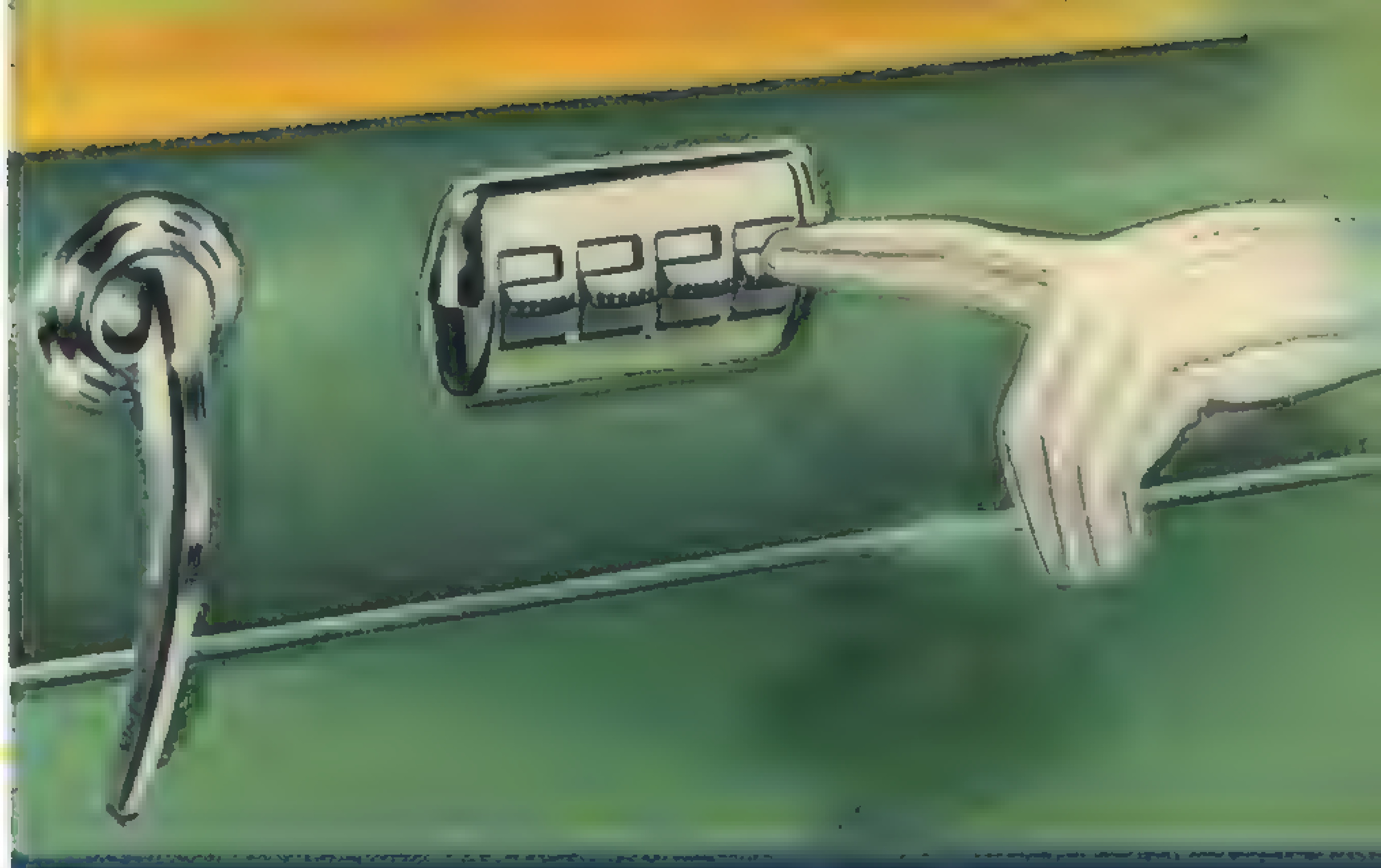
In one car the backs of the front seats turn down at the flick of a lever to make a spacious double bed.



A directional indicator flashes tail and parking lamps as a turn warning to the cars behind.

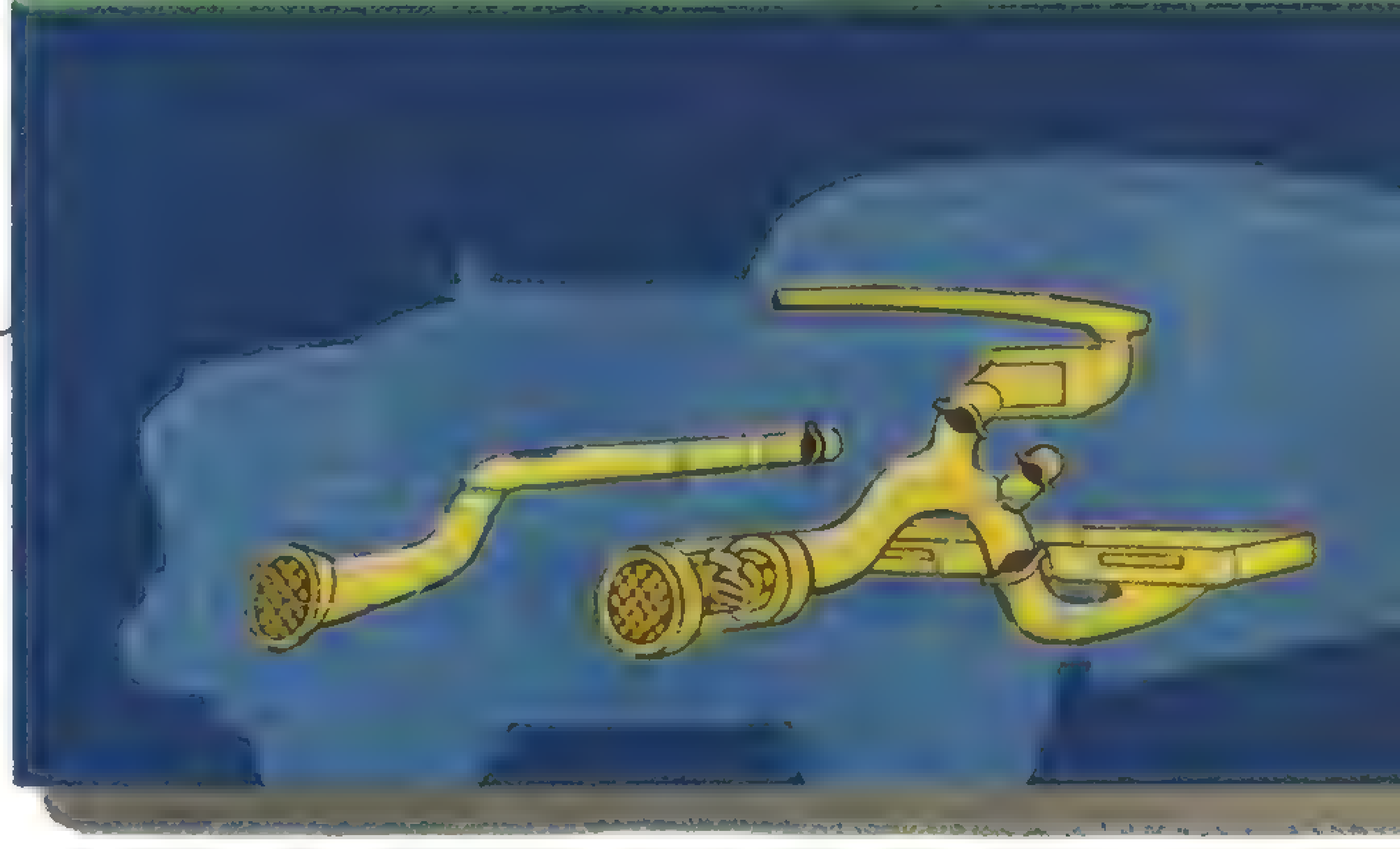






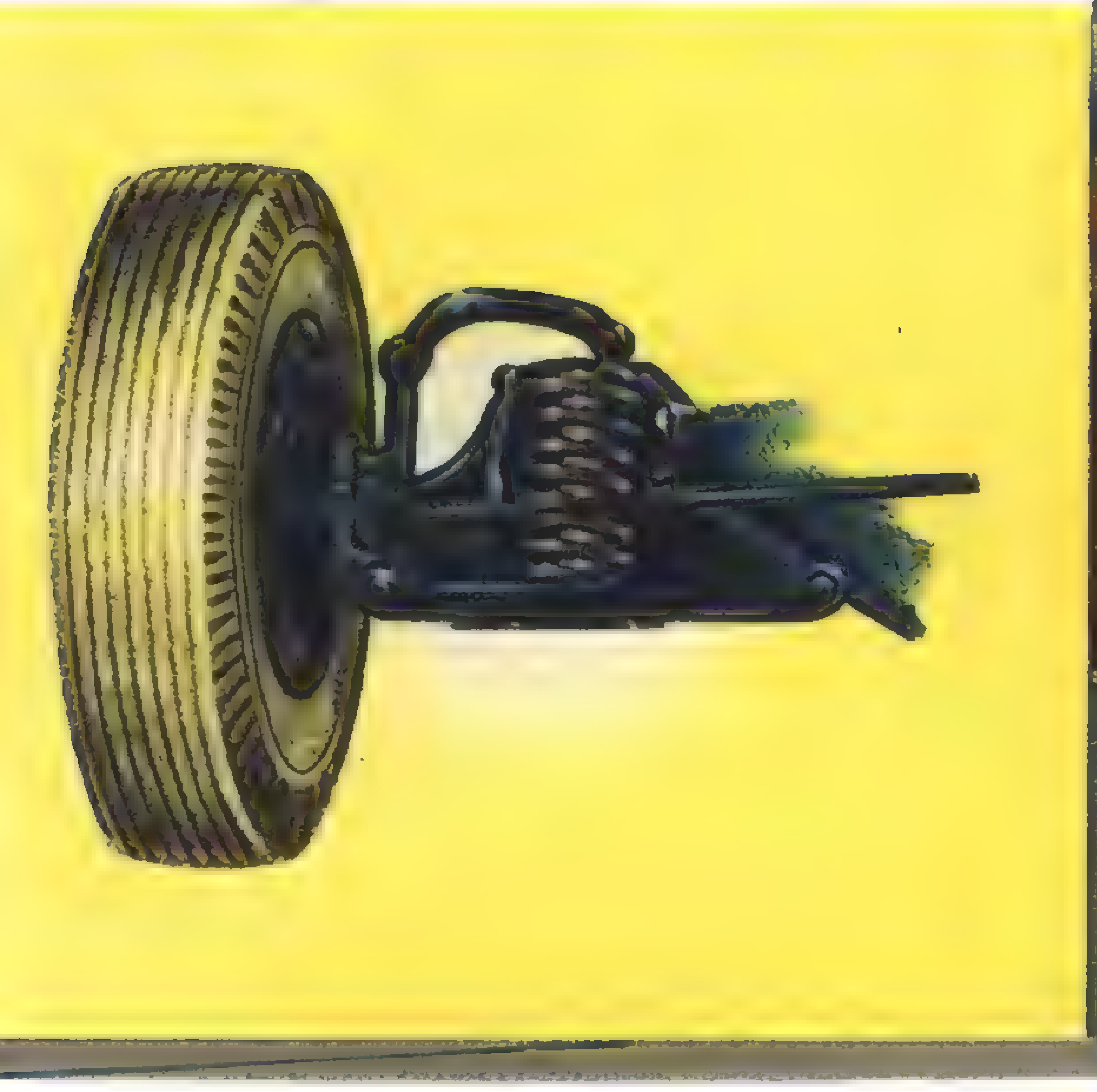
Convertible tops, windows and front seats are hydraulically operated.

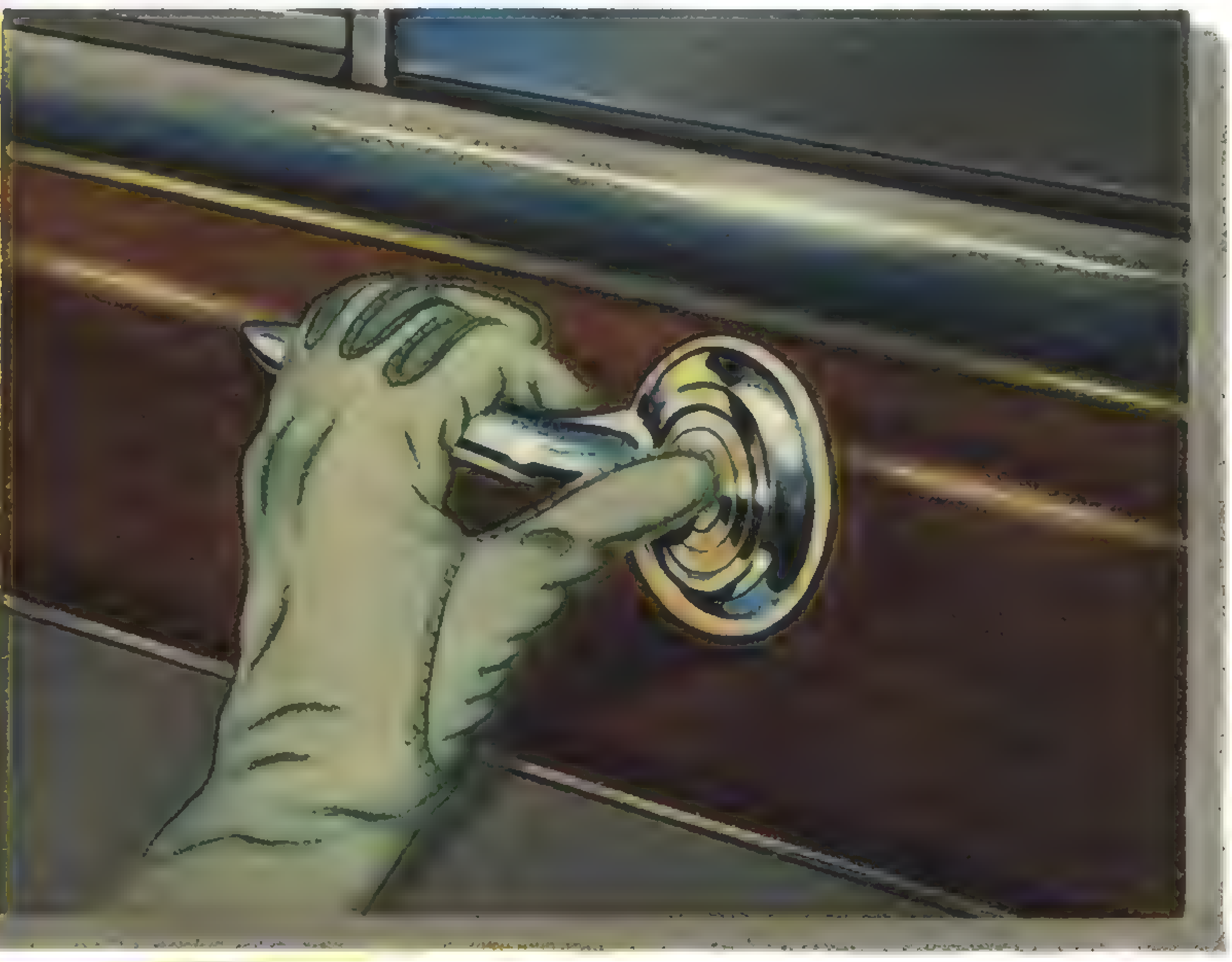
Air-conditioning distributes heat or fresh air throughout the car.



This dashboard has been cushioned for safety and recessed sufficiently to allow the longest of legs to be crossed.

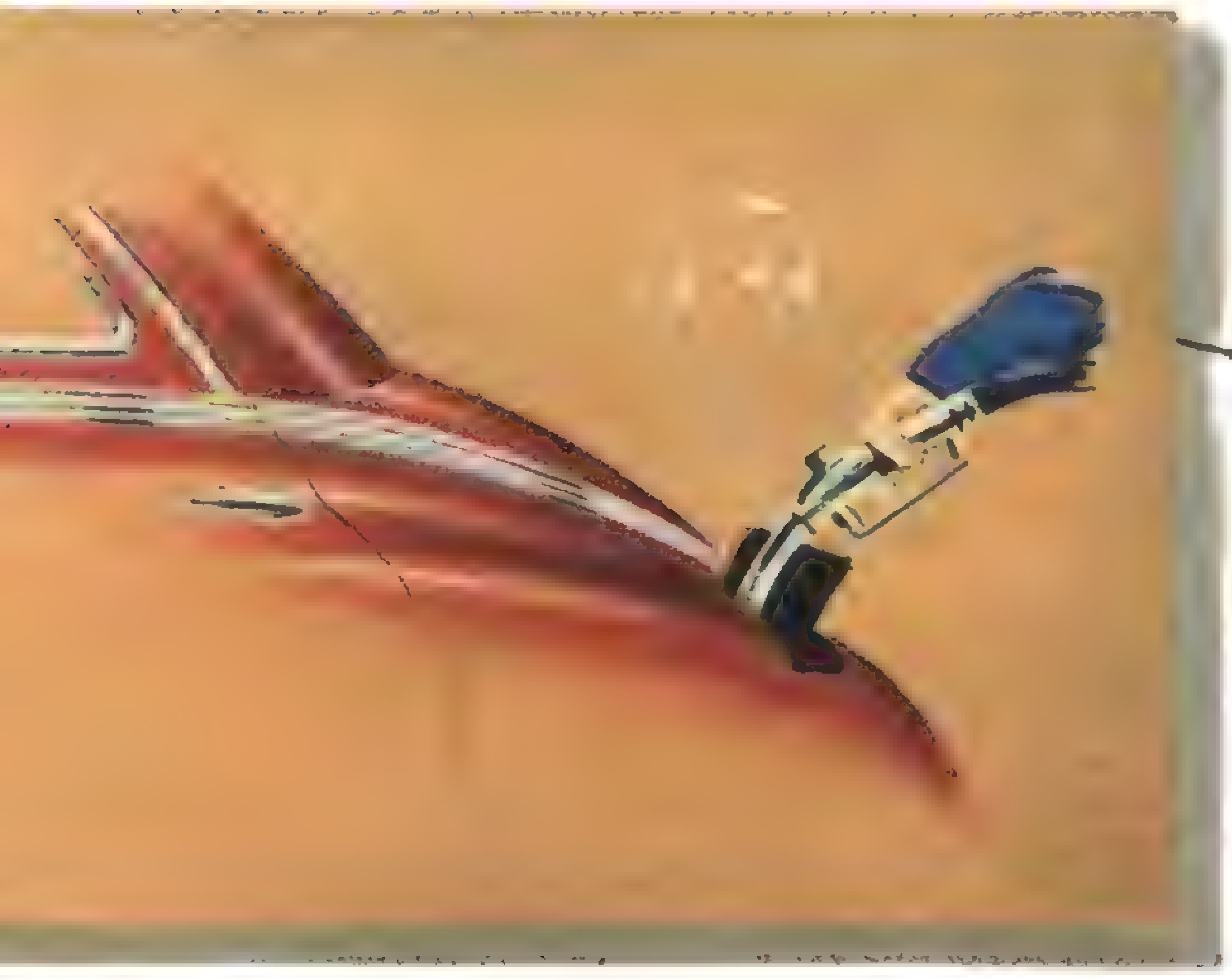
Improved suspension along with low pressure tires gives 1949 passengers a smoother, more comfortable ride.

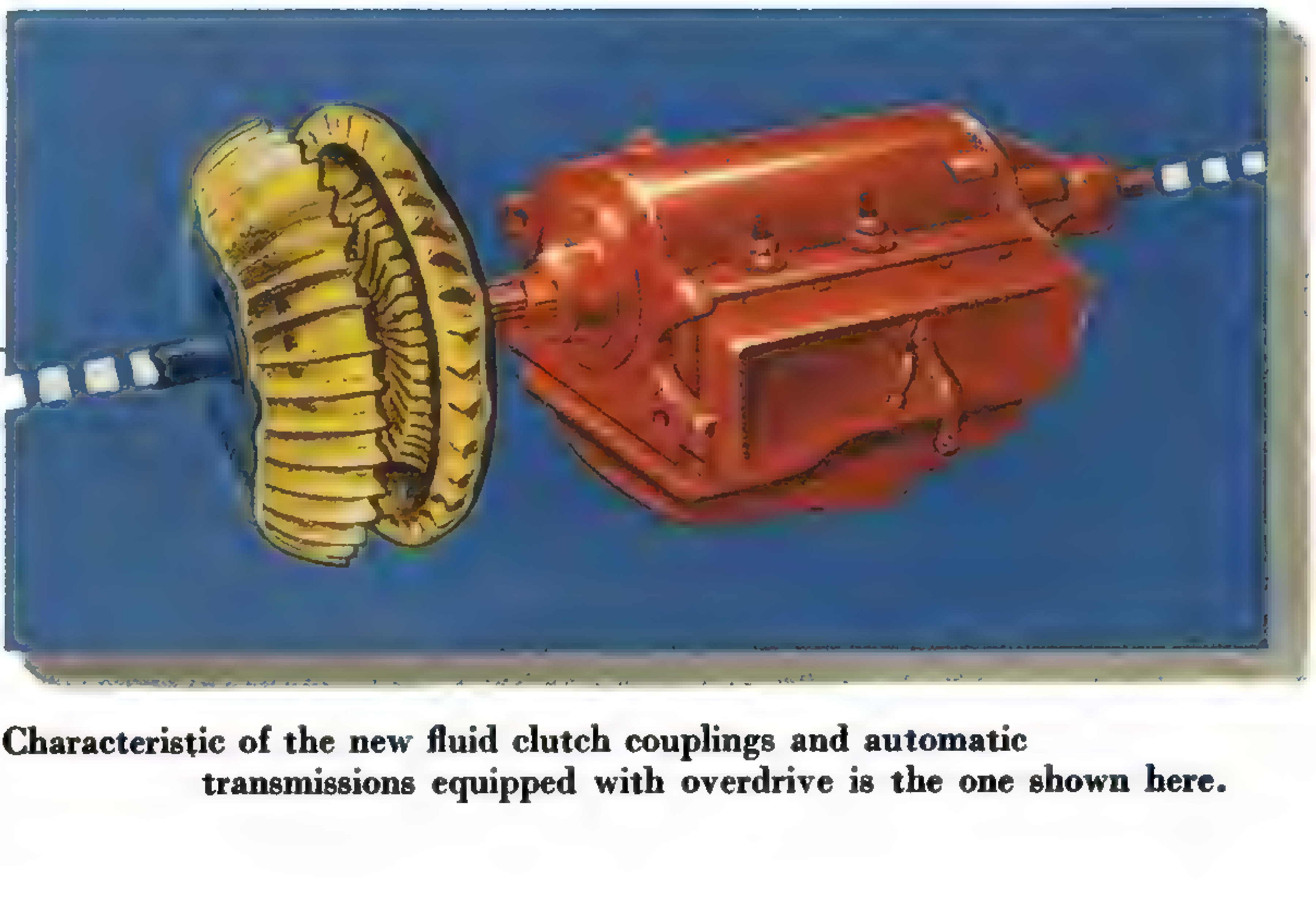




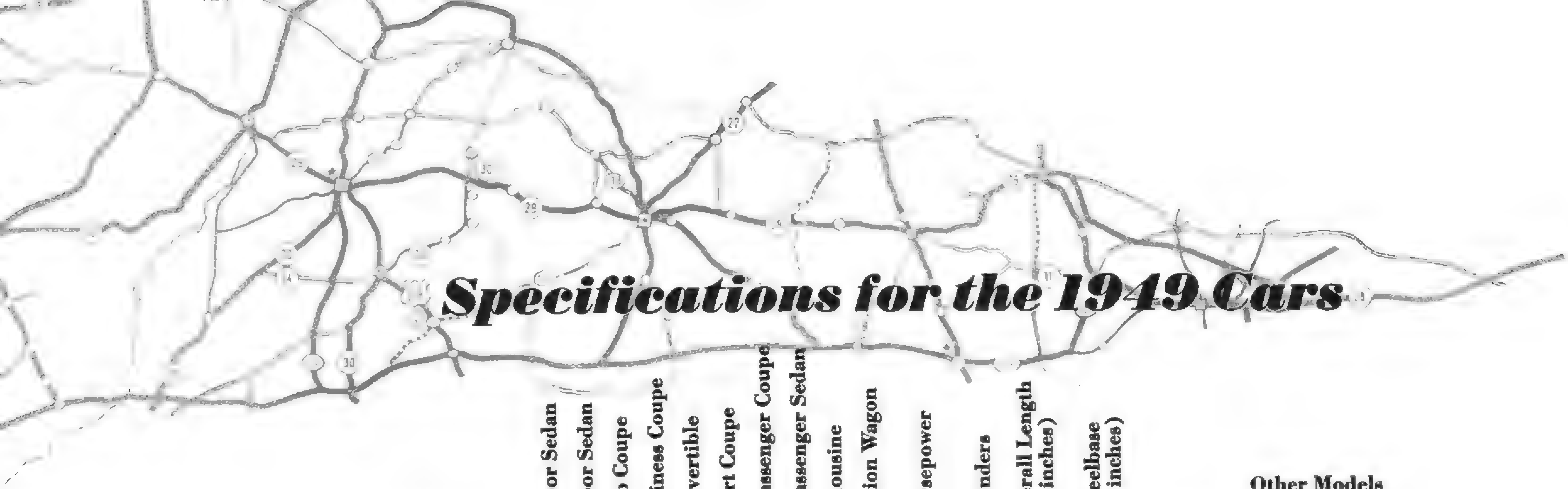
Push-button door releases remove the hazards of accidental openings or ripped clothing.

A musical gas tank saves wasted gas by whistling to the attendant until the tank is almost full.





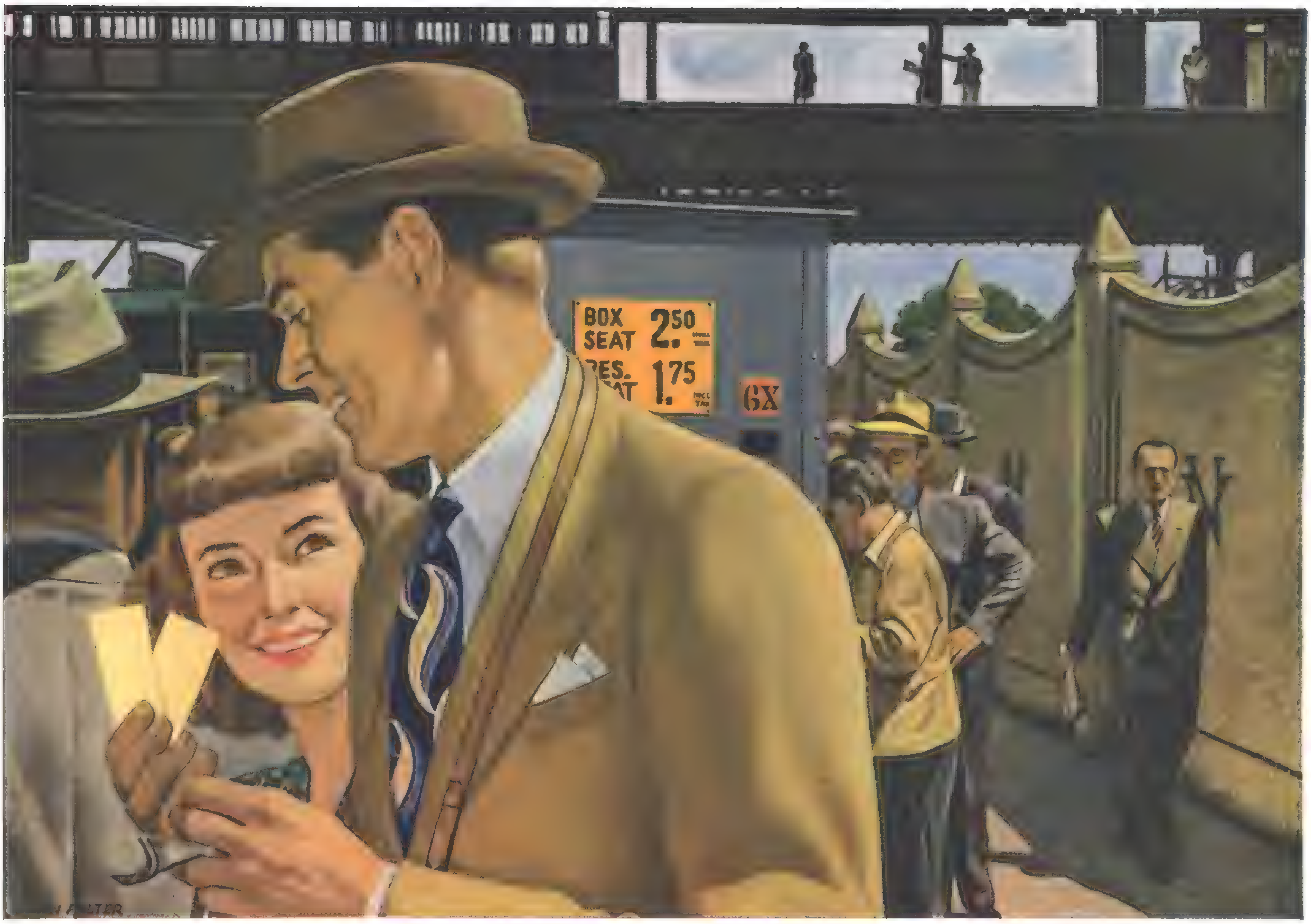
Characteristic of the new fluid clutch couplings and automatic transmissions equipped with overdrive is the one shown here.



Specifications for the 1949 Cars

		4-door Sedan	2-door Sedan	Club Coupe	Business Coupe	Convertible	Sport Coupe	3-Passenger Coupe	7-Passenger Sedan	Limousine	Station Wagon	Horsepower	Cylinders	Overall Length (in inches)	Wheelbase (in inches)	Other Models
AUSTIN	A "40" Dorset		✓									40	4	153	93	Sheerline sedan with 110 H.P., 6 cyl., wheelbase—119", overall length—192".
	A "40" Devon	✓										40	4	153	93	
	A "90" Atlantic					✓						90	4	177	96	
BUICK	Super Series "50"	✓	✓			✓						115	8	210	121	Estate Wagon in both Series; Riviera in Roadmaster
	Roadmaster Series "70"	✓	✓			✓						155	8	215	126	
CADILLAC	Series "61"	✓		✓								160	8	215	126	5- and 7-passenger sedans, 7-passenger Imperial in Series "75"
	Series "62"	✓		✓		✓						160	8	215	126	
	Series "60"	✓										160	8	227	133	
	Series "75"	✓							✓			160	8	226	136	
CHEVROLET	Styleline Special	✓	✓		✓							90	6	197	115	
	Styleline Deluxe	✓	✓			✓	✓				✓	90	6	197	115	
	Fleetline Special	✓	✓									90	6	197	115	
	Fleetline Deluxe	✓	✓									90	6	197	115	
CHRYSLER	Royal "6"	✓		✓					✓		✓	116	6	204	126	Town and Country Convertible and Club Coupes in New Yorker "8"
	Windsor "6"	✓		✓		✓			✓	✓		116	6	204	126	
	Saratoga "8"	✓		✓								135	8	210	132	
	New Yorker "8"	✓		✓		✓						135	8	210	132	
	Crown Imperial "8"								✓	✓		135	8		146	
CROSLEY			✓			✓					✓	26.5	4	145	80	
	De Luxe		✓									26.5	4	145	80	
DESOTO	Deluxe	✓		✓					✓		✓	112	6	207	126	6-passenger Carry-All Sedan (Deluxe)
	Custom	✓		✓		✓			✓			112	6	207	126	9-passenger Suburban (Custom)
DODGE	D-29 Wayfarer		✓					✓				103	6	198	115	Wayfarer Roadster Coronet Town Sedan
	D-30 Meadowbrook	✓										103	6	204	124	
	D-30 Coronet	✓		✓		✓			✓		✓	103	6	204	124	
FORD	Six	✓	✓		✓							95	6	197	114	
	V-8	✓	✓		✓							100	8	197	114	
	Custom Six	✓	✓	✓								95	6	197	114	
	Custom V-8	✓	✓	✓		✓					✓	100	8	197	114	
FRAZER		✓										112	6	208	124	Convertible is 4-door
	Manhattan	✓				✓						112	6	208	124	
HUDSON	Super "6"	✓	✓	✓		✓		✓				121	6	208	124	
	Commodore "6"	✓		✓		✓						121	6	208	124	
	Super "8"	✓		✓								128	8	208	124	
	Commodore "8"	✓		✓		✓						128	8	208	124	
KAISER	Special	✓										100	6	207	124	Traveler, Virginian, Vagabond; Convertible is 4-door
	Deluxe	✓				✓						112	6	207	124	
LINCOLN		✓		✓								152	8	213	121	6-pass., sport sedans in both series
	Cosmopolitan	✓		✓		✓						152	8	220	125	
MERCURY		✓		✓		✓					✓	110	8	207	118	2-door 6-pass. coupe
NASH	600	✓	✓	✓								82	6	201	112	
	Ambassador	✓	✓	✓								112	6	210	121	
OLDSMOBILE	Series "76"	✓	✓	✓		✓						105	6	202	120	4-door Town sedans in Series "76", Standard and Deluxe
	Series "76" Deluxe	✓	✓	✓							✓	105	6	202	120	
	Series "88"	✓	✓	✓								135	8	202	120	
	Series "88" Deluxe	✓	✓	✓							✓	135	8	202	120	
	Series "98"	✓	✓									135	8	213	125	
	Series "98" Deluxe	✓	✓			✓						135	8	213	125	
PACKARD	Custom Eight	✓				✓						160	8	213	127	Station Sedan in Super Deluxe
	Super Deluxe Eight	✓	✓			✓			✓	✓		150	8	212	127	
	Super Eight	✓	✓									150	8	212	127	
	Deluxe Eight	✓	✓									135	8	205	120	
	Eight	✓	✓									135	8	205	120	
PLYMOUTH	Deluxe (P17)		✓					✓				97	6	*185	111	Suburban (P17) *2-Door P-17 (1) 4-Door Sedan
	Deluxe (P18)	✓		✓								97	6	(1) 192	119	
	Special Deluxe (P18)	✓		✓		✓					✓	97	6	(1) 192	119	
PONTIAC	Chieftain "6"	✓	✓		✓	✓					✓	90	6	203	120	Sedan coupe in each series
	Chieftain "8"	✓	✓		✓	✓					✓	103	8	203	120	
	Streamliner "6"	✓										90	6	203	120	
	Streamliner "8"	✓										103	8	203	120	
STUDEBAKER	Champion Deluxe	✓	✓	✓				✓				80	6	192	112	
	Champion Regal Deluxe	✓	✓	✓		✓		✓				80	6	192	112	
	Commander Deluxe	✓	✓	✓				✓				100	6	205	119	
	Commander Regal Deluxe	✓	✓	✓		✓		✓				100	6	205	119	
	Land Cruiser	✓										100	6	209	123	
WILLYS-OVERLAND	Jeepster					✓						63	4	179	104	Station Wagon, Jeep Station Sedan—70 H.P., 6 cylinders.
	Jeep Station Wagon										✓	70	4			

Esquire wishes to thank the following companies for the loan of some of the equipment photographed on the eighth and ninth pages of the automobile section: Abercrombie & Fitch Co., Lewis & Conger, and Sentry Stores Auto Accessories Co., all in New York City

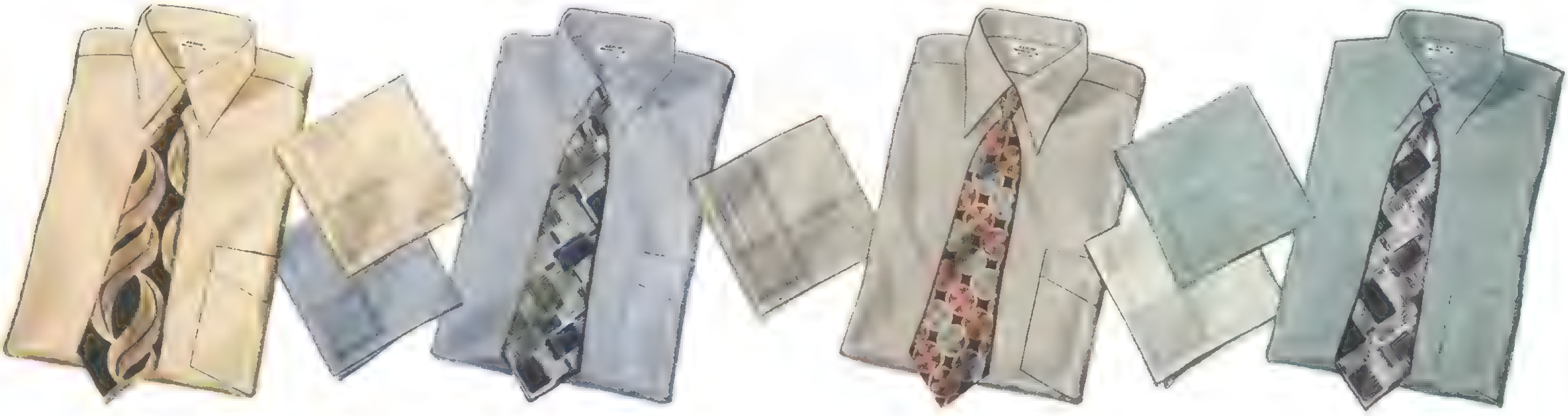


Arrow's Style of the Month

Ara Cool

In the "Merry, Merry Month of May," foresighted fellows anticipate sweltering days to come. *Cool* shirts are high on their "BUY" list and Arrow makes everything easy with this new Ara Cool ensemble! The fabric is a wonderfully *cool, featherweight* cotton in white and solid colors of blue, tan, gray, green. Ties and handkerchiefs are *teamed* to go with them!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers of Arrow Shirts • Ties • Handkerchiefs • Sports Shirts • Underwear



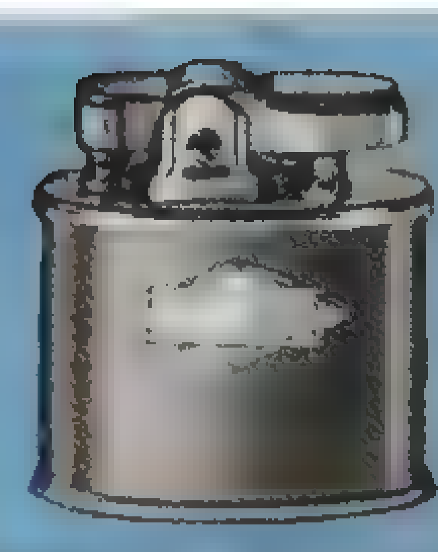
ARA COOL SHIRTS—Each boasts that *terrific,* that *can't-be-copied* Arrow Collar; MITOGA, the body-tapered fit; and is labeled *Sanforized* (fabric shrinkage less than 1%). $3.65

ARA COOL TIES—Your pick from three groups, all of rich rayon: (A) swirl patterns on Rumchunda cloth, (B) ingenious new "maze" effects in foulards, (C) "circles-within-circles" on new Sandtone cloth. $1.50

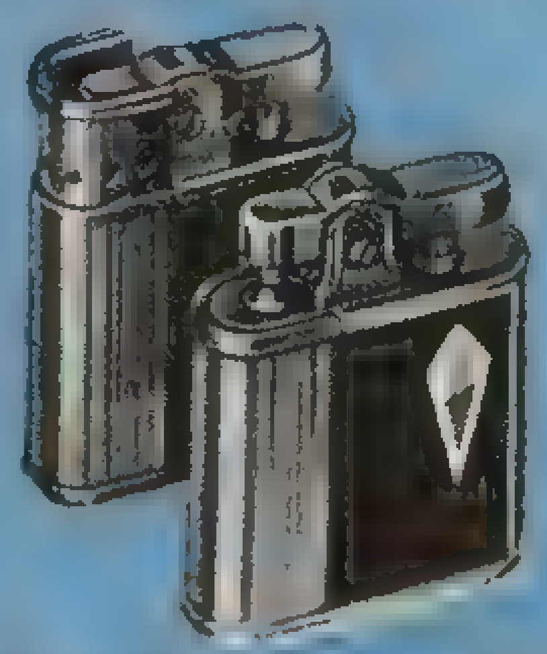
ARA COOL HANDKERCHIEFS—The ultimate touch—an Arrow Ara Cool handkerchief in your breast pocket! The *complete* outfit will put you in a class by yourself (except for *other* Ara Cool ensemble men!) 65¢

ARROW *Ara Cool* *SHIRTS*
TIES • HANDKERCHIEFS

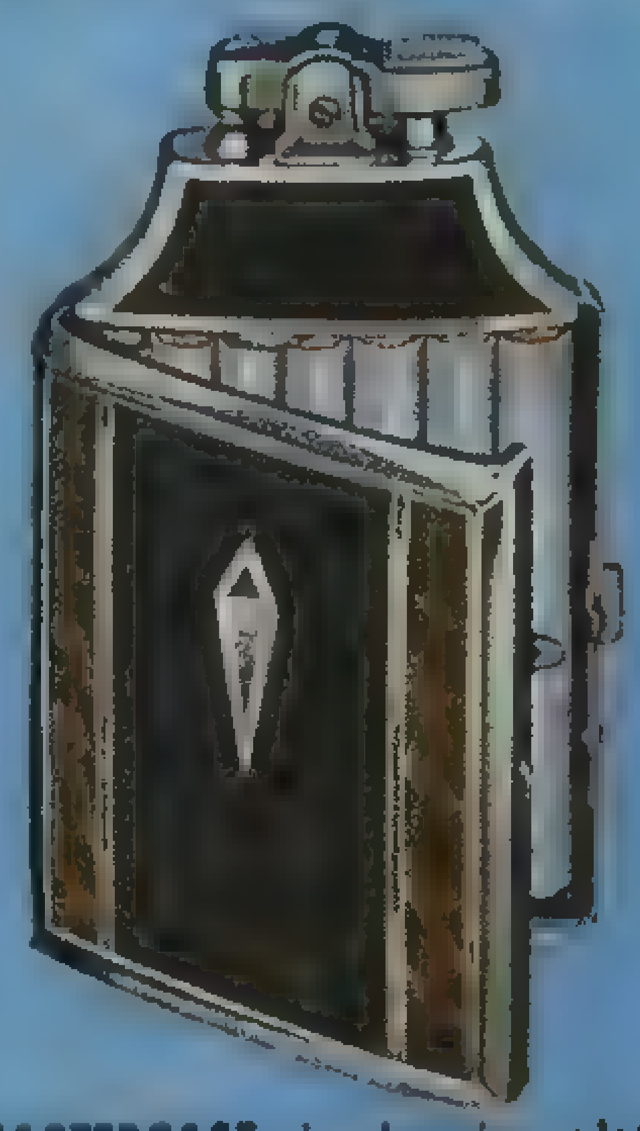
Arrow-Mitoga-Sanforized: Reg. Trade-marks



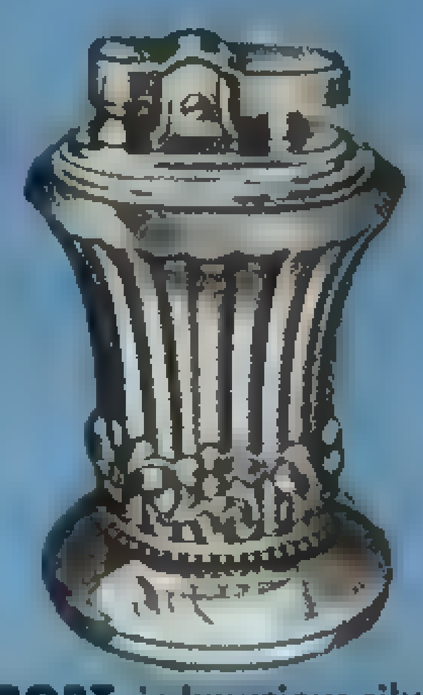
STANDARD, in satin chromium finish, $6.00. Other finishes from $6.50 to $7.50.



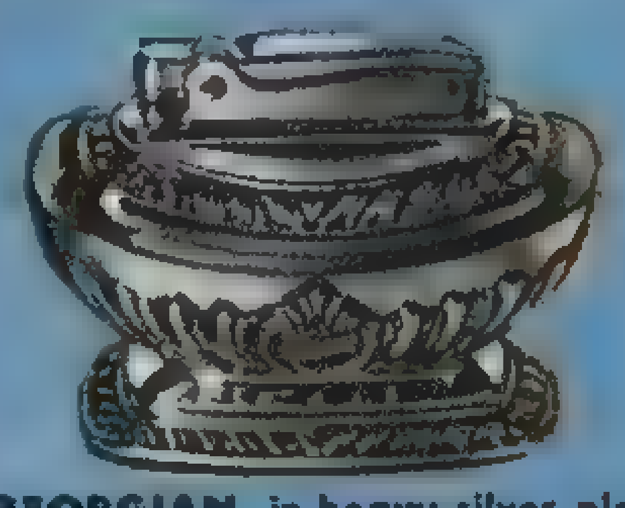
WHIRLWIND, in chromium plate with enamel, $9.00 Other finishes from $7.50 to $9.00.



MASTERCASE, in chromium plate with enamel, $12.50. Other finishes from $10.00 to $12.50.

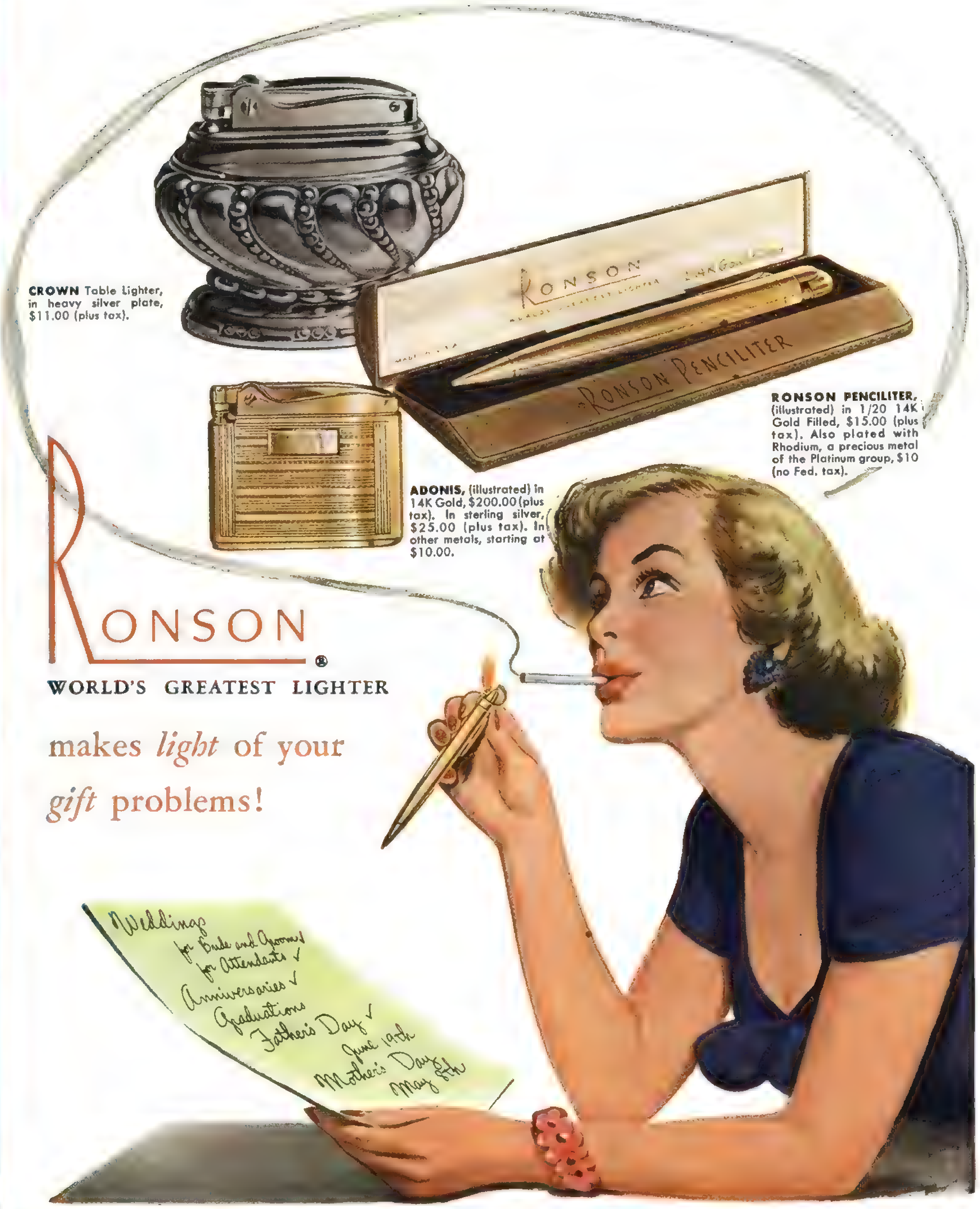


NEWPORT, in luxurious silver plate, $9.00 (plus tax).



GEORGIAN, in heavy silver plate, $12.50 (plus tax).

Be sure it's really a Ronson, not just an imitation.



CROWN Table Lighter, in heavy silver plate, $11.00 (plus tax).

RONSON PENCILITER, (illustrated) in 1/20 14K Gold Filled, $15.00 (plus tax). Also plated with Rhodium, a precious metal of the Platinum group, $10 (no Fed. tax).

ADONIS, (illustrated) in 14K Gold, $200.00 (plus tax). In sterling silver, $25.00 (plus tax). In other metals, starting at $10.00.

RONSON®

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

makes *light* of your *gift* problems!

All models shown in reduced size.

See these and other handsome Ronsons at your favorite dealer.

FOR POCKET OR HANDBAG • *FOR EVERY TABLE AND DESK* • *FOR EVERY SMOKER WHO writes*

★ Ronsons are indeed *present*-day gifts—practical, beautiful! From the trim pocket models to the gleaming, silver-plated table lighters and the sleek, new Penciliter (which lights *and* writes) . . . each is precision-made for a lifetime of use—perfect to give or receive.

PRESS, IT'S LIT! . . . RELEASE, IT'S OUT!

Safely out the instant you lift your finger!

RONSON®

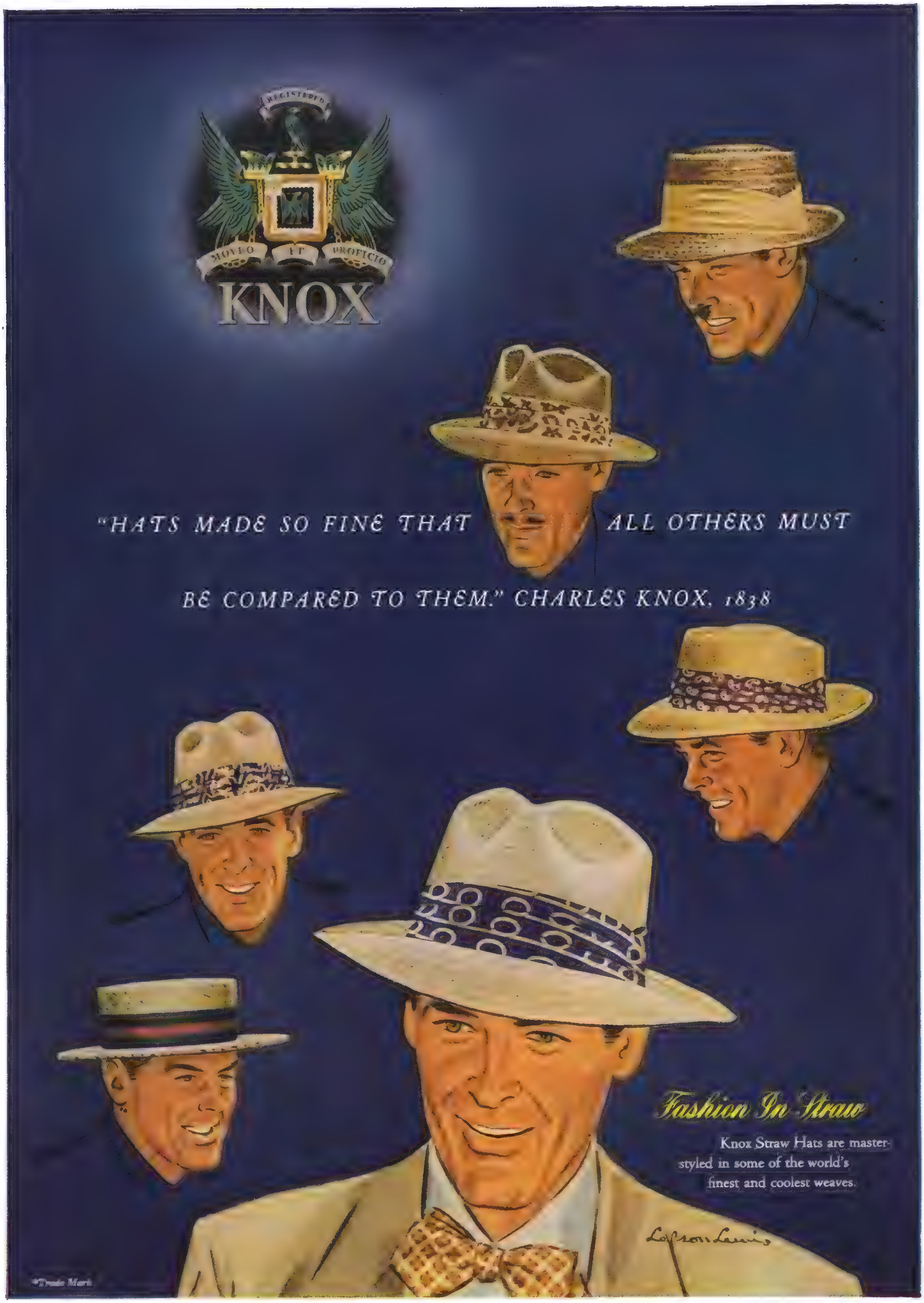
means WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

NEWARK, N. J.
TORONTO, ONT.
LONDON, ENG.

FUN...EXCITEMENT...Tune in on Ronson's "20 Questions" Saturday nights (Pacific Coast, Sunday nights), Mutual Network.

HEAR RONSON'S "JOHNNY DESMOND SHOW" with the songs you love, every Sunday night, Mutual Network.

RONSON now on TELEVISION in many principal cities.



"HATS MADE SO FINE THAT ALL OTHERS MUST BE COMPARED TO THEM." CHARLES KNOX, 1838

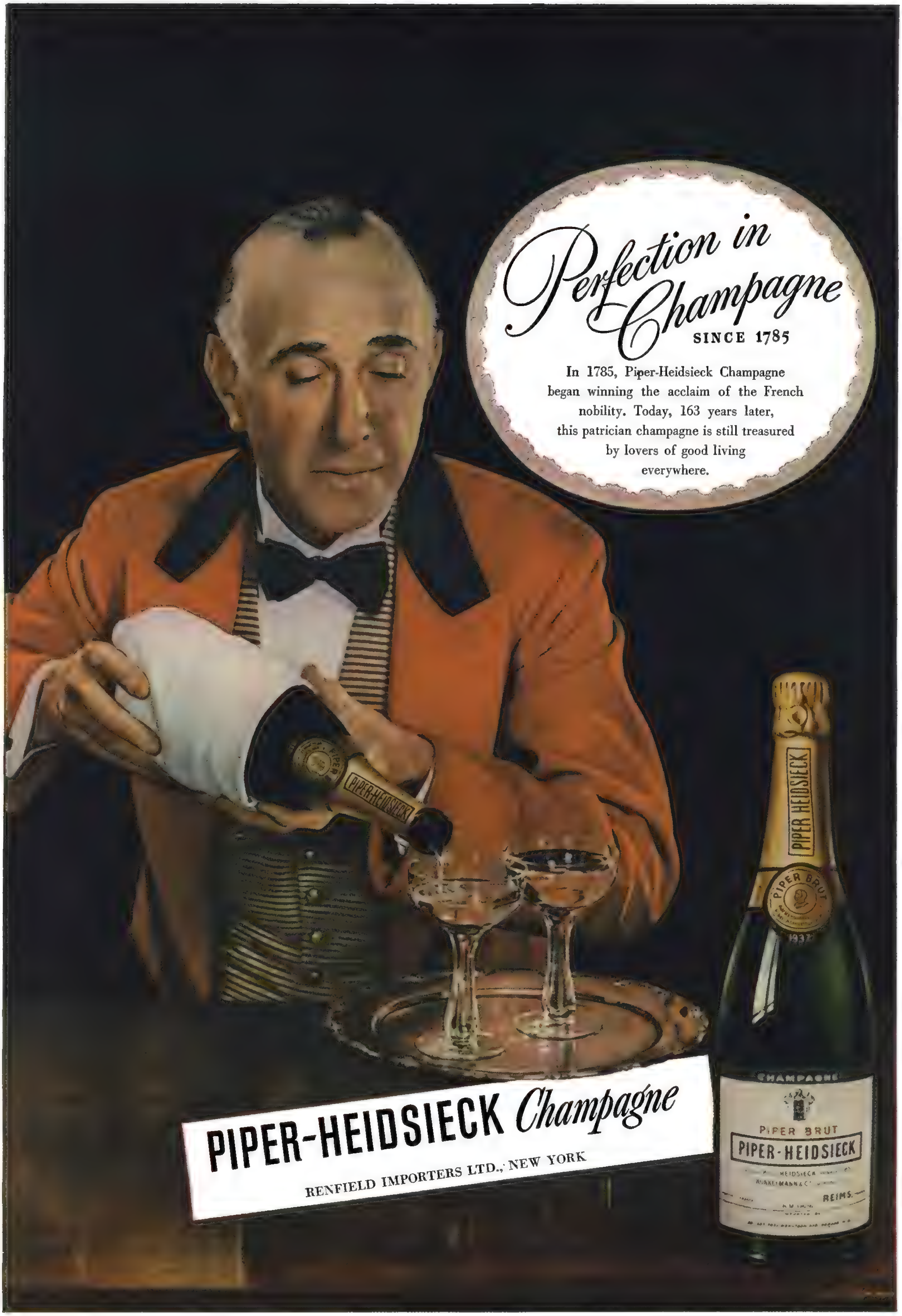
Fashion In Straw

Knox Straw Hats are master-styled in some of the world's finest and coolest weaves.

*Trade Mark

Knox Summer Headwear shown above are: (top) the "Coconut," $5.00; (left, below) the "Milan," $10.00 and $15.00; (right, below) the "Hanoki," $7.50; (far left, below) the "Baku," $10.00; (bottom, left) the "Bar Harbor" Sailor, $7.50; (bottom, middle) the "Florentine," $7.50 to $20.00.*

KNOX THE HATTER, 452 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • NOW BEING SHOWN BY YOUR KNOX DEALER


PIPER-HEIDSIECK
PIPER-HEIDSIECK
PIPER BRUT
1937
CHAMPAGNE
PIPER BRUT
PIPER-HEIDSIECK
HEIDSIECK
REIMS

Perfection in Champagne

SINCE 1785

In 1785, Piper-Heidsieck Champagne began winning the acclaim of the French nobility. Today, 163 years later, this patrician champagne is still treasured by lovers of good living everywhere.

PIPER-HEIDSIECK *Champagne*

RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK

Tell Me, Pretty Baby

Some secrets—like murder, maybe—are too big for a husband and wife

by SYLVIA PASCHE

It is almost eight years now since I killed Madeline, my first wife. It was a pretty horrible business, I suppose, but in spite of the blood, which was the first spilled human blood I had seen, and the gashed skull, and the finality of that deadness of the body, after I had done it I felt fine. I was satisfied as Madeline had never satisfied me. I walked out into the morning sun and went to work raking up leaves on the lawn. I had no desire to chop wood or do anything violent.

They arrested me, of course. I expected it, not because of the evidence against me, but because they always seem to arrest husbands in such cases. In other words, I knew I would be arrested, not because of what I had done, but because of police habits. So it didn't touch me. The one thing I kept in mind was that so far as they were concerned I had not done it. I kept that in mind too when, while I was burning the leaves and rubbish behind the house, that woman rang the doorbell. I went around to the front to see who it was and, since she was a friend of Madeline's, I let her in, knowing that now it would be discovered. But, so far as she was concerned, I knew nothing of what was inside the house. Concentrating on that, it was not difficult to act as if I were seeing the body for the first time, learning that my wife had been killed. I am not a demonstrative man. It was not necessary to put on a big act. Most people are stunned in a case like that anyway. I know I would have been.

I did not have to steel myself particularly to meet the so-called tests. They took me to see the body, for instance, laid out at the undertaker's. Standing there looking down on her, with the plain-clothes men watching me like hawks, I felt tears stinging my eyes. She looked very pretty, and there was like a kindness in me toward her because she had given me, after all, that satisfaction of killing her.

One difficult moment was when Gene came to see me. He came down from Maine as soon as the story broke in the papers, and when we met he was considerably distraught. As brothers, we had always been very close.

That he would see the papers and that he would come was to be expected, so I was more or less prepared for him. Somehow I was worried lest he should simply take it for granted that I was innocent. If he had, I think I should have had to fight a strong impulse to set him straight. But he didn't. I don't know what made him think that I could have done it, because before that I myself never thought I could kill. When I stood up in my cell to meet him and we were left alone, he looked at me as if he were not at all sure and the doubt was worrying him most, and he said: "You didn't do it, Steve, did you?"

Since he had understood that it was possible, everything was all right between him and me, and I could easily fall back into the part and say, almost with irritation, "Of course not."

Then his face cleared and he put his hand on my shoulder. It might have been all right, except that then I knew I had not one secret, but two. The second one was the presence of a curtain between us which neither he nor anyone else must see. In the months that followed, when Gene gave up his practice in Maine and devoted all his time to rounding up witnesses and raising money for my defense, the only difficult thing for me was to keep acting as if we were as close as ever.

With the other it was easy. All I had to do was remember that so far as they were concerned I had not done it. I felt that all the evidence in the world could not go past that. There was plenty of evidence.

I did none of the things that a man accused of a crime is supposed to do. For one thing I did not, as the saying goes, "come clean" with my attorney. That is all very well for uncontrolled gangsters, for pathological killers who go to pieces when threatened with defeat and the chair, but I reasoned that a lawyer who knew me guilty could not defend me any better than one who was at least allowed to believe me innocent. My secret was safest with myself. I needed no vest to weep on.

For another thing, I always kept my composure and my manners. The papers made much of that, and from the comments in the popular scandal sheets—which I took to reading to get an idea of the public reaction—I gathered that it infuriated the great mass of less controlled people. But, more important, it impressed them. Small things, such as my holding doors open for my guards as we walked from my cell to the courtroom, amazed them. More important things, such as my complete calm in the face of all the testimony, set them back on their heels. My attitude became more important than the evidence. Even when the M.D. for the prosecution testified that Madeline's hair had been pulled by the roots, while the theory for the defense was that she had broken her head open falling down the stairs. Even when the same M.D. testified that

Continued on page 96

FOR LOWER SCORES

MacGregor

Gives you what you want in

GOLF CLUBS

the right "feel"

smooth stroking

...The clubs more tournament winners play

MacGregor golf equipment is played exclusively by these famous stars, members of the MacGregor Pro Advisory and Technical Staff. During the past year, MacGregor equipment was used by the winners of the U.S. Open, PGA, Western Open, Masters, North and South Open and many other top tourneys—proof that these great clubs *excel in action*.

BEN HOGAN

BYRON NELSON

JIMMY DEMARET

LOUISE SUGGS

Wood is hand selected for its grain structure and beauty.

With accurate MacGregor irons you'll play your best golf.

You're far better with a MacGregor golf ball . . . Far Better.

• Go after those lower scores with a set of the clubs made for winners! You can make no mistake with a matched set of MacGregor woods and irons. They're scientifically made by master craftsmen. Accuracy, balance and long life are built into every club. You gain the "feel," smooth stroking and confidence it takes to win. You'll take pride in playing these finer golf clubs.

If you want golf equipment to *excel in action*, MacGregor Golf Clubs and Balls *are for you*. Take a tip from the winners—visit your MacGregor Golf Headquarters today—prepare yourself for better golf.

MacGregor

THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

4861 SPRING GROVE AVE., CINCINNATI 32, OHIO

Sipped with delight
by
seven
generations
E. RÉMY MARTIN & Co
COGNAC
FINE CHAMPAGNE
V.S.E.P.
E. RÉMY MARTIN & Co
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
REG. U.S. PAT OFF
4/5 Quart
80 Proof
E. Rémy Martin & Co
COGNAC
Established in 1724
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY E. RÉMY MARTIN & Cº COGNAC-FRANCE
IMPORTED BY RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., NEWARK, N.J.
DISTRIBUTED BY RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.
RÉMY MARTIN

RÉMY MARTIN
Cognac

80 PROOF, RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Tell Me, Pretty Baby

Continued from page 95

the charred black stains on the metal doorstep they found in the heap of leaves I was burning that morning were bloodstains. They could not prove that they were human bloodstains. Neither could they think up a plausible motive for the murder. No one could have known what went on between Madeline and me.

My own witnesses were mainly character witnesses, and myself. The jury simply could not bring themselves to convict a man who never for one instant acted as if he were guilty. They deliberated a long time, but when I walked out of that courtroom I was a free man.

My friends and associates were there to welcome me with outstretched hands. They had believed me innocent all along, for no other reason but that men of my background, our background, do not commit that kind of a crime. Not that a professional man of good family and blameless antecedents could not, suddenly, kill. But then it would be something clean and swift, with the immediate surrender to the police and the price paid to society. It did not occur to them that one of their number might not wish to live by their code and laws. My very behavior during the trial was proof to them that I had all those qualities of breeding, backbone and principle that would make me live by those things.

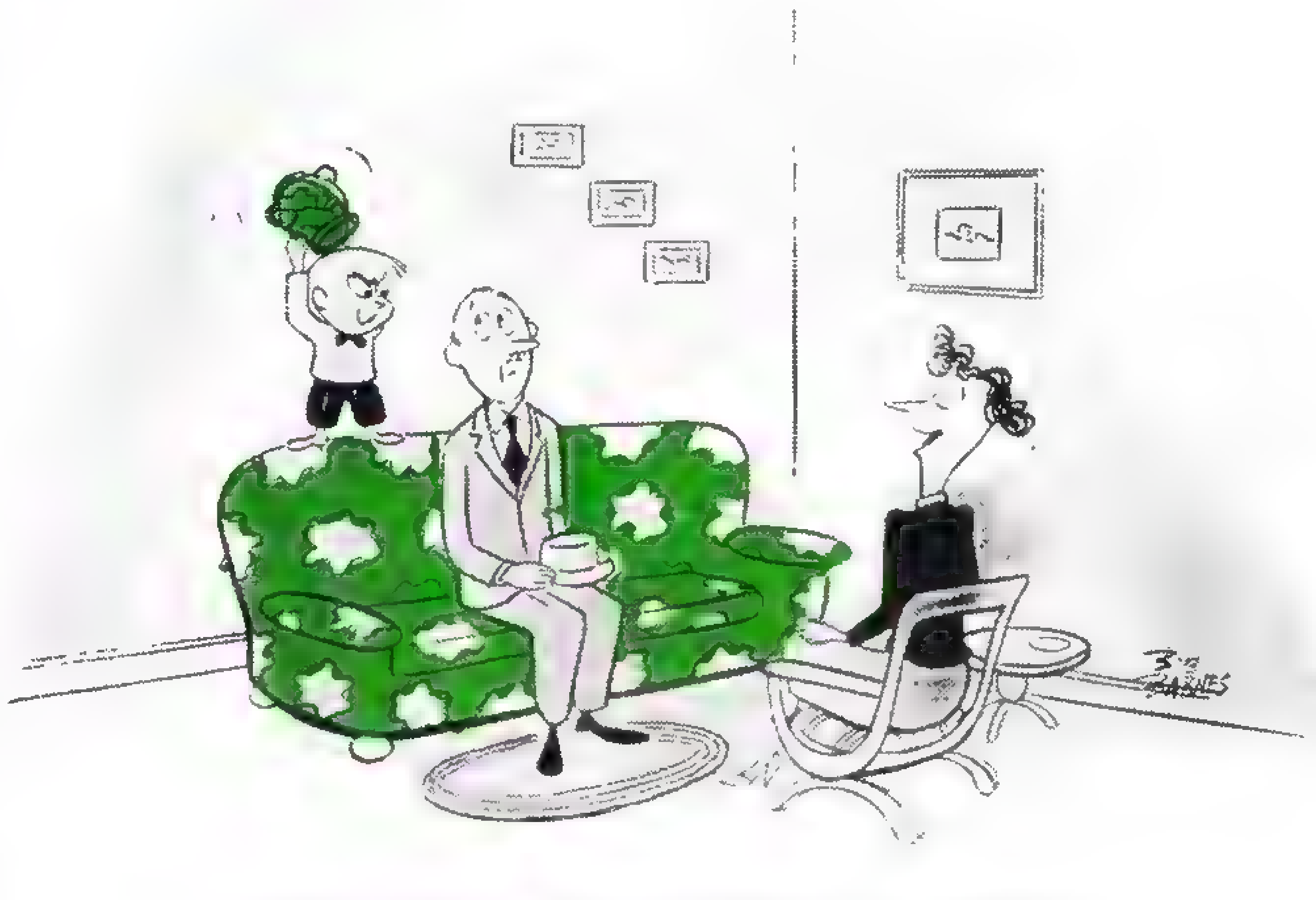
The rest of the world was not so sure. With my face known to every man, woman and child on the street, it became an impossibility to walk out in public. To members of the working class manners are not a recommendation, and most of them believe that if you have money you can buy yourself out of anything. It was a curious experience, the first time that, accompanied by a nervous contractor, I walked around again among workmen on a building I had designed several months before. I knew many of the men personally, and every one of them knew me. There was not one, not even the contractor, who did not mentally consign me to the electric chair. It was when I left the building that I decided to move to another part of the country.

Meanwhile, I led a queer kind of a life. The suspense was gone, but on the whole it was a great deal more difficult than when I was on trial. In the eyes of every man, especially every woman, there was a question, often a shrinking, and I had to act as if I did not see the things that were there. For many of the women, though, I found that I had a new fascination.

The case had, as the saying goes, rocked the state, even the entire Eastern seaboard, but apparently the West had not worked up the same interest in it. I made sure of that, by going through back files of Western papers before deciding upon moving. In Southern California, I found that often my name sounded familiar to people without their remembering the connection, and, if they did remember the connection, I had been exonerated from guilt, and that was that. In fact here, the land of the sensational, the publicity had stood me in good stead. Some denizens of the Gold Coast seemed to get a thrill out of having their homes designed by an architect who once had to stand trial for murder. Money came pouring in. I was able to pay back all that Gene had borrowed for my defense, to pay back Gene himself and make up to him all he had lost in practice during the months he had been working on my behalf.

Four and a half years ago, I met Louise. Louise is very different from Madeline. She is rather large; serene, handsome and quiet. I never saw any question, any shrinking in her eyes. When I asked her to marry me I told her of the indictment I had been under, and she already knew about it, but it did not seem to make any difference to her. She merely ran her fingers through my hair and said: "Talk about it if you want to, Steve. Of course I'm interested, but you don't have to touch

Continued on page 98



"Now, dear, we mustn't be rude to Mr. Kelton"

Father's Day is Sunday, June 19th

GRUEN
To Pop: A GREAT GUY
GRUEN

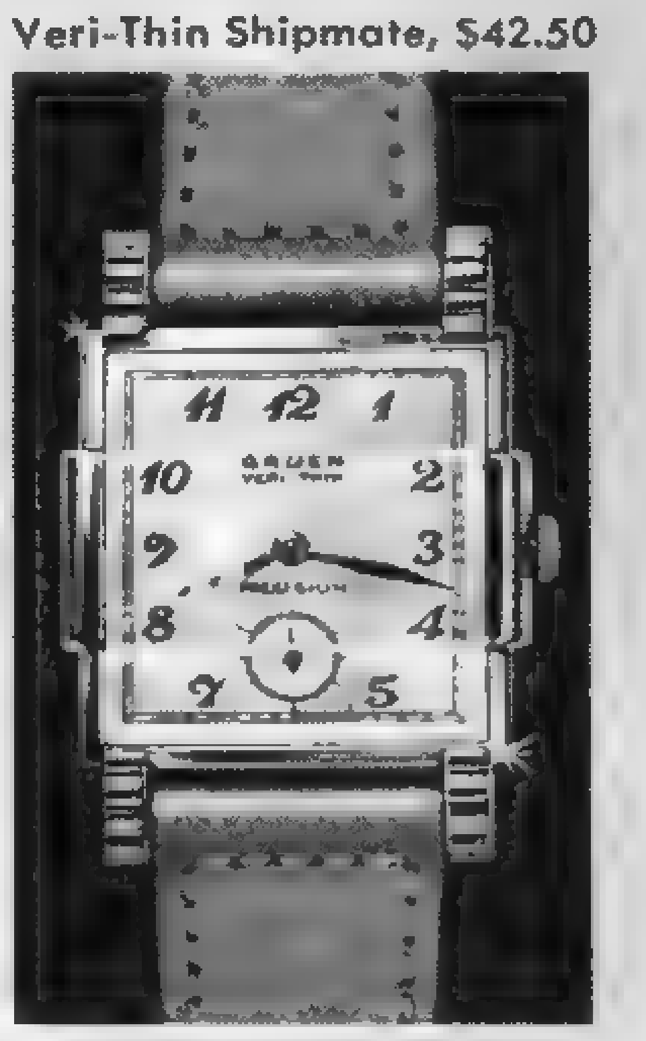
Veri-Thin Governor, Diamond Dial, $150.

to Dad . . . for outstanding service

And *outstanding service* is what you give him when your Father's Day gift is a cherished Gruen watch. Choose from modern, masculine models in Veri-Thin for ultra-thin smartness . . . Curvex, with the famed Curvametric movement or the self-winding Autowind. $33.75 up, including federal tax. Gruen, the Precision Watch, is the official timepiece of Trans World Airlines. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U. S. A. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario.

GRUEN
THE *Precision* WATCH

Veri-Thin Shipmate, $42.50



Veri-Thin Baron, $62.50

Veri-Thin Pentagon, $67.50

GRUEN 75th YEAR

Grant's

Largest-Selling
8 and 12 YEAR OLD
Scotch Whiskies
in America*

YEARS 8 OLD
Grant's
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
8 YEARS OLD
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
William Grant & Sons Ltd.
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
DISTILLERIES,
THE GLENFIDDICH AND BALVENIE-GLENLIVET
DUFFTOWN, SCOTLAND
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 86 U.S PROOF
CONTENTS 4/5 of a QUART
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INCORPORATED, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS for U.S.A.
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

FAMOUS LORE OF SCOTLAND

For hundreds of years Bagpipes have spread the fame of Scotland around the world. Since the 15th Century the Scotch art of distilling has likewise added to that fame.

* Every drop of GRANT'S is either 8 or 12 years old. Wm. Grant & Sons are the exclusive proprietors of the Balvenie-Glenlivet and Glenfiddich distilleries. 86 Proof

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS
IMPORT DIVISION
Austin Nichols
& Co. Inc.
Brooklyn-New York

Tell Me, Pretty Baby

Continued from page 96

upon unpleasant things for me." After we were married I sometimes referred to the trial, so as not to get or seem morbid about it. It was easy, with Louise, because she was so calm and sane. She seemed to regard it as a bad time in my life, which she was helping me forget.

I did. Life became very good. Johnnie and Mona were born, and the past grew extremely remote. As I said, Louise is very different from Madeline. Madeline was always looking for things which she thought would give her an ascendancy over me. She made much, for instance, of that absence of passion in her which constantly put me in the position of a postulant. She lost out on that in the end. Louise never seemed to try to put herself above me in anything.

Then, one night last week, this queer thing happened.

We were lying in bed together, Louise and I, she with her head on my shoulder and her lips against my neck. It was one of the things she did, one of those calm things that seemed nothing to start with and that somehow, imperceptibly, slowly, brought out a deep passion. Then I felt her lips move, and I heard her say something, and I could not believe that she was saying it.

"You wouldn't kill *me*, would you? I'm not the kind. I don't think I'd ever make you that mad."

At first I could say nothing. She was so close, she could feel the slightest tremor in me, and I was afraid. I lay there pulling myself together. After awhile, throwing myself back into the attitude of mind I lived in eight years ago, I said: "Louise, what *are* you saying?"

She moved her arm across my chest and around my neck: "I can understand it so well, darling," she said. Comfortable is the only way I can think of to describe her voice. "What I don't understand is how husbands and wives *keep* from killing each other sometimes. I guess the law has to do something about it, but it seems awfully natural to me. Do you think that's an awful thing to say? Otherwise I couldn't have married you, you know." And she snuggled even closer to me.

When I was on trial for my life I had not known any horror at what might happen to me. Now it started creeping through me. I did not know whether I was afraid of what she knew or afraid of her. I had to do something.

I sat up in bed, letting her drop to the pillow. "You mean to say that—all these years—you have been believing that—I—killed Madeline?"

"Oh, Steve!" she said, in a tone of reproach and a little impatience. "Look. When I first met you I liked you very much, and when I learned who you were I went to the library and I looked up everything about you, *in the New York papers*. I had to know, you see. I got an awful lot of respect for you, from the accounts of the trial. You have character, Steve, but plenty. That acquittal was practically—well, it was practically a triumph of mind over matter, because the evidence was all there, and there are plenty of motives between married couples. But you just made them acquit you. It was wonderful. I tell you that killing doesn't make the slightest difference to me. I love you, Steve." She sat up too and laid her head on my chest.

I leaned back against my stiffened arms, resting my hands on the pillow behind me. I could not touch her. Carefully weighing first what I was about to say to make sure it was not out of keeping with the part I had been playing, I said: "Why are you saying all this to me now, after all these years?"

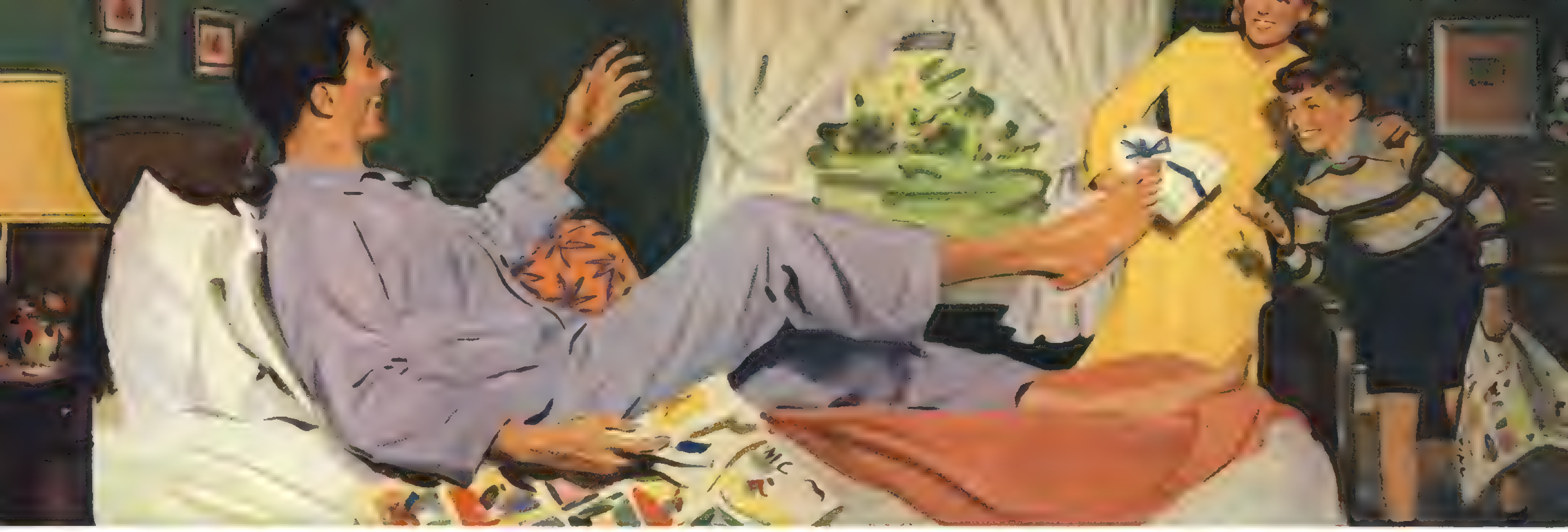
"I have wanted to say it for a long time, Steve. We are so close, you and I, it seemed a pity that this thing should be between us. I just want you to know that I know, and that it's all right, quite all right, with me . . ."

I wanted to scream, *But you poor fool, I didn't do it.* I couldn't. She knew, that was all. After a while I got up, put on a few clothes in the dark and went out. I had to figure this out, and she remained in bed, saying nothing, as if she understood.

I walked long that night, but my thoughts, such as they were, brought me nowhere. So all this time she had known I was playing a part, all this time she had this on me. The front which I had kept up, which had saved my life, seemed like a silly sham. She, all the time, had known.

I went back to the house at dawn, and slept late. There has been little contact for the past week between Louise and me. I keep to myself, although on the surface we talk as usual. She looks at me with her serene, almost smiling eyes, lovingly, as if she were waiting for me to adjust myself to this new situation, knowing that I am going through a difficult phase, but that then it will be all right.

I say it will not be all right. There is nothing here that I can adjust to, nothing that I can accept, least of all her acceptance. Can it be a normal woman who will take a murderer as the father of her children? Her condonation makes her feel like an accomplice, and the thought of her as the mother of Johnnie and the baby is monstrous. And she thinks, and says, that murder between husbands and wives is natural. I can't help feeling that there is something queer, strange and dangerous there, and that before too long, before she has realized that she cannot ram that acceptance of her down my throat, I must do something about it. #



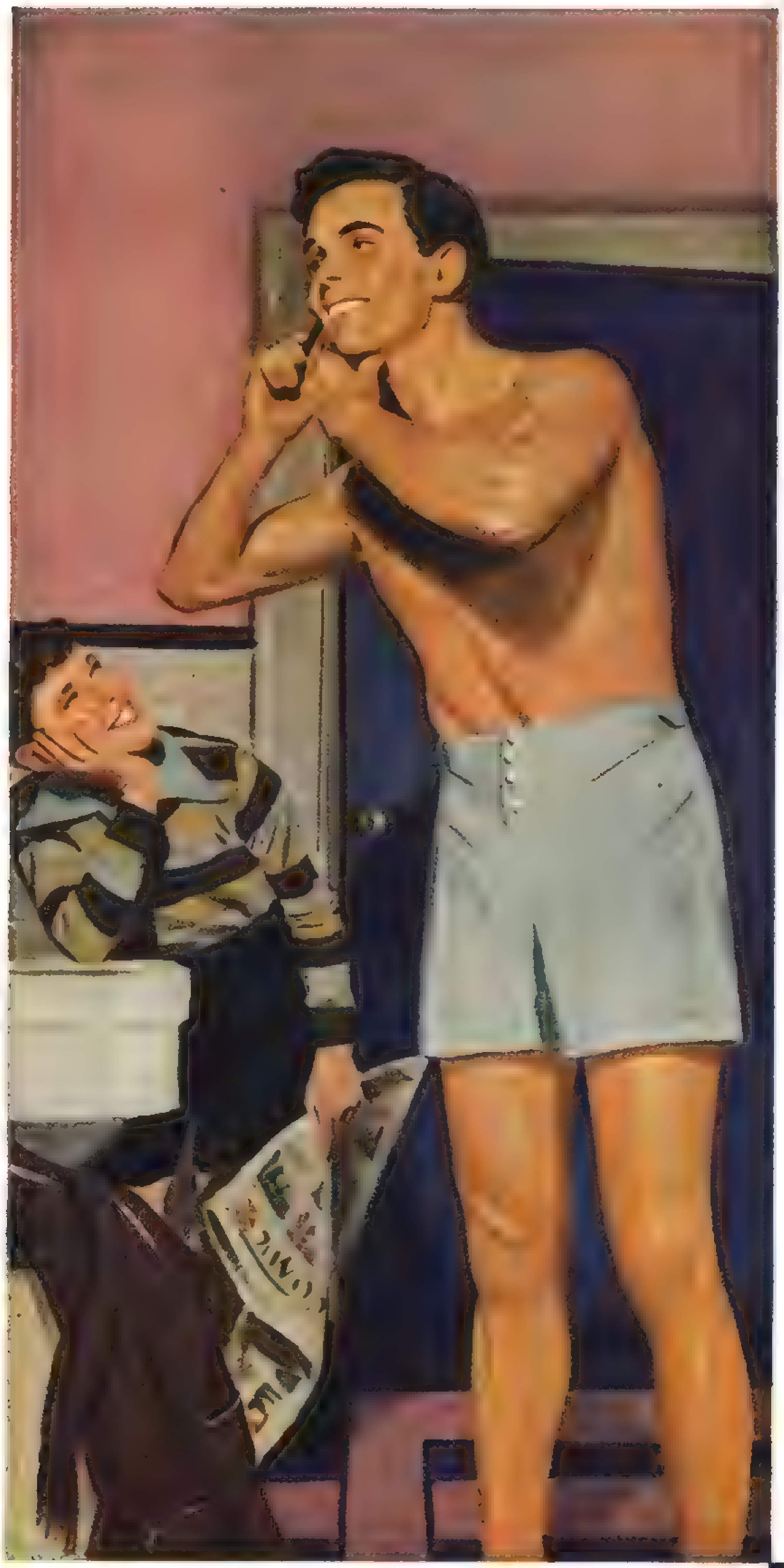
Pajamas in Bates new palladium grey broadcloth are as flattering as the fuss your family makes on Father's Day...do a wonderful job of impressing your public in private!

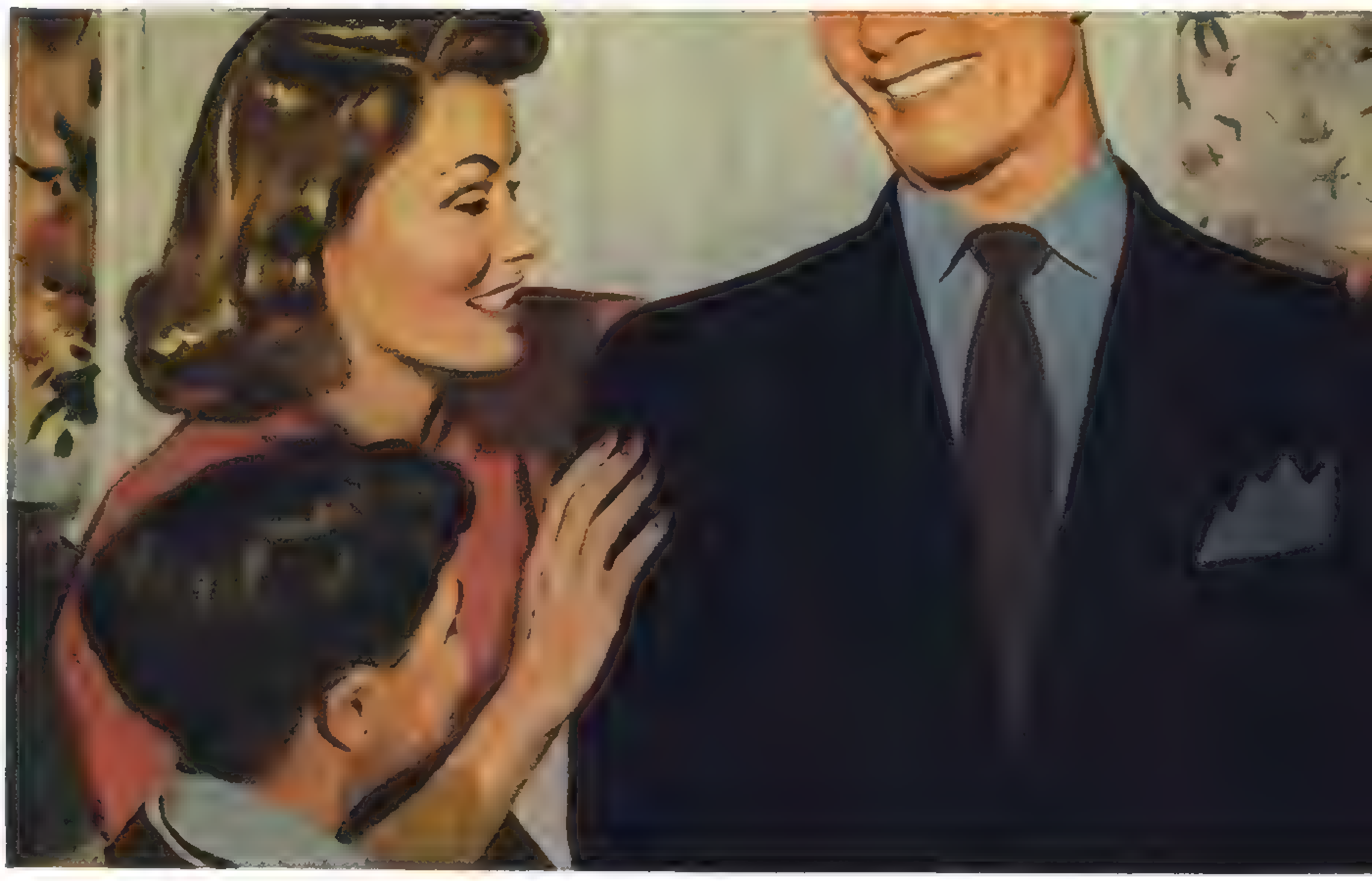
PALLADIUM GREY PALLADIUM GREEN PALLADIUM BLUE

Bates NEW PALLADIUM PASTELS

FOR FATHER'S DAY · JUNE 19

Bates gives you the year's best and newest colors in all-combed Sanforized broadcloth that parallels the lustre, long life, and cool handsomeness of palladium. This fine Bates fabric is selected by leading manufacturers for the Father's Day presents that complete your wardrobe nicely...and improve your appearance surprisingly!





Bates palladium pastel shirts are handsomely tailored by shirtmakers who handle this fine Bates fabric with skill and style. See how smartly all three palladium colors go with your suits, and how well they look on you!

Look for the Bates label alongside the labels of America's top-ranking menswear manufacturers...in top-quality shirts, shorts and pajamas as smart and fresh as Bates new palladium colors themselves!

Bates FABRICS

"LOOMED TO BE HEIRLOOMED"

BATES FABRICS, INC.
80 WORTH STREET
NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

How to recognize an unknown friend... Before these slacks were finished, the man who made them said, "Be sure the zipper is a Talon slide fastener!" You may not know him personally, but he's a friend of yours just the same. He's that thoughtful man in the background who wanted you to have the finest working, finest wearing zipper on the market. Today, whatever you buy, whatever you pay, look for the word "Talon" on the zipper. It's your assurance that a thoughtful man in the background is giving you extra value for your money!

Talon
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER

TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA.

The Muscle Head Always Wins

Boxing may look prettier—but if you fight for keeps, use grunt-and-groan

by **CHARLES B. ROTH**

One of the strangest things about a good many of us is the way we continue to believe a thing even after it has been proved untrue. Take that good old American credo to the effect that boxing is the supreme art of self-defense and that a boxer can whip any other creature on two feet.

If there's anything that can *really* be proved, it's a physical fact; and the physical fact is that boxing is, at best, a third-grade system of self-defense. A wrestler—or "muscle head," as wrestlers are affectionately dubbed—can whip the best boxer that ever lived. That is a fact. It has been proved over and over again. Have you ever tried, though, to make such a statement to the ordinary citizen? I have. Even after you bludgeon him with so many facts that he ought to feel as though he's been knocked over by a brick wall, he will bob up, bloody but unbowed, to tell you, "One good American boxer can whip anyone in the world."

It's an age-old controversy, I know, and I may not have many startling new facts to add to it; but I think my original statement can bear repetition: whenever a boxer meets a wrestler, the muscle head *always* wins.

In this country, wrestlers seem to be held in such low esteem by most people that a worm towers above a wrestler the way the Chrysler Building would tower above an Indian tepee. That is only justice. So far as I can tell, there's been very little honest professional wrestling in this country since 1915. Today's wrestlers are expected to be first cousins to circus acrobats, and it is said most of them couldn't wrestle if they had to. Even so, for all their ineptness and their left-handedness on the mat, any one of them would, I believe, be more than a match for any comparable boxer. Which proves—if it proves anything—that boxing, far from being the best system of self-defense, is actually the worst.

Since I am so far out on a limb, there is no way for me to get back except to climb to a higher branch, and so I'll start trying to prove what I've been saying. Let's look at some solid facts.

Item No. 1 concerns a stalwart Iowa citizen named Farmer Burns. Burns dedicated his life to one all-consuming idea: that there was no other profession so honorable and elevating as wrestling. Over the course of years, he himself adorned the profession, and never once forsook his high ideal. One day, when old Farmer Burns (he was past fifty at the time) heard what he considered heresy spouting from the lips of Billy Papke, a breezy light-heavyweight fighter and former middleweight champion, he at once took issue. Papke had said that a boxer was better than a wrestler; and so Burns betted a thousand dollars that he could whip the fighter—even at his age.

Jim Corbett, who was present at the time, offered to put up $500 of his money—on Burns. "Better call this whole thing off, Billy," Corbett advised Papke. "He'll take you apart."

But Papke was stubborn. Later on, Corbett told me what happened. Papke, who had once knocked out Stanley Ketchell, was a strong fighter and a terrific hitter—the kind of one-punch killer who would have a chance against a wrestler if anyone would. He advanced toward Burns, left foot extended about eighteen inches, both hands ready to knock the aging grappler for a loop. Burns kicked Papke's leg from under him and the next thing Papke knew, he was flat on his back with Burns on top of him. Eighteen seconds later Papke's shoulders were pinned to the mat. Burns then dragged the boxer to the ropes, broke off a strand and trussed Papke's arms behind him.

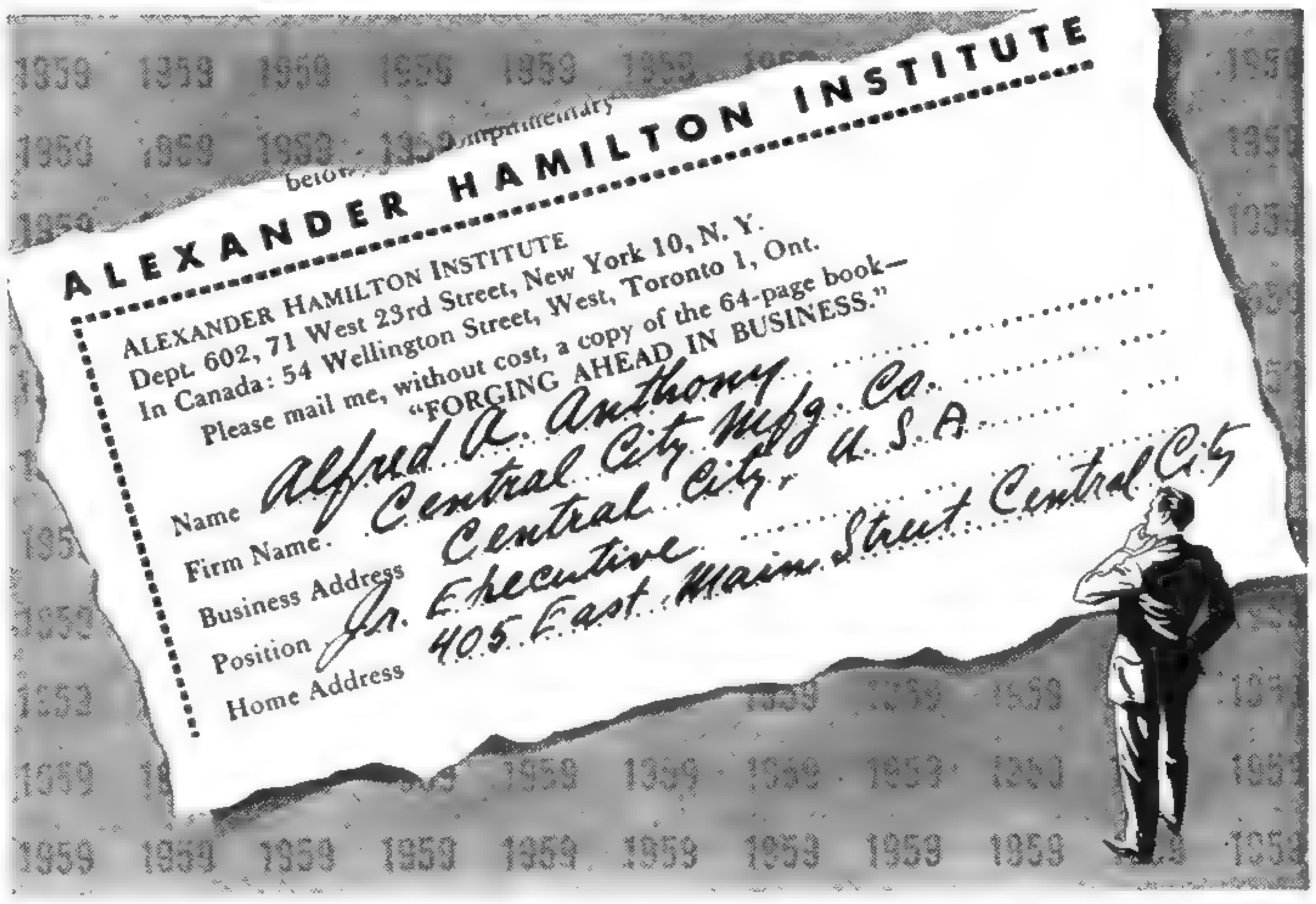
A week later, Burns figured in another answer to the controversy when he quieted Jack Johnson's loud boasting—it was just after the Johnson-Jeffries fight and Johnson had a right to boast—by offering to bet the money he had won from Papke that he could do the same thing to Johnson, only more quickly.

Johnson was no coward, but he was smart; he squirmed out of the situation as gracefully as he could and avoided Farmer Burns for the rest of his stay in the neighborhood. Johnson weighed, I think, 212 pounds. Burns' top weight was 165. But I am sure that Burns would have had as little trouble with Johnson as he had had with Papke. Why am I so sure? Because the muscle head always wins!

Even so redoubtable a scrapper as Bob Fitzsimmons found that out the hard way. His opponent was Ernest Roeber, a Teutonic athlete well known around New York at the turn of the century. There were many better wrestlers at that time than Roeber, but there were no better fighters than Fitz. This match had a one-sided aspect, therefore—a second-rate wrestler meeting a first-rate fight-

Continued on page 102

SOME MEN WILL WAIT TEN YEARS TO ANSWER THIS ADVERTISEMENT


ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
Dept. 602, 71 West 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.
In Canada: 54 Wellington Street, West, Toronto 1, Ont.
Please mail me, without cost, a copy of the 64-page book—
"FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS."
Name Alfred A. Anthony
Firm Name Central City Mfg. Co.
Business Address Central City, U. S. A.
Position Jr. Executive
Home Address 405 East Main Street Central City

The Years That Might Have Given Them So Much Will Pass On Forever, Casting Back a Look of Scorn

Our files bulge with letters from men of great promise in business whose natural talents have been wasted on routine tasks.

Business, for them, has become a squirrel-cage — they work harder every year but progress no faster.

Of the thousands of men who will read this message, only the ambitious few will send in the coupon which may mean the difference between success and failure. But ten years from now, many will write letters asking for a chance to "catch up" on the years they have let slip by.

"Years ago I should have thought about my business future."
"What a world of difference it would have made if I had written this letter ten years ago."
"I put it off—just put it off."

These are the lost and discouraged men who were content to *wait* for success; men who had no definite, well-defined program which would carry them a little closer, each day, to their chosen goal. Delay stamps its footstep on the pages of time and always leaves regret.

FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS
Modern Business

Send for "FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS"

For men who want to do something about where they are going to be five, ten, twenty years from now, the Institute has published a 64-page booklet titled "Forging Ahead in Business."

This little book has been a source of inspiration and help to thousands of ambitious men. It is sent free and without obligation—other than the obligation to read it, absorb its contents and decide for yourself whether or not you wish to follow the program it describes.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
Dept. 679, 71 West 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.
In Canada: 54 Wellington Street, West, Toronto 1, Ont.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
Dept. 679, 71 West 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.
In Canada; 54 Wellington Street, West, Toronto 1, Ont.
Please mail me without cost, a copy of the 64-page book—
"FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS"
Name..
Firm Name..
Business Address..
Position..
Home Address..

Bostonians
...because they're a step ahead

White Buck

Favorite where smart, casual looks count. Solid tone buck with white welt for easy cleaning. So right for a neat, cool appearance. Bostonians' effortless fit means comfort at ease! Bostonians start at $13.95

Bostonians
of Whitman Massachusetts

The Muscle Head Always Wins

Continued from page 101

er. But the result was ludicrous. Fitz hadn't a ghost of a chance. Roeber got him down, fell on him, and tied the great Fitzsimmons into knots.

Another classic test of the two systems came, several years ago, when a couple of self-confident guys met underneath the stands of a ball park to settle a little argument. One of them was Ty Cobb, who weighed 175 pounds and was tough, wiry, and game. The other was Will Evans, the umpire, who was a much larger man. Evans was a trained boxer of more than amateur skill. By prearrangement, following a disputed decision, the umpire and the ballplayer met under the stands after the game.

Evans assumed the traditional stance, ready to shoot out his left, cross with his right, and so end the fight. Cobb was no traditionalist, though; he was a realist. He fought to win. What happened happened so swiftly that the only way Evans could find out about it was to read the next morning's papers. Cobb stepped inside Evans' guard, grabbed him by the necktie, and banged the umpire's head up against a steel stanchion so hard that Evans went down—and stayed down.

Evans never had a chance. Papke never had a chance. Fitzsimmons never had a chance. No boxer ever has a chance. It isn't in the system for him to have a chance.

The reason why the muscle head always wins is that boxing is, in the last analysis, only a game, like billiards or polo, while wrestling, which stems from the first man's efforts to protect himself with his bare hands, is a functional science. A man fighting for his life or to destroy an enemy doesn't think about rules or stances or maneuvers—he just fights. And that is the secret of rough-and-tumble scrapping and its superiority over boxing in serious combat.

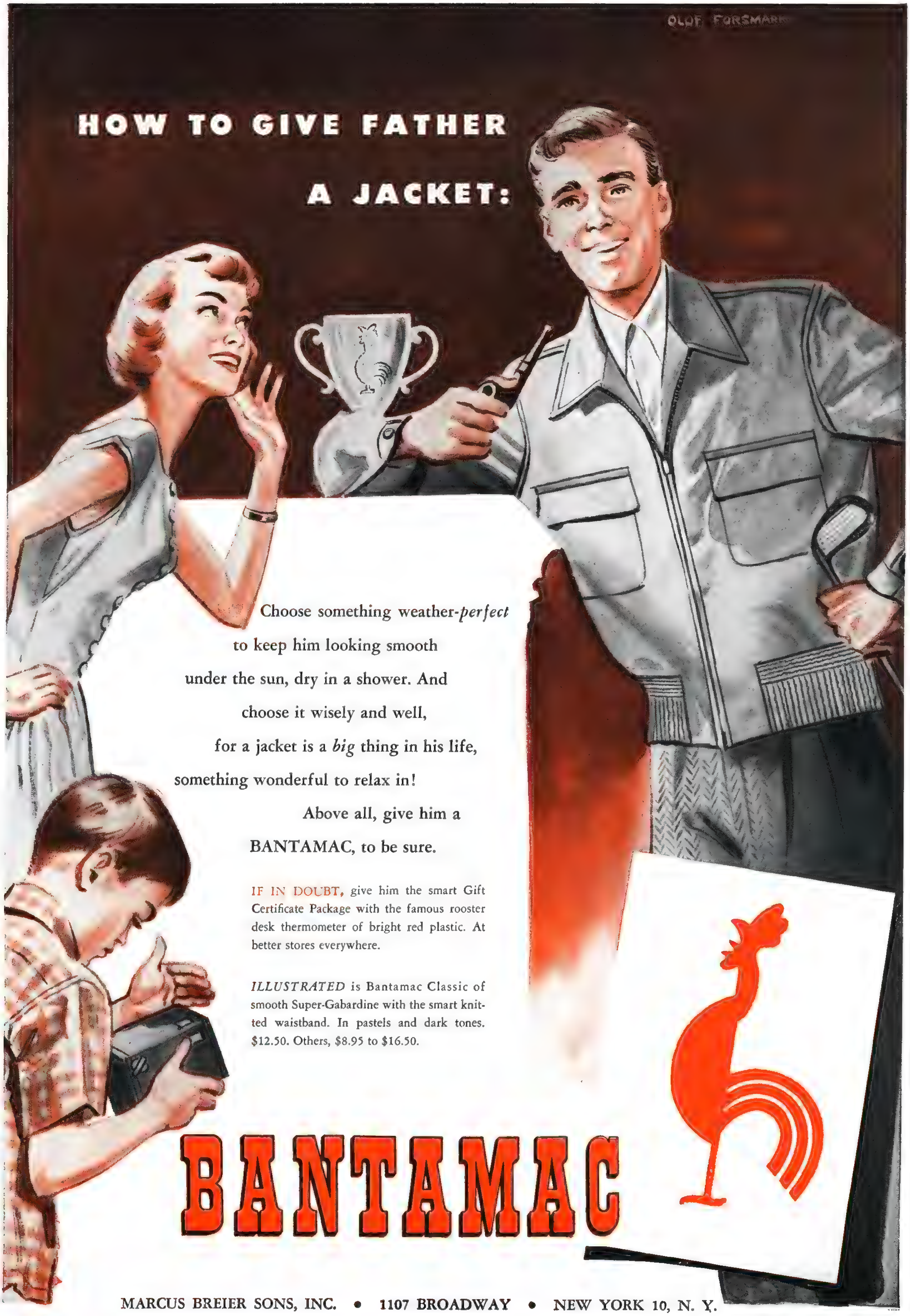
Besides, any boxer is vulnerable in that, if you take away his only means of attack—his hands—he is completely helpless. Tie up a boxer's two mitts and keep him from hitting you—and he might as well be trussed up like a mummy for all the damage he can do. Just last week, I saw a beautiful example of this. It was an ordinary street fight between a small man and a much larger man. When the fight started, it looked like sure murder for the little guy, but in about two seconds I perceived that he could think straight. He didn't attempt to hit back; he just got his opponent by the wrists and held on. No matter how much the bigger man squirmed and tried to strike, the little fellow held on, and his opponent was completely stymied.

It's much better, in holding off a boxer, to grab him by the biceps than by the wrists; it takes less energy to hold on that way. There isn't a blessed thing a boxer can do to an opponent who pins his arms to his sides. If the muscle head wants to be sure of winning from the boxer, all he has to do, after getting hold of the biceps, is trip the boxer down to one side or another, fall with him, and then sit on him until he calms down.

I once knew a fellow who lived in New Mexico at a time when there were tough nuts on the frontier and a man had to go well armed for his own protection. But this fellow never carried a gun, although, because of his aggressive nature, he was always at loggerheads with someone—usually a neighbor. But no man ever drew a gun on him. At the first sign of trouble, he would jump in close, pin his would-be murderer's arms to his sides, trip him down, sit on him, and disarm him. Then they'd talk the matter over until both of them had cooled off. (I'm not recommending the system as a defense against gunmen, you understand, but it's obviously a sound system if it works even against an armed opponent!)

During World War II, the Army and Navy insisted upon training American soldiers and sailors to be rough-and-tumble fighters rather than boxers. Things had been very different during World War I, when, as I remember it, every training camp was loaded with palookas who had cushy jobs as boxing instructors and taught the rookies how to lead, how to counter, and how to dance in and out—all pretty things to see, but absolutely useless in a life-and-death struggle. But, between the wars, the military services seem to have learned that boxing is a poor means of self-defense. And so, this time, they taught the boys the functional way to take care of themselves: how to grab and trip, bite and gouge, and blind an opponent—tricks that are part of the craft of muscle heads everywhere.

It all boils down to this: in any kind of a scrap the man with the grab can beat the man with the jab, and—no matter what the credo of ordinary citizens—the muscle head always wins! ⧺



HOW TO GIVE FATHER A JACKET:

Choose something weather-*perfect* to keep him looking smooth under the sun, dry in a shower. And choose it wisely and well, for a jacket is a *big* thing in his life, something wonderful to relax in! Above all, give him a BANTAMAC, to be sure.

IF IN DOUBT, give him the smart Gift Certificate Package with the famous rooster desk thermometer of bright red plastic. At better stores everywhere.

ILLUSTRATED is Bantamac Classic of smooth Super-Gabardine with the smart knitted waistband. In pastels and dark tones. $12.50. Others, $8.95 to $16.50.

BANTAMAC

MARCUS BREIER SONS, INC. • 1107 BROADWAY • NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 18

ferdinand

In the article *Meeting Spring Halfway* (April, 1949), the author has accurately caught the mood of the Islands. Having spent several years there myself, I am in a position to verify that. The article is wonderfully descriptive in all but one sentence, the first. "The breeze . . . ," he writes, "carries with it the smell of hibiscus . . ."

Nature has endowed me with a large and somewhat sensitive sniffer. Yet, were I blindfolded, you could run hibiscuses under it all day and I wouldn't know it. They don't smell.

GARY ANDERSON

Daytona Beach, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Agreed: even a Cyrano would have trouble smelling hibiscus. We confess that we tripped over our lei.*

cupid's bow tie

A plea for compassion and assistance that only you can render!

My affianced and I have come to odds over that venerable and wonderful institution known as the bow tie. She is convinced that the bow tie has no place in life, especially in the life of a man who would have her heart. Unfortunately my sentiments range toward the opposite extreme, although I am willing to modify my habits to the extent that I wear ties of the bowed variety only on occasion.

My desire is to convince her of the accepted and respectable position of bow ties in society and thereby to gain permission from her to wear them on *occasion*.

I would appreciate a statement from you, an authority acceptable to her, on the merits of bow ties, with any necessary amplification or limitation you might care to include—just so that the cause of the bow tie is given a positive lift.

HARRY WOLF

Alameda, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *According to personal preferences, almost any man can wear a bow tie anywhere, anytime.*

handle with care

I read with considerable interest Leland Stowe's article about our women in your February issue. For my part, I'll take our girls as they are—the most interesting in all the world.

In school, in business, or in the home, I would not want them any different than what they are. Our girls are more or less what the men make them, and a good man can control a woman's actions.

When a man and woman recognize that they care enough for each other to get married, there is only one way to make their happiness last a lifetime, they must desire to be thoughtful of each other's feelings, ideas, and characteristics and recognize each other's good qualities and so accomplish the things both want.

Every man should know that a woman craves those small, unlooked-for attentions. She likes to hear words of endearment and likes to be appreciated. Tell her how pretty she looks, praise her clothes and she will almost jump out of her shoes to please you. A pretty face has nothing to do with it.

No matter how homely or pretty she is, she will act and think correctly if handled properly . . .

A. E. SALMONS

Philadelphia, Pa.

duffer's despond

Your April Esquire Guide to Good Golfing was interesting, particularly the *Golf Pro's Notebook*.

Being a week-end golfer, playing the semipublic daily-fee courses around Detroit, I would like to see something published on golf play for such players.

There is too much jargon written on golf play these days. Yes, the books sell carrying the names of Nelson, Snead, Hogan, and the other masters—but I know from personal experience and from my golfing associates that they are too confusing because the essentials are set up as the writers decide them. You get a little enlightenment, but not much.

It must be remembered that golf play has caught the imagination of all classes of people. The workers in factories, particularly the younger generation, always are present on Saturday and Sunday and some twilight evenings. There are millions of daily-fee-course players these days. However, they are called duffers by the PGA and the pros and are given very little consideration.

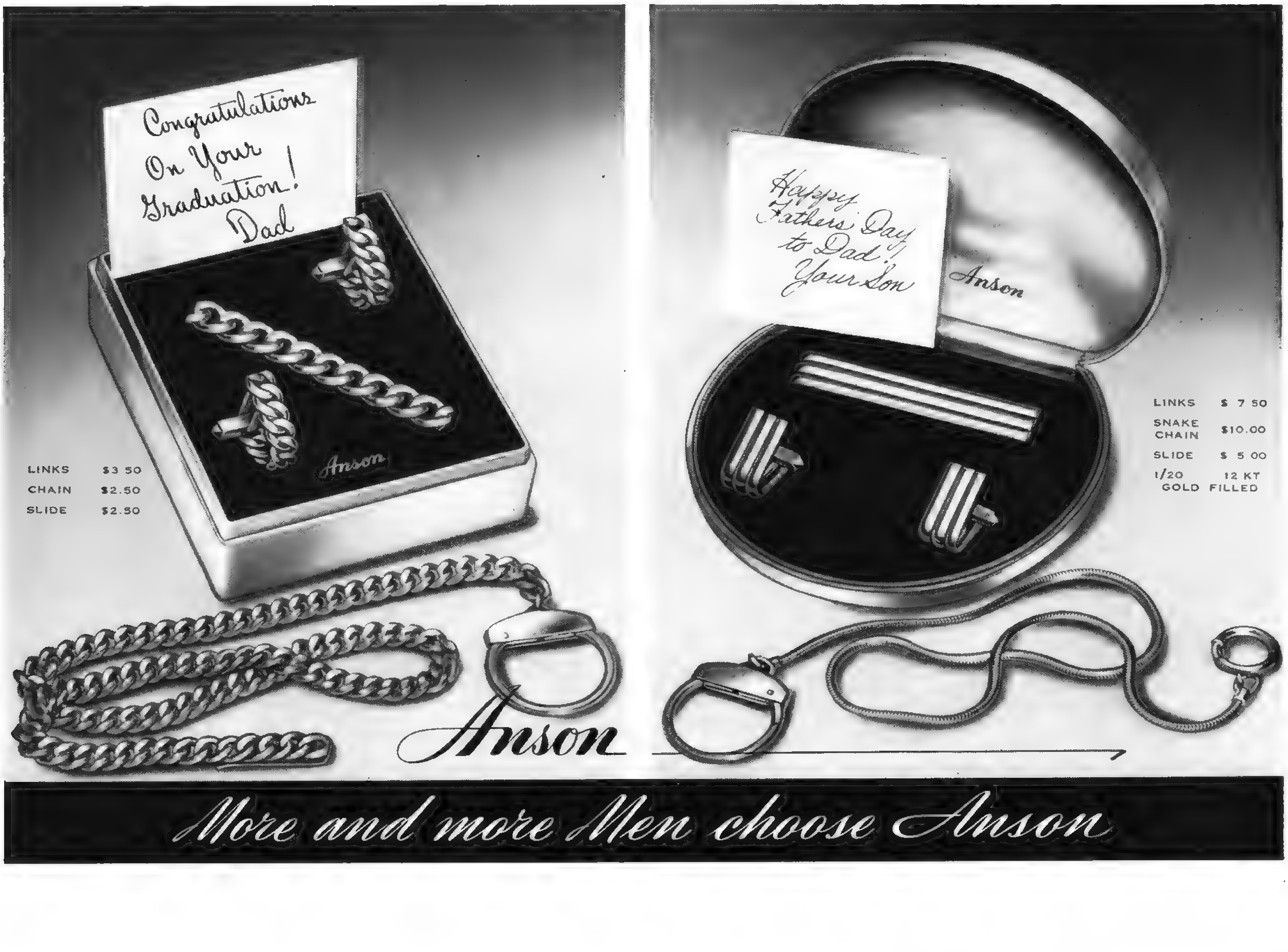
Few of the daily-fee golf courses have teaching pros. They do not have, as a rule, the driving ranges for practice that our professionals are always talking about to correct swinging difficulties. The four and five par holes do not carry 150-200-250-300 yard markers. Distance is a guess.

Teaching pros and outstanding golf masters are always advising you to select clubs that fit your height. But it just cannot be done unless you own custom-made golf clubs. Golf-club manufacturers make one standard length for woods and irons in the men's line. A man five-feet-six is using a forty-three inch wood shaft when he should be using a forty-one-and-a-half-inch to meet proper swing requirements for his height.

Finally, no two pros teach fundamentals the same way. One must take all lessons from the same pro or he'll be more confused than ever. Some will tell you if you shift your eyes before the impact without moving the head, a bad stroke is in store for you. Another will tell you you can play blindfolded if you keep your head fixed. Golfers want common sense essentials of golf play that they can apply on a self-instruction basis.

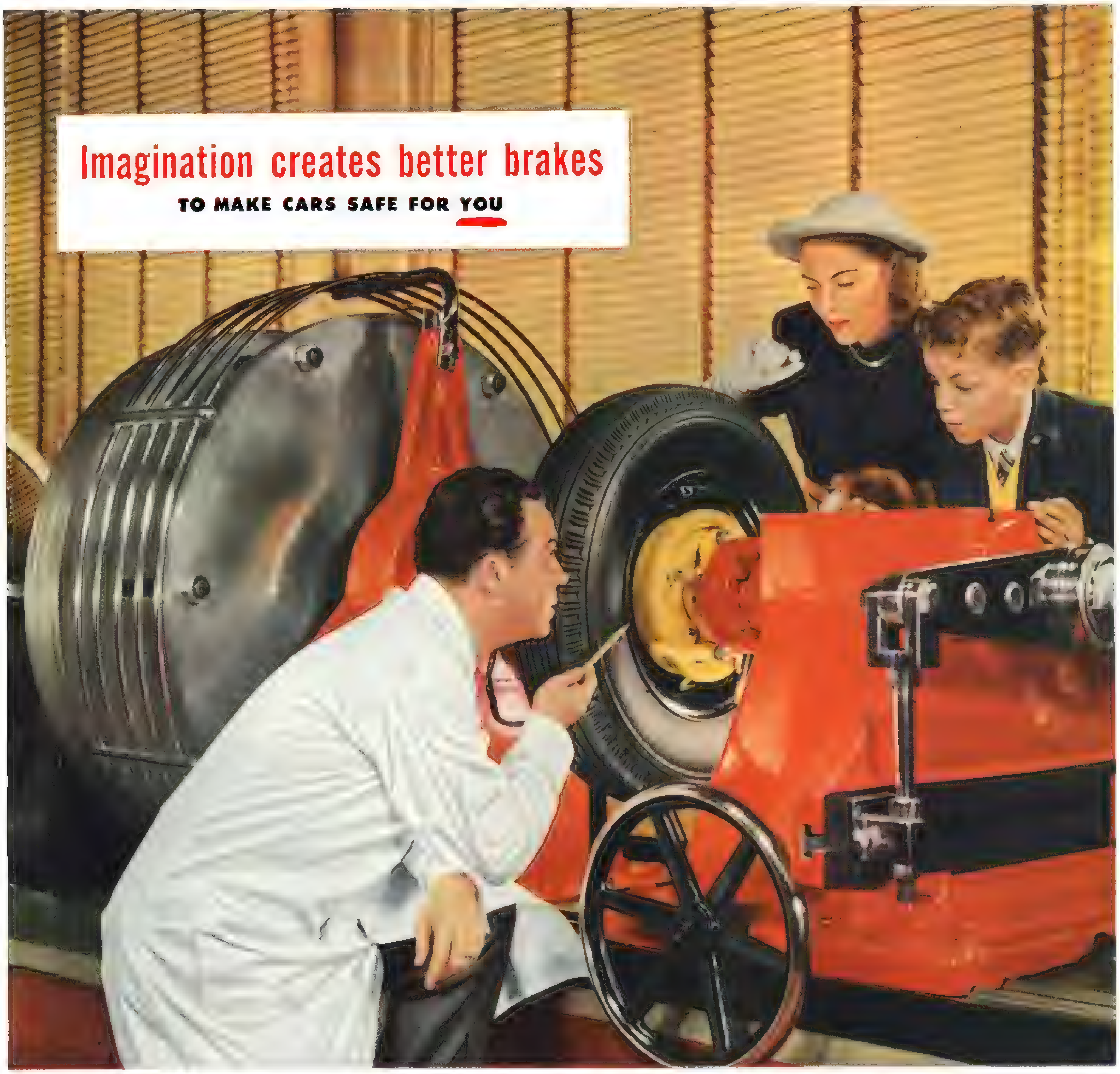
J. A. WALLEY

Detroit, Mich.


Congratulations On Your Graduation! Dad
Anson
Happy Fathers Day to Dad! Your Son
Anson
Anson
More and more Men choose Anson

LINKS $3 50
CHAIN $2.50
SLIDE $2.50

LINKS $ 7 50
SNAKE CHAIN $10.00
SLIDE $ 5 00
1/20 12 KT GOLD FILLED



Cyclebond Brake Construction—developed by practical imagination at Chrysler Corporation—undergoing special test

Two "stop cops" every minute!

Here's a machine that acts like a thousand traffic officers rolled into one! It's stopping that car wheel every thirty seconds or so — *nearly a thousand times a day* — to test a new, improved brake construction we've developed for our cars.

This new construction bonds regular brake lining to the brake shoes *without rivets.* A new kind of adhesive, and a special new machine—both invented and perfected by Chrysler Corporation chemists and engineers — make a bond that is stronger than rivets!

These *Cyclebonded* brake linings will last *more than one-third longer.* Because there are no rivet holes, you get 10 per cent *more* braking surface. And there are no rivet heads to score the brake drums, no rivet holes to collect destructive grit. Applied to our exclusive Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes, these *Cyclebonded* brake linings will bring you additional driving safety and greater peace of mind.

Our engineers applied *Cyclewelding* during the war, to make gliders and other military equipment stronger and lighter. Today this revolutionary process is being used in many other fields.

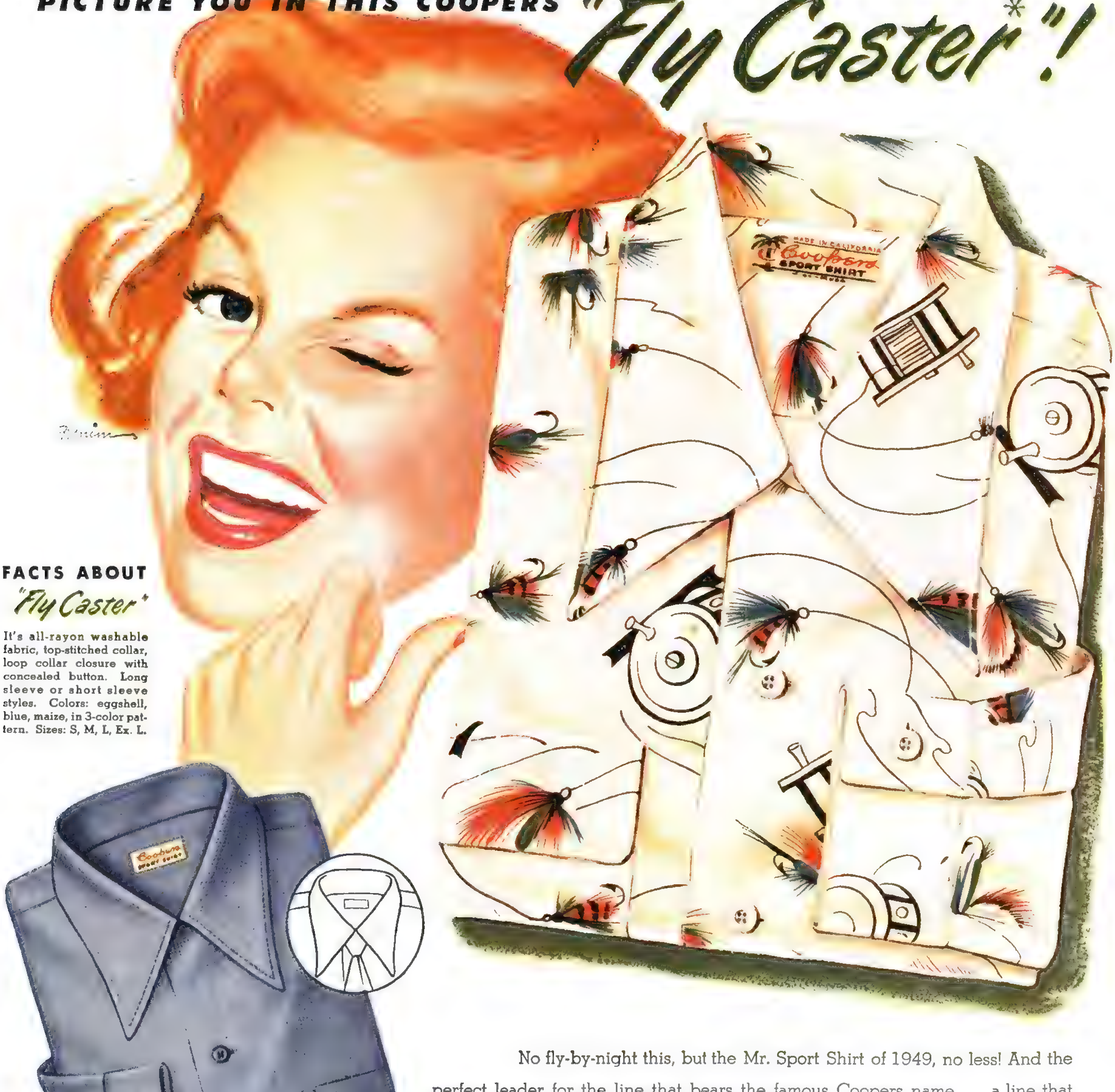
Cyclebonding, one application of *Cyclewelding,* is another example of how we apply practical *imagination* in a great many ways to make our cars safer and of greater value to you.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH DODGE DE SOTO CHRYSLER

Airtemp Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration • **Chrysler** Marine & Industrial Engines • **Dodge** Job-Rated Trucks • **Oilite** Powdered Metal Products • **Mopar** Parts & Accessories • **Cycleweld**

PICTURE YOU IN THIS COOPERS "Fly Caster*"!



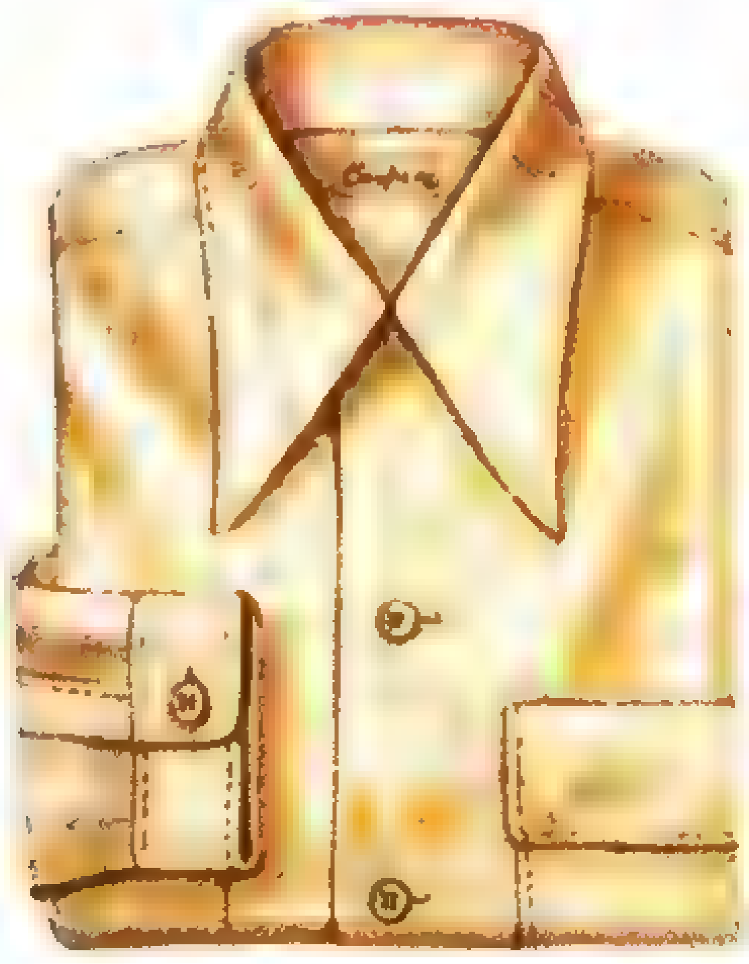
FACTS ABOUT
"Fly Caster"*

It's all-rayon washable fabric, top-stitched collar, loop collar closure with concealed button. Long sleeve or short sleeve styles. Colors: eggshell, blue, maize, in 3-color pattern. Sizes: S, M, L, Ex. L.

No fly-by-night this, but the Mr. Sport Shirt of 1949, no less! And the perfect leader for the line that bears the famous Coopers name . . . a line that includes a shirt style for every taste . . . especially designed for Coopers by one of the country's top-flight designers. Look over the five shirts shown here—then see 'em, and buy 'em at your Coopers dealer. Shirts shown range from $3.95 to $5.95—others from $2.95 to $8.95.

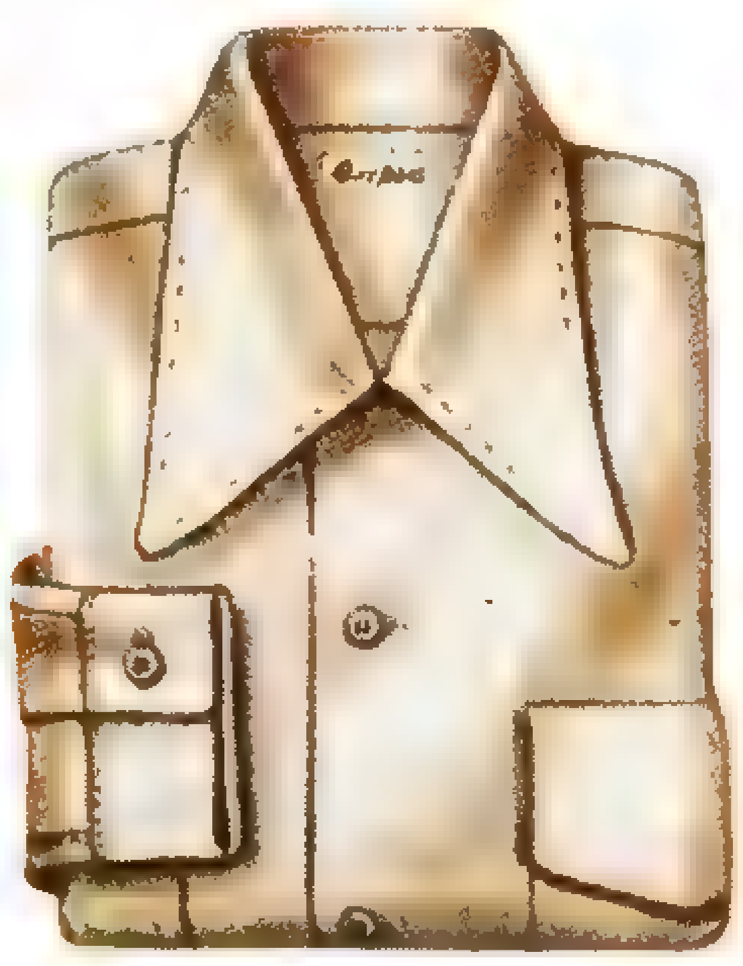
YEP! A NON-PUCKER COLLAR!

The "Sport Mesh*"! Long-sleeve cotton sport shirt with genuine true convertible collar—lays smooth when worn with a tie! A cool summer-comfort special for business and sport. Smart pastel colors: blue, green, tan, grey, canary, peach. Washable—Sanforized® Sizes: S., M., L., Ex. L.



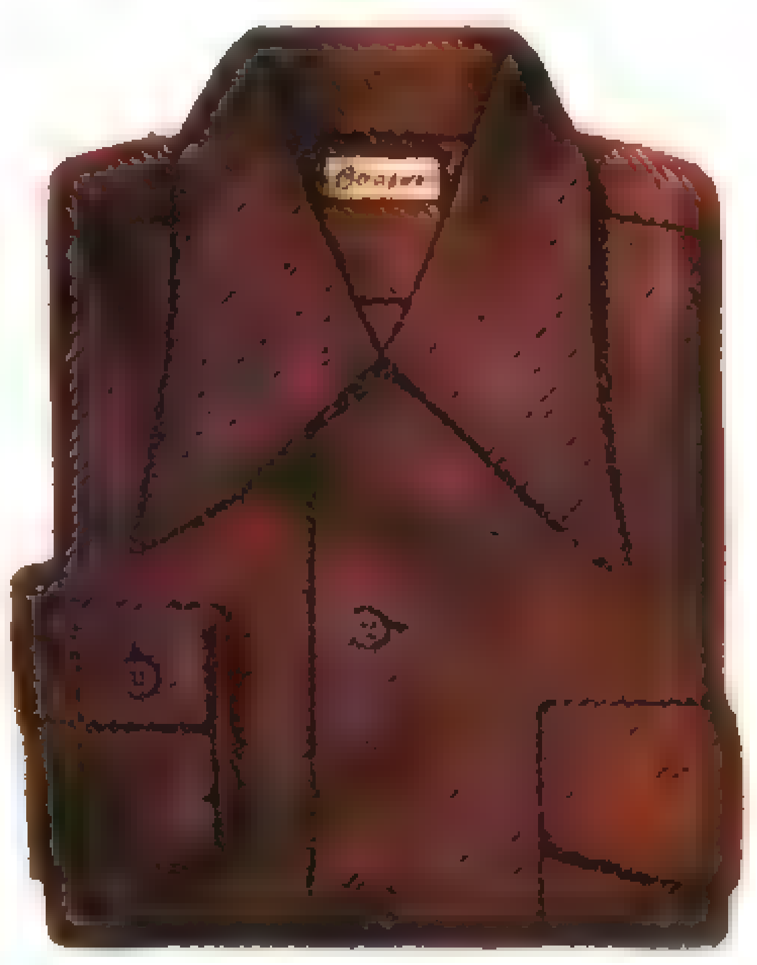
RIGHT AS RAIN—*WINDOW PANE**

An all-rayon self-plaid washable sport shirt. Styled with a top-stitched sport collar and two square-flap pockets. Available in bold look, smart pastel colors: maize, natural, grey, green. Sizes: S, M, L, Ex. L.



HAPPY DAY—*SPUNRAY**

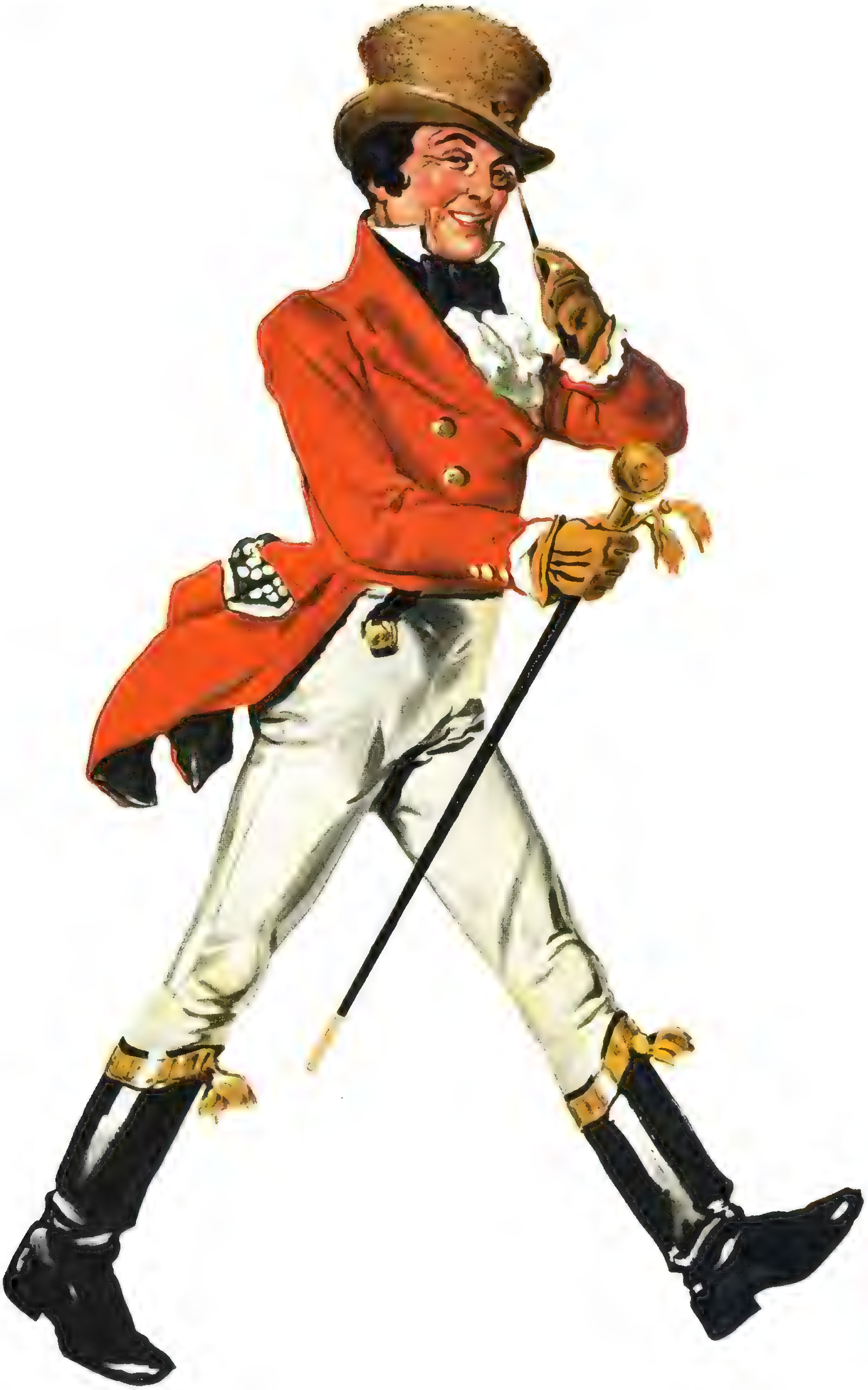
Sparkling blend of rayon and combed yarn, washable and crease resistant. In long or short sleeves. Nine shades: white, gold, tan, blue, grey, light green, brown, dark green, maroon. Sizes: S, M, L, Ex. L.

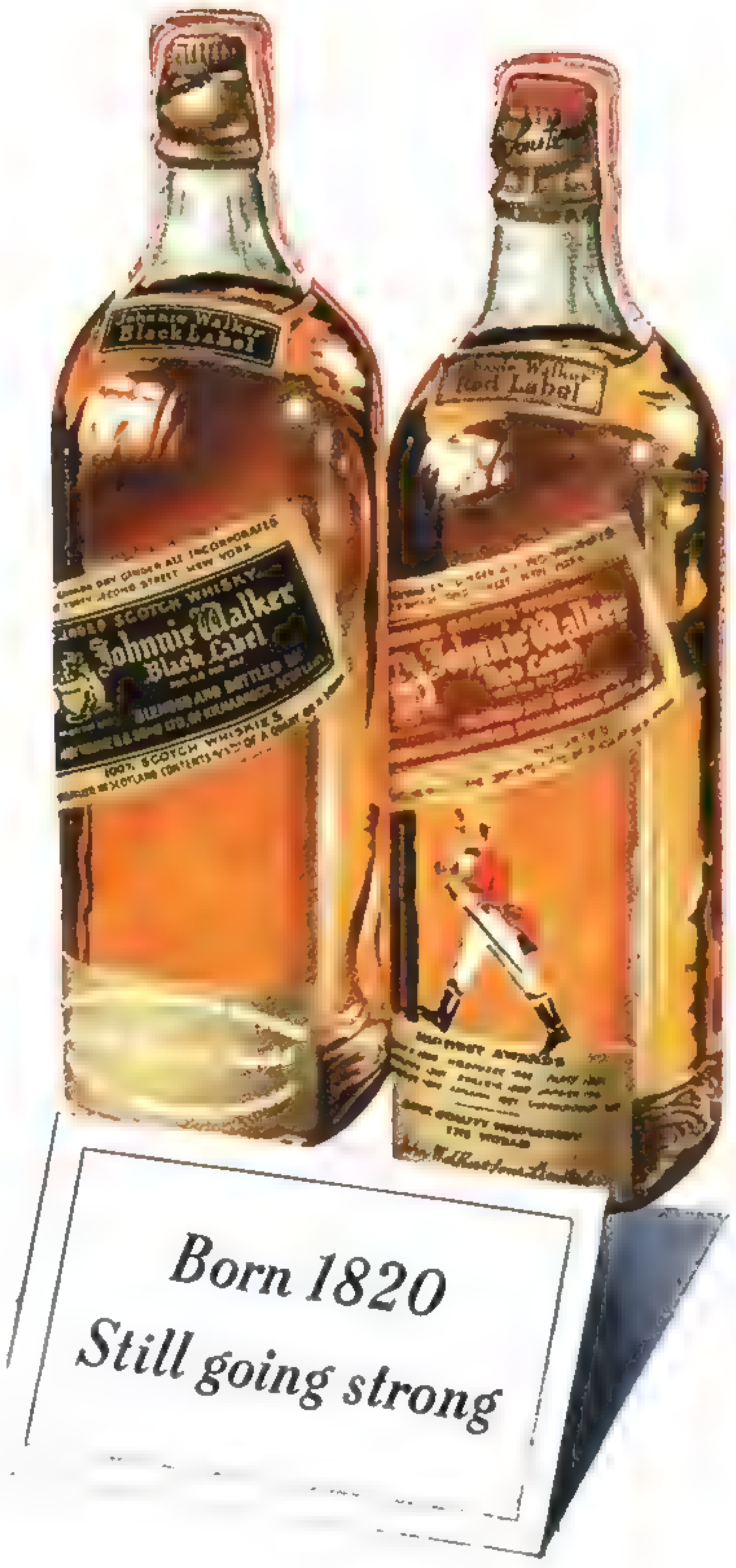


SPORT SCENE—*GABARDINE**

All-rayon gabardine, washable, with buff-edge collar. Available in: Tourmaline green, pastel blue, eggshell, leghorn, grey, dark brown, maroon. Ideal "after hours" leisure shirt. Sizes: S, M, L, Ex. L.

*MEN'S SPORTSWEAR BY
Coopers INC.
KENOSHA, WISCONSIN
MAKERS OF FAMOUS Jockey UNDERWEAR




Johnnie Walker
Black Label
Johnnie Walker
Red Label
Born 1820
Still going strong

MEET SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON. . . Smooth, suave, mellow . . . and the choice of connoisseurs the world over. Yes, that's Johnnie Walker—Scotch from Scotland, and Scotch at its best *always*. **JOHNNIE WALKER** Born 1820, still going strong. Blended Scotch Whisky, Red Label, Black Label, both 86.8 proof. Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., *Sole Importer*.

It's an Elgin for graduate

William Carlton Mitchell

M.I.T. '49

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Robie L. Mitchell, of Garden City, New York, Bill is majoring in Civil Engineering, is Chairman of the Budget Committee, and Treasurer of the Institute Committee.

"HE'LL BE PROUD OF ITS SMART STYLING," *says his* **MOTHER.** *"We know he wants an Elgin . . . and this Elgin is the handsomest man's watch I've ever seen."*

"HE'S SURE TO APPRECIATE THE VALUE OF THAT MAINSPRING," *says his* **FATHER.** *"New, better, the DuraPower Mainspring is exactly the kind of thing that appeals to Bill."*

Lord Elgin
21 JEWELS
Styled by Henslee

Lord and Lady Elgins are priced from $67.50 to $5,000. Elgin De Luxe from $47.50 to $67.50. Other Elgins as low as $29.75. All of the prices include Federal Excise Tax.

THE
*DuraPower Mainspring**
ELIMINATES 99% OF ALL REPAIRS DUE TO STEEL MAINSPRING FAILURES!

This year it will be an Elgin for thousands of graduates. A proud tradition carried on by the finest Elgin watches ever made. For these new Elgins are truly style leaders. Original creations thrillingly distinctive. And their exclusiveness does not stop with beauty. Only an Elgin has the remarkable DuraPower Mainspring that eliminates 99% of watch repairs due to steel mainspring failures. Only an Elgin has this aid to *permanent* accuracy.

Through all the years ahead *your* graduate will be happier with an Elgin Watch. See these newest triumphs of America's great creative and productive genius at your jeweler's now.

Only an ELGIN *has the DuraPower Mainspring*

*Patent pending. Made of "Elgiloy" metal

Death of a Prize Fighter

Continued from page 39

Murdoch said shrilly. "Blame me for this?"

It was very quiet in the room. Billy Murdoch felt his fingers trembling.

"I was here last week," a colored lightweight said. "Tony was out ten minutes anyway. Maybe fifteen."

"So what?" Billy Murdoch said. "I'd like to have a nickel for every boy that's been out ten minutes."

"He looked real bad when he came out of it," the lightweight said. "He was awful pale. I sat here with him for a while after Mr. Murdoch left. He was dizzy. He was sick, too, but he couldn't throw up anything. Just some of that green stuff that burns."

"It's all set then! We break tonight at twelve sharp!"

"Dizzy," the cop said. He looked at Billy Murdoch. "Did you ever see him dizzy?"

"No," Billy Murdoch said, thinking of the dizzy spells Tony Casino had had for the past six months. Ever since that night in Cleveland.

"I saw him fight in Cleveland," a reporter said. "About six months ago. He took one of the worst beatings I've ever seen. It was enough to finish any fighter."

"Did he lose all his fights?" the doctor asked in a puzzled voice.

"No," the reporter said. "He had a whole lot of guts. He won his share of fights. Nobody lost money on him."

Billy Murdoch heard grunts from the fighters and saw the angry eyes of the reporters and the flat eyes of the cop, and he thought: *Sure, that's what they're all thinking. I killed the kid for a few crummy bucks.*

He began to edge his way toward the foot of the rubbing table. The door was that way.

"How was he between rounds tonight?" a reporter asked. "When he came out for the second he didn't seem to know where he was going."

"I asked him how he was," Billy Murdoch said. "He said he was all right."

"They're always all right. How did he look?"

"He was hit hard. Maybe he didn't look perfect, but you can't stop a fight every time your boy gets hit."

"Where's the handler?" the cop said.

"Here," the handler said.

"How did he look?"

"He looked bad. I don't think he could see."

"Yeah," the cop said.

"Now, look," Billy Murdoch said, shrilly again. "You're all talking as if I was trying to kill the kid. That's enough of that. I don't have to take that." He started straight for the door and was faintly surprised when nobody tried to stop him.

The cop said viciously, "Murdoch!"

Billy Murdoch stopped.

"I'd like to get you bastards," the cop said in the same vicious voice. "I wish I could figure a way to get you bastards."

Billy Murdoch got out of there. A fat man followed him and caught up with him in the tunnel. He was the man who promoted the fights in this arena.

"Billy," the promoter said, "you better get out of town."

"I was leaving tomorrow, anyway. I got a couple of boys going in Detroit tomorrow night."

"Get out tonight. Don't hang around. Everybody's mad as hell. The papers will have a field day with this. I'm going to have enough trouble. It'll be better if you're not around. You know."

"Sure," Billy Murdoch said. "Tonight."

"About the kid," the promoter said. "Where'll I send him?"

"Somewhere in Brooklyn. I don't know where. The sports writers will find out for you. They'll be looking up his mother."

"I'll take care of it," the promoter said. "So long, Billy."

"So long," Billy Murdoch said, and left the arena, thinking: *Yes, you'll take care of it, you bighearted rat. You'll take care of it out of the purse you didn't pay me. You'd ship the kid C.O.D. if you could get away with it. Keep the money. I'm not stupid enough to argue about that.*

Billy Murdoch went to his hotel, threw his stuff in his bag and went out to the airport, and had to wait two hours for the fog to blow away so the plane could take off.

And now he was in the air for Detroit. The press would be waiting for him. He would have to say something to them. You can't just say, "No comment," when somebody's been killed. He would have to tell them something and it would have to be better than what he had done in the dressing room. He had handled that all wrong. Well, he had been scared. It was foolish, but he had been scared. God, he would hate to have that cop get at him. But what would he say to the reporters? He thought back again and remembered what he had said about you can't stop a fight every time somebody gets hit. He could work on

Continued on page 110

Harmony in leather

Superb Belts styled of Choice Cowhide by Paris

"Tops" for your Trousers

PARIS

Cowhide, the most adaptable of leathers, is brilliantly styled by "Paris"*master craftsmen. Smooth and supple, or rough and tough, "Paris" Belts of genuine cowhide always look smart, wear well. Make your choice of the many new styles at your favorite men's store—$1.50 to $12.50. Get yours today.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—A Product of A. Stein & Company
Chicago • New York • Los Angeles

PARIS BELTS • SUSPENDERS • GARTERS

DRESS UP Your Watch with a FLEX-LET E-x-p-a-n-s-i-o-n B-a-n-d

- Dramatic New Styles
- Almost Unbreakable
- Corrosion-Resistant
- Fully Guaranteed

De Luxe
Beautifully simple, simply beautiful. In 1/20 12Kt. gold filled. All colors available. $11.50 tax incl.

Calvert
Classic design, all expansion. Stainless steel, $6.50. 1/20 12Kt. gold filled, yellow or pink, $8.95 tax incl.

the Squire
Gleaming ripple links combined with expansion. 1/20 12Kt. gold filled, all colors. $12.50 tax incl.

Flex-Weave
Combines smart basket-weave with expansion center section. 1/20 12Kt. gold filled, all colors, $12.50 tax incl.

Only Flex-Let Bands have 'Tru-Rivet' Construction*

Sturdy, floating rivet at center of each link.
Links shaped to protect parts.
High pressure stainless steel springs.
Sturdy, floating rivets at ends of each link.

*Pat. No. 2,444,684

If your personal jeweler cannot supply you, write us for one who can.
FLEX-LET CORPORATION
East Providence, R. I. • Canada: Arennes Inc., Montreal

Death of a Prize Fighter

Continued from page 109

that. He would have to say it right, though.

The plane came down at Detroit and four reporters jumped him. There was light in the sky now, but the sun was not up and it was chilly.

"We heard about Casino," a reporter said. "What happened?"

Nice and innocent, Billy Murdoch thought. When these guys go innocent, hang on.

"Tony was hit very hard," Billy Murdoch said. "I thought he was all right. But he was hit harder than I thought."

"Did you think of stopping the fight?"

"I thought he was all right," Billy Murdoch said again. "He was hit hard, but you can't stop a fight every time your boy gets hit. What would happen to the fight game if you stopped a fight every time somebody got hit?"

"I know what should happen to it," another reporter said. "They should take it out and bury it."

"Sure," Billy Murdoch said. "Nobody likes the fights. That's why they all go to them."

"Whatareyoudoingin Detroit?"

"Just passing through."

"To where?"

"Toronto," Billy Murdoch said. "I'm working on a main go for Danny O'Brien up there."

"How do you feel about this Casino kid?"

"How do you think I feel?"

"He was like a son to you."

"Don't be like that," Billy Murdoch said. "That's not funny."

"Forgive me," the reporter said.

Billy Murdoch got away from them, caught a cab, and checked in under a phony name at a small hotel. He slept until two in the afternoon. Then he got up, bathed, shaved, had something to eat, and felt better. He read what the papers had done about Tony Casino. It was just plain murder, the way they told it. Tony Casino had been having head trouble for months, but his manager, Billy Murdoch, had kept right on making him fight. Tony Casino should never have been a fighter, anyway. He had not been rugged enough to take the punishment. But the fight business was savage and could use kids like Tony Casino, and men like Billy Murdoch were licensed to break these kids, physically or mentally or both. The fight business was rotten from top to bottom and it was high time something was done about it.

Billy Murdoch was glad to read that last sentence. They were spreading their fire. They were shooting at the whole fight game and the target was too big and nobody would get hurt.

Billy Murdoch went to see Max Green. Green was putting on the card tonight that included Billy Murdoch's two boys. Green did not look happy at seeing him.

"I heard you were in town," Green said. "They got the finger on you good."

"I got two boys going for you tonight. Don't you remember?"

"They'll go on all right, but I don't want you out there, Billy. There might be trouble. I don't want to get mixed up in this thing. It's one of those messes and I don't want any part of it."

"All right," Billy Murdoch said. "I'll go to a movie. I'll have a time."

"I wouldn't do that, either. You should go on to New York. Dig in there for a while. A man's better off at home at a time like this."

"I'm getting tired of being run out of towns."

"So stay," Green said. "Stay and get your ears beat in. This is a small town. They'll find you and that'll just keep them all excited. I never saw so much excitement as over this one. But New York is big. You won't stir up anything there. Is that right?"

"Sure," Billy Murdoch said. "I'll see you around."

"Good-by," Max Green said.

Billy Murdoch caught a plane for New York without being seen, and so there were no reporters waiting for him at LaGuardia Field.

He bought a paper. The Tony Casino death was splashed on page one. Billy Murdoch was surprised. He had not thought it would be played up here like this. They were really going to work on this one. Billy Murdoch could not understand it. Fighters were being killed all the time. Why did they have to knock themselves out over this one?

It was ten p.m. when Billy Murdoch stood on the corner of 58th and Sixth Avenue. There was a hotel down the street. Billy Murdoch and nine other managers kept a room in it. Most nights you could get a poker game there. Billy Murdoch went to the hotel and up to the fourteenth floor.

There were five men in the room, sitting around a table littered with chips and ash trays and glasses. They looked up casually when Billy Murdoch came in and then they all jumped to their feet and gave him a royal welcome.

"Hell," Billy Murdoch said. "I thought you might throw me out. Everybody else has."

"Yeah," Jack Latimer said. "What are you trying to do? Give us a bad name?"

"You got a tough break, Billy," Pete Torelli said. "It was too bad."

"All this hollering," Manny Gold said. "Don't let it get you, Billy. It means nothing. Every so often they got to yell. They'll yell for maybe two more days and then they'll forget it."

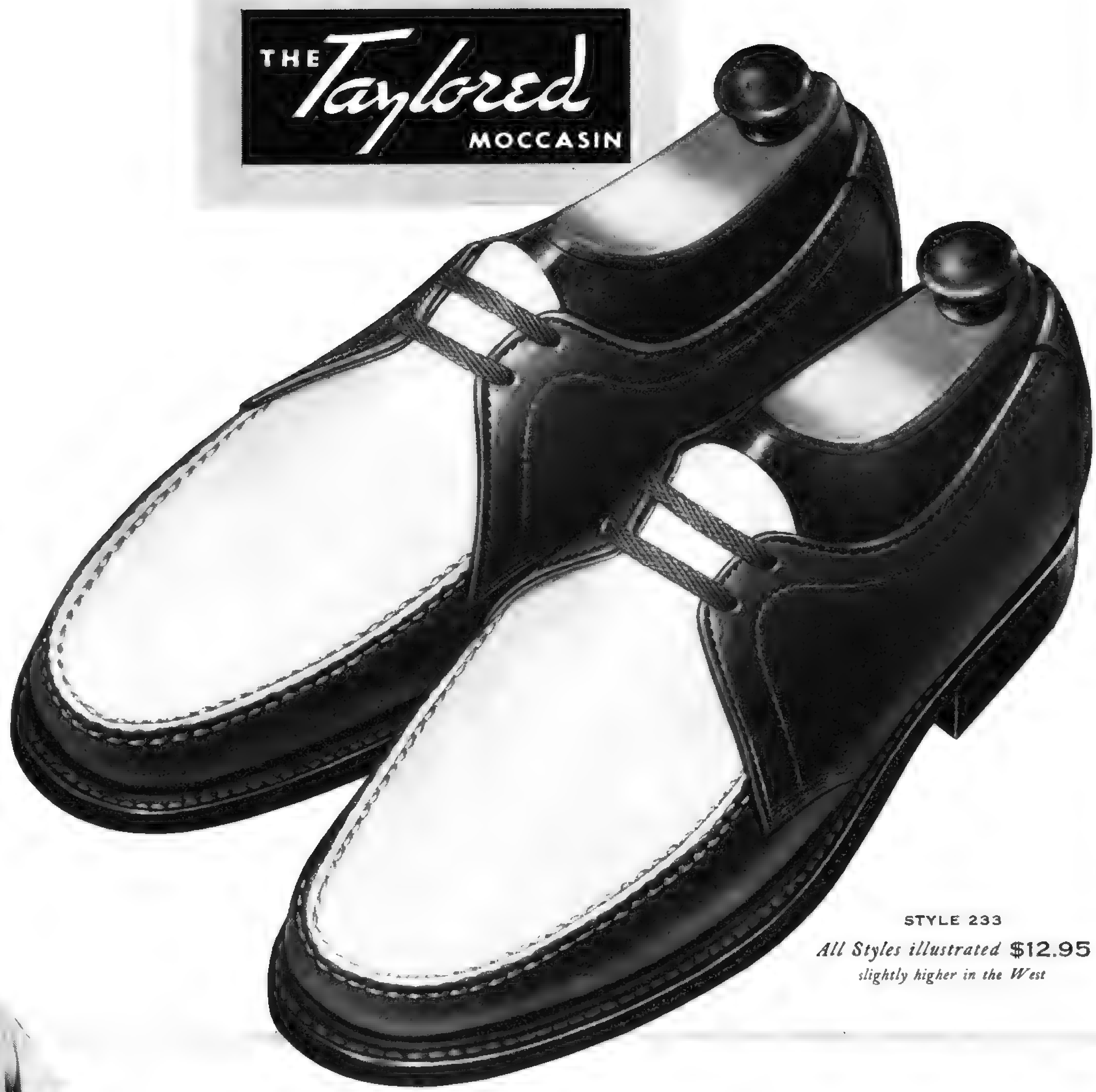
From across the room another man called, "What do you take in Scotch, Billy?"

"Water," Billy Murdoch said. "Just plain water."

They all went back to the table and sat down. Billy Murdoch relaxed. It was nice to be back among friends again. ⵌ

Continued from page 39

THE *Taylored* MOCCASIN



how to tell a
Genuine Moccasin

Slide your hand down into
the smooth, unbroken interior.

You'll feel
the soft, one-piece upper
that cradles your foot completely.

No innersole to break in.
No hard edge or inside ridge
that marks the imitation.

Only a Genuine Moccasin
gives you this
full-cradle comfort.

Only hand-sewing
and hand-lasting
give you the snug fit,
the instant flexibility
that have made
The Taylored Moccasin
unexcelled.

STYLE 233

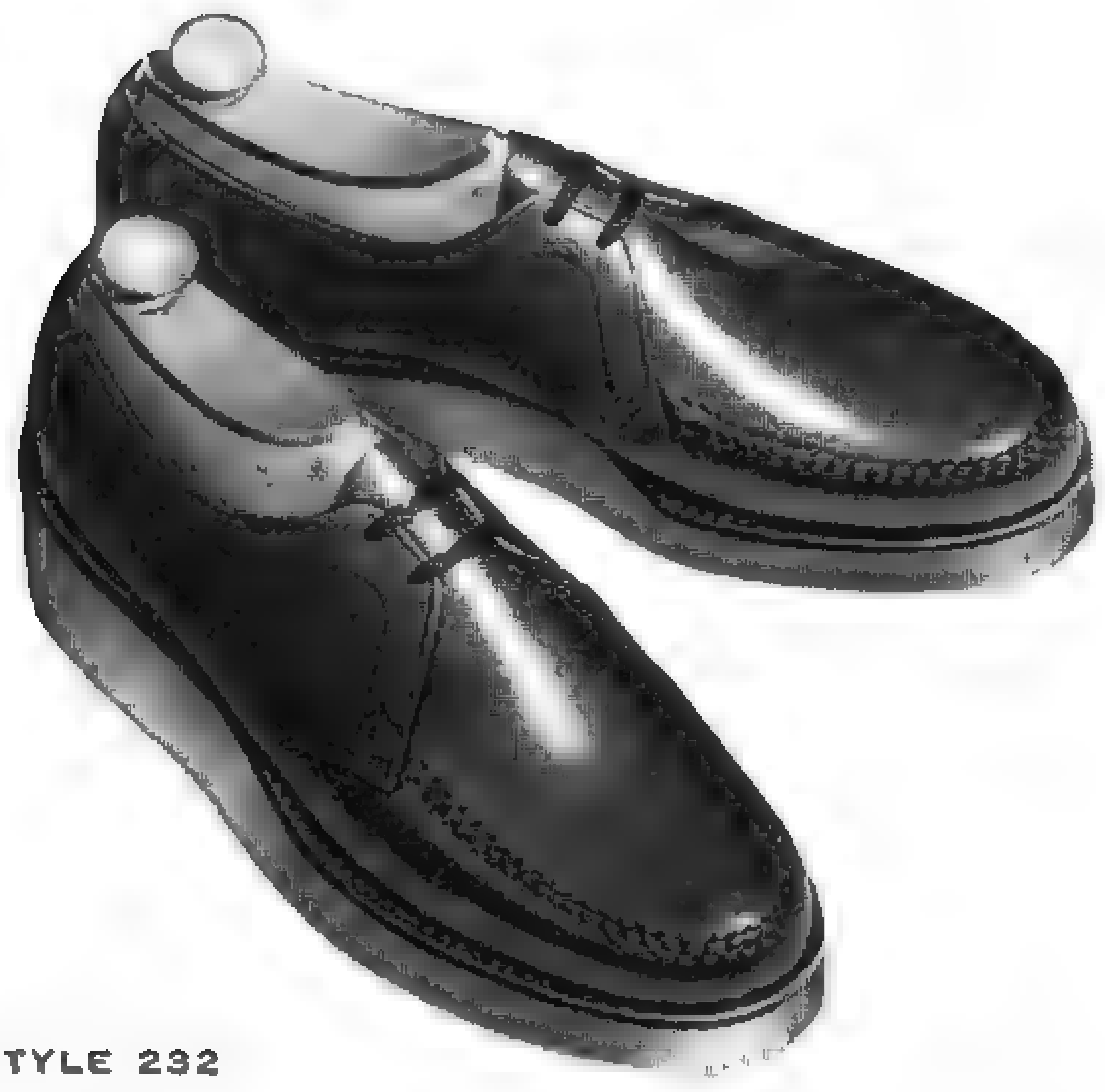
All Styles illustrated $12.95
slightly higher in the West

For style folder
and dealer's name
write Dept. E

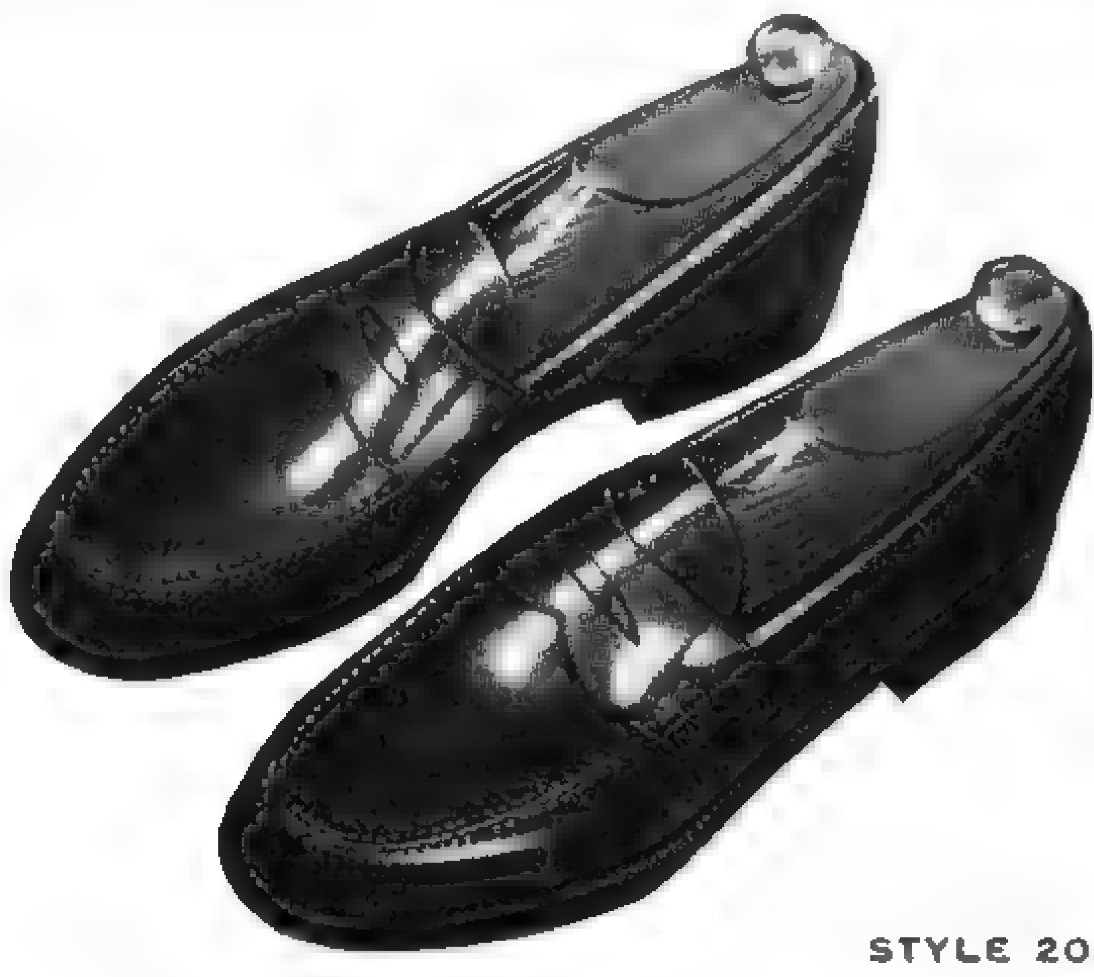
Hand-Sewn Luxury

This summer enjoy the real foot luxury
of a truly fine hand-sewn moccasin.
It cradles your foot in a sling of soft Golden Chestnut leather.
The upper is hand-lasted completely around and under the foot,
hand-sewn to the Genuine White Buck front
then hand-rubbed to a rich, glowing finish.

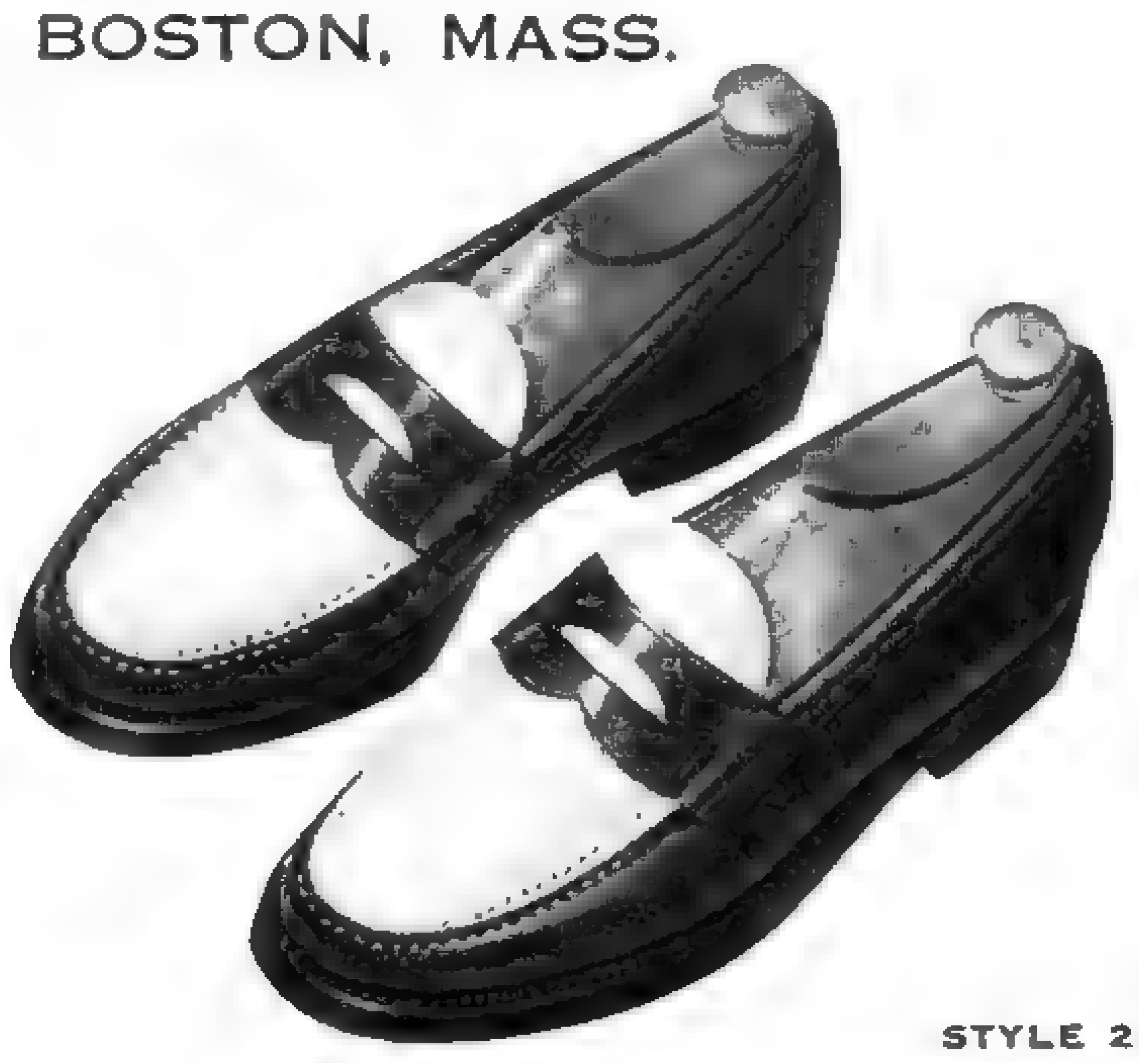
BY THE MAKERS OF THE TAYLOR-MADE SHOE
E. E. TAYLOR CORP. MANUFACTURERS BOSTON, MASS.



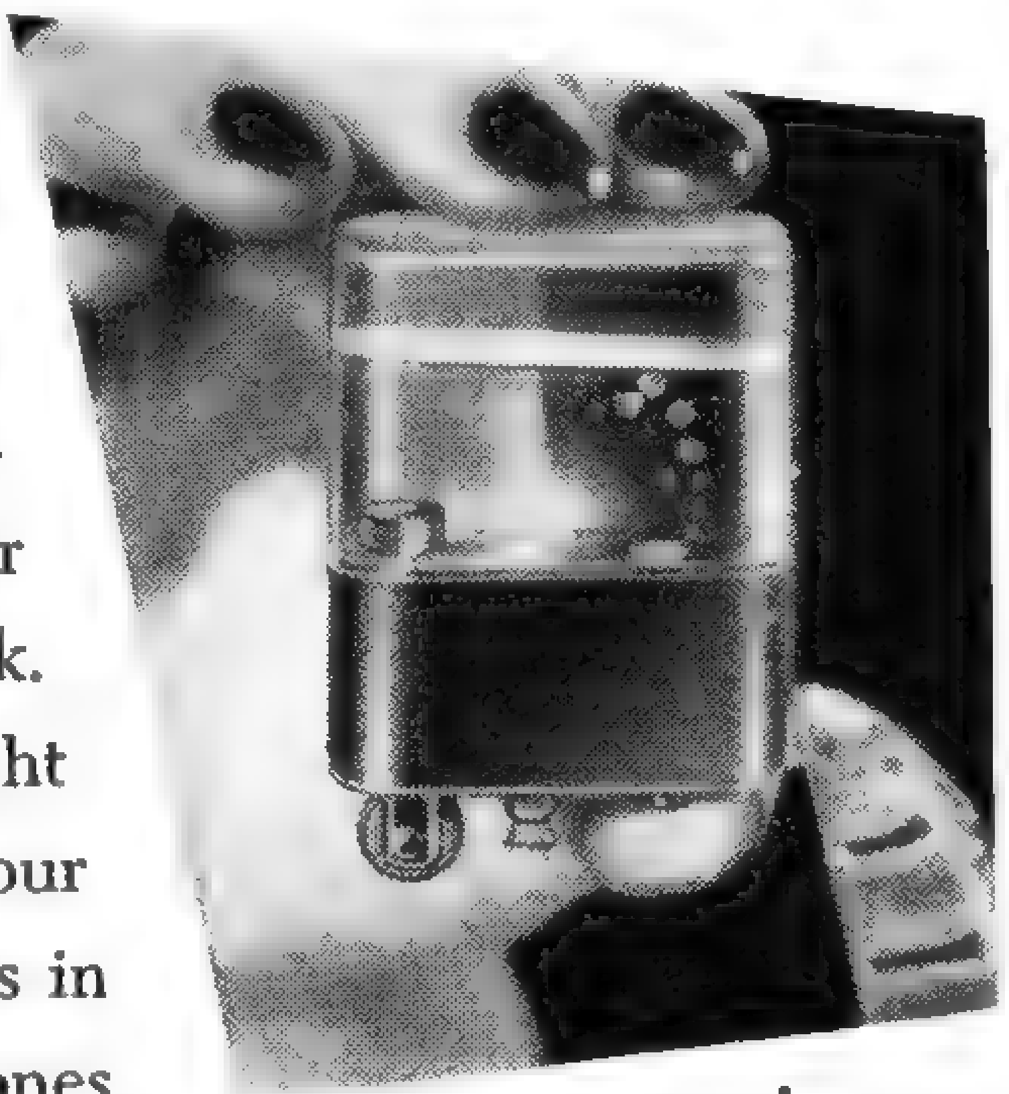
STYLE 232



STYLE 208



STYLE 239



everybody looks!

at your

Ritepoint

EXCLUSIVE LICENSEE

the **original lighter** with visible fuel supply

New . . . smart . . . completely dependable . . . the Ritepoint LITER in transparent lucite! Its precision mechanism gives you a light every time . . . the visible filling-station tells you when to refuel, is sealed so neither fuel nor odor can leak. Ritepoint LITER is light as a feather in your pocket . . . comes in four jewel tones. $\$3^{75}$

To refuel, invert and press recharge button

the only **lighter** with built-in filling station

Mail orders accepted only if your local dealer cannot supply you

RITEPOINT CO. • 4350 S. KINGSHIGHWAY BLVD. • ST. LOUIS 9, MO.
Manufacturers of Ritepoint Pens and Pencils

The Man Time Waited For

John Cobb raced the dusk, the rain, and the clock, and he beat them all

by **JOHN M. FLEMING**

PURPLE dusk was settling over the Great Salt Lake desert. In fifteen minutes darkness would come to this eerie, ghostlike expanse of nothingness that comes to life once a year—once a year when the water is gone, when the salt is packed to concrete hardness and the auto-racing men come to run against time on the Bonneville speedway.

Out of the south, along the 13½-mile straightaway, came the roar of motors and the hurtling streak that was making the roar.

Piloting this cigar-shaped meteor was the poorest rich man in the world. His name is John Cobb and he is a well-to-do British fur broker. But the race he was making on September 16, 1947, on Utah's famous Salt Flats was for more than the honor of breaking his own world's land speed record. It was for a handsome reward.

The spectators who crowded the safety line a quarter of a mile from the measured mile and kilometer were not aware of the drama that was being played before their eyes. The majority were certain that money meant nothing to John Cobb and few knew of the financial arrangements that brought him to America for a try at cracking his own world marks of 369.7 k.p.h. and 368.9 m.p.h.

Cobb and his party arrived in Salt Lake City early in August and a few days later the car was transported to Wendover, Utah, near the Nevada line on U. S. Highways 40 and 50. Besides his wife of only a few months, Cobb was accompanied by a retinue of mechanics and tire men. When the party left England each person was permitted to bring only $170 out of the country. This explains why Cobb was the poorest rich man in the world in the dusk of that September evening of 1947. The contract with the sponsoring oil company provided that unless a record was broken no money was paid. Cobb would not, to be sure, have been destitute had he failed, but he would have had considerable trouble financing the return of his party to England; he had spent a great deal of money in preparation for the run, and, as an Englishman, he would have been short of dollars—a rather necessary commodity in the United States.

Trouble developed in bringing the complicated machine to a maximum of efficiency and the days went hurrying by—precious days because the first September rain would ruin the course.

The blackest day of all was August 25th. A test run was made on that day, following which an examination revealed a broken part. The nearest replacement was England and two weeks passed before the part arrived by air and the installation was made.

Then came more test runs, more hair-fine adjustments and more worried glances at the sky.

It was late on September 16 when Cobb climbed into the Railton Special for the north-to-south run. When the car rolled to a stop at the end of the 13½-mile course the mechanics and tire men moved into action with efficient speed. The rules said Cobb must make the return run within an hour, but the men weren't racing against the rules—they were racing against the approaching darkness.

The crowd held its collective breath when the timer announced that the south run had been clocked over the measured mile at a fraction better than 385 miles per hour. This meant a new record if the return run was only average and the return run would be with the wind.

Then came the roar and the projectilelike machine swept again into the measured mile, lurching like a demon possessed. Experienced racing men knew that if John Cobb kept his car on the course the record was his because never before had they seen anything on earth move so fast.

A great cheer went up when the roar died away, indicating that Cobb had cut the motors and was coasting toward the end of the course. There was more than one prayer of thanks.

But the car didn't stop at the end of the straightaway. Cobb circled around in the salt and drove back to the timer's stand abreast of the measured mile. The metal top was removed from the cockpit and the genial, tall Englishman stepped out to be greeted by a kiss from his bride.

The short dusk was almost gone. It was nearly dark when the timer announced a new world speed record for automobiles. The mean time for the kilometer was 393.8 k.p.h. and the record for the mile was 395.2. John Cobb had driven faster than 394.196 miles an hour on the south-to-north run. He won quite a few thousand dollars in prizes.

Two hours later the racing party were sitting in the restaurant at Wendover drinking Scotch and tea. Rain drummed on the roof. Next day there was eight inches of water on the Salt Flats. #

Happy Fathers' Day to 'DADDY'

Bringing Up Father's Day Gifts!

The two anatomic bombs pictured here would be welcome at any man's door. And similar bombshells explode in each and every exciting Esquire. Now, for Father's Day, you can give your favorite father, or fathers, (and yourself), a cheerful yearful of Esquire's explosive entertainment for only

$4.33 (*a 28% discount— saving you $1.67*)

This special rate is in effect in Cont. U. S., U. S. Possessions and Canada, and during Father's Day period only.

**THE BEST GIFT EVER
FOR THE BEST DAD EVER**

a handsome Father's Day gift card, specially prepared for the occasion, and handpenned with your name as donor, will announce the coming of Esquire.

CLIP THIS COUPON AND MAIL TODAY

Please send Esquire as a Father's Day Gift to

Name.......................................
(Please Print)

Address.......................................

City....................Zone....State.......

Gift Card to Read From......................

My Name..................................

Address..................................

City....................Zone....State.......

☐ Include my own subscription at the reduced $4.33 "Father's Day" rate

☐ Remittance Enclosed ☐ Please Bill Me

Esquire ESQUIRE BUILDING · CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

Crossroads of Mankind

Continued from page 58

spite her streamlined chassis, may have less interest to the geneticist, at least during working hours, than a fruit fly.

There are lots of things we'd like to know about ourselves that we can't tell from animals. Is a tendency to criminal activity inheritable? Does genius occur as a dominant or a recessive trait? Are backward children the products of bad genes or bad environment? What are the physical effects of inbreeding and outbreeding?

On only one point do we have clear-cut human evidence. We know that inbreeding (the marriage of blood relatives) is harmless provided there are no inherent weaknesses in the stock to begin with. No less a personage than a queen of Egypt proved this point. It has happened more than once that members of a particular royal family have become so intensely royal that there was no one good enough to marry outside that family. This happened to the Ptolemies; and Cleopatra was the result of six generations of brother-sister marriages. If there was anything wrong with her, neither Antony nor Caesar could see it. The fact that Cleopatra carried on the family tradition and was married to her kid brother may have been responsible for the warmth with which she welcomed the two great Romans. Unfortunately, despite her not inconsiderable efforts, this inbred young lady sheds no light on the problem of interracial breeding.

If a fairy godmother should appear to a student of human heredity and offer to grant him his dearest wish, just what might that wish be? In order to solve as many riddles at one time as possible, he might like to have a known number of males of one race marry a known number of females of another—the two being as widely different in cultural characteristics as possible. The external physical traits of the two stocks, such as hair, eye, and skin color, should be sufficiently different to be easily discernible. It would be nice if a few moral issues like crime or exceptional piety in one of the two mates could be thrown in for good measure. Furthermore, the student would like the original matings projected backward in time, so results of several generations of offspring could be studied.

Of course, very careful records would have to be kept of all matings, and the whole colony would have to be rigidly protected from influences of the outside world for a hundred years or so. This seems like a large order, but let's see what can be done.

(*Let's have a little creepy music, maestro please—the sound of rushing wind off-stage and of thunder.*

Now some spooky blue lights and long eerie shadows. Okay, Fairy Godmother. ON STAGE—*and don't forget your wand, dearie; you'll need it.*)

Seldom has the famed ability of sailors to charm the feminine heart been more forcibly demonstrated than it was on September 22, 1789, when nine young British seamen—mutineers from H.M.S. *Bounty*—landed on the beach at Tahiti. At dawn the following day, they sailed away for parts unknown, cheered by the flashing smiles of eleven dark-skinned maidens who willingly accompanied them on a voyage into nowhere. The nine mutineers also graciously allowed several Tahitian men to share their adventure.

Long before their ship sighted tiny uninhabited Pitcairn Island, the Tahitian men knew they were slaves. But the girls still sang and danced in the fo'c'stle. With the wisdom of the ages, they knew that a pretty face, well backed up, can laugh at slavery—or any other man-made handicap.

Pitcairn, during the first year, was anything but an island paradise. When the beloved "wife" of one of the mutineers, John Williams, fell over a cliff while hunting birds' eggs, John promptly took over one of the svelte spares. She was the wife of a slave, so the six Tahitian men conspired to kill their masters. But the plot was discovered by the women, who warned their white husbands of the danger by singing a song in which this lyric was featured: "Why does black man sharpen ax? To kill white man." Result: two black men killed—one of them murdered by the graceful extra now safely ensconced as Mrs. Williams. But this was only the beginning of a series of murders that neatly disposed of the race problem. Four years after the original landing, only four white men and ten Tahitian girls were left on the island.

But the very energy with which the racial conflict was eliminated posed another and equally serious difficulty. Four men and ten women; moonlight and palm trees. Ten women and four men. In a heroic effort to dam the pressure of this consuming excess of females, all vestiges of family life were abandoned. Ten women and four men! In desperation, the little colony lapsed into complete promiscuity. As a result, the four remaining men apparently spread themselves too thinly. In less than a year, every single female was dissatisfied and planning to desert. The girls made themselves so disagreeable that the four limp

temptation
for
any
man

HYLO
SPORT SHIRTS

You're only doing what comes naturally, when you succumb to a Hylo shirt. Its superb quality, its elegance and its luxurious styling have a magnetic attraction for any fashion-wise man. In choice imported and domestic fabrics.
$10 to $25

LARRY R. ENGELSON OF NEW YORK AND CALIFORNIA • NEW YORK OFFICE: 18 WEST 18TH STREET (11)

wraiths were delighted to have them go, even building a boat for them; but it capsized prematurely—that is, before the girls got in. Repeatedly, in the next few years, the women plotted clumsily to kill their communal husbands, but each time their plot was discovered and they were tenderly forgiven. However, the men continued the process of elimination by murder so that eventually there remained only one man, John Adams, and nine soft-eyed Tahitian women. Then peace and tranquillity at last descended upon the little island.

There is tangible evidence that the mutineers' thoughts were not exclusively concerned with murder, for they found time between killing and being killed to sire twenty-five offspring. None of the Tahitian men, however, was given the opportunity to become a father. The living descendants of the mutineers can therefore trace their ancestry back through these nine British men and the ten Tahitian women. Since the mutineers were all members of the Royal Navy, accurate physical data on height, age, weight, and so forth are available in Admiralty records. The Tahitian women were all of a pure unmixed race of Polynesians, highly homogeneous both physically and culturally. Tiny Pitcairn provided an ideal stage—almost laboratory-like in its insulation from the complex crosscurrents of the rest of the world. When the mutineers established their Tahitian girls on this unknown speck of land, they unwittingly set up the only precise experiment in human breeding that science has ever known. Even the influence of sex on heredity can be traced, since all the "Polynesian" genes were contributed by females, and all the "Caucasian" genes by males.

The Book of Records that was carefully kept from the very beginning of the colony serves the purpose of the experimenter's notebook. The exact record of births, deaths, and marriages that it provides even minimizes the havoc wrought by the monkey of illegitimacy which so often plays about among the more obscure branches of even the most respectable family trees.

If legislators were scientists, a careful study of the Pitcairn experiment might lead our government to take a little interest in the thousands of Japanese-, German-, and Chinese-Americans now doomed to a babyhood of crippling want and a future struggle against hopeless odds. Thanks to the mutineers and their girls, there is little doubt about the kind of boy little Satakichi Smith would turn out to be if given a chance.

Although the original settlers on Pitcairn were completely promiscuous for a time, succeeding generations adopted family life of their own accord, without pressure or example from the outside world, suggesting strongly that man is by nature a "family animal" and probably will always reject any sort of "communal life," regardless of its material advantages.

The Book of Records further tells a fantastic story of hybrid vigor in human beings. The increase in fertility which resulted immediately after the British-Polynesian cross is almost unbelievable. One woman of the second generation distinguished herself. With the able assistance of three husbands, she presented the little community with twenty-five children! Her accomplishment, although outstanding for *Homo Sapiens* in any age or clime, was not phenomenal for Pitcairn. The average output for her generation (entirely without obstetrical care) was 11.4 children per female.

It is fortunate for the little island (two miles long and one mile wide) that this tremendous fertility declined. Its present level is 2.4 children per female.

The women of Pitcairn's fabulous second generation began their romancing early. Their average age at the birth of their first child was seventeen, compared with almost twenty for modern Pitcairn girls. But the extension of the fertile period was even more pronounced. The average age of the mothers when the last child was born was over forty-two; more than half of them bore children after forty-four. Present-

Continued on page 116

"Give me a chance to dry myself, will ya?"

for a Pampered Pop

On Father's Day, June 19th

HADLEY "TRENT"

ultra-flex, ultra-thin expansion watch band

You couldn't pay him finer or more loving tribute on Father's Day, than with a gift of this superb new Watch Band by Hadley. The new "Trent", a masculine basket weave design, is the thinnest, most expansive watch band now made. In smart, durable 1/10th 12K. gold filled with stainless steel back, in handsome gift box. At your jeweler's (Federal tax included) $8.50

Matching Tie Clasp and Links

Hadley

Watch Attachments and Men's Jewelry

American Favorites
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY A BLEND
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

Mild and Mellow

"The blend of experience." The finest-tasting whiskey of its type in America—and the *best* value.

Rich and Mellow

A superlative blend of ALL whiskies. Definitely America's *luxury* whiskey yet its price is moderate.

PARK & TILFORD

Fine Whiskies Since 1840

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK • PARK & TILFORD "RESERVE" 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS 86 PROOF • PARK & TILFORD "PRIVATE STOCK" 86 PROOF

Crossroads of Mankind

Continued from page 115

day women on Pitcairn usually have their last child, as elsewhere, before thirty-five.

This intense procreative effort was not made at the cost of physical standards. For example, the height of the males resulting from the first cross was greater than that of either ancestral strain. The sons of the mutineers were an inch taller than their fathers; today, after five generations, they are still taller than the mutineers were.

The immense physical vitality of the Pitcairners is shown in another way. Although the tendency toward multiple births is hereditary, only strong and healthy women can nurture two fetuses at once and bring them both to birth successfully. The frequency of twins in a population is then some indication of the over-all vigor of that population. One in thirty-five births on Pitcairn has resulted in twins—a higher ratio than any other people are known to have.

Valuable information on biologic stamina can be obtained by studying the sex ratio—that is, the proportion of male to female babies born. Boys are so much weaker than girls even during intra-uterine life that fewer boys are capable of surviving till birth when conditions are bad. Robust health and good living conditions favor the survival of more male babies. On Pitcairn, 118.7 males are born for every 100 females! The average figure for the rest of the world is 105 boys to 100 girls.

Cousin marriages sometimes bring to mind a depressing picture of an array of idiots, imbeciles, monsters, weaklings, and degenerates of all kinds. But descendants of the original inhabitants of Pitcairn confirm Cleopatra in refuting this misconception of the disastrous effects of the original inbreeding, providing the original stock is sound. In the family tree of one husky, perfectly normal young man, the seven mutineers appear a total of twenty-four times, and one of the mutineers served as seven of the young man's great-great-grandfathers!

Although no careful mental or psychologic studies have been carried out, modern Pitcairners appear to be above average. The eminent anthropologist, Dr. Harry L. Shapiro, found only two or three out of two hundred who were below par mentally, while no less than nine had qualities of leadership and outstanding traits that placed them well above the average anywhere.

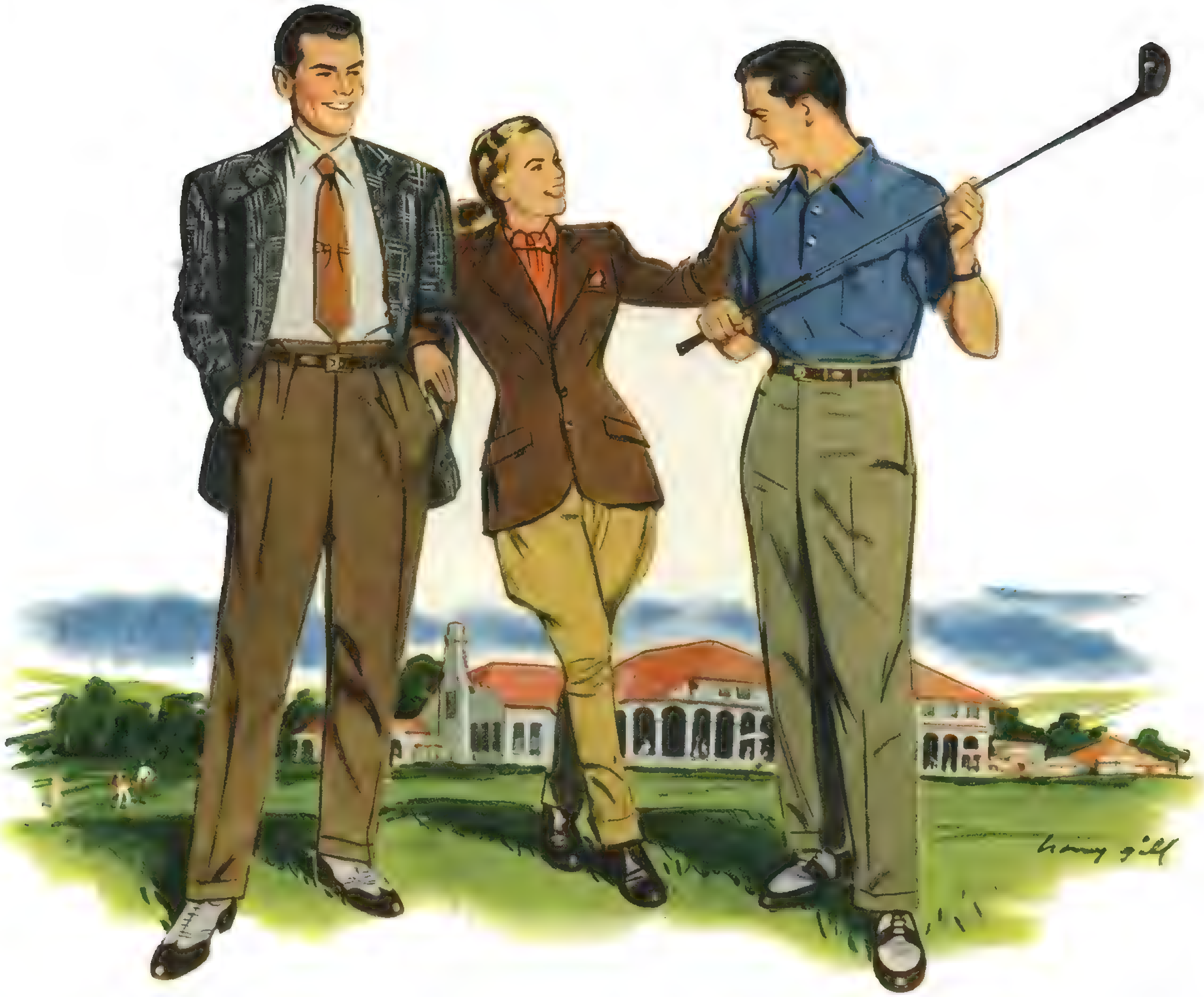
Although the experiment on Pitcairn solved some problems in human breeding, it posed others in genetics that at present have no answers. As far as is known, the genes governing eye, hair and skin color are not sex-linked. That is, boys and girls are thought to be equally likely to inherit blue or brown eyes, light or dark hair, or white or brown skin from either parent. But Shapiro's studies on the present inhabitants of Pitcairn cast some doubt on this assumption.

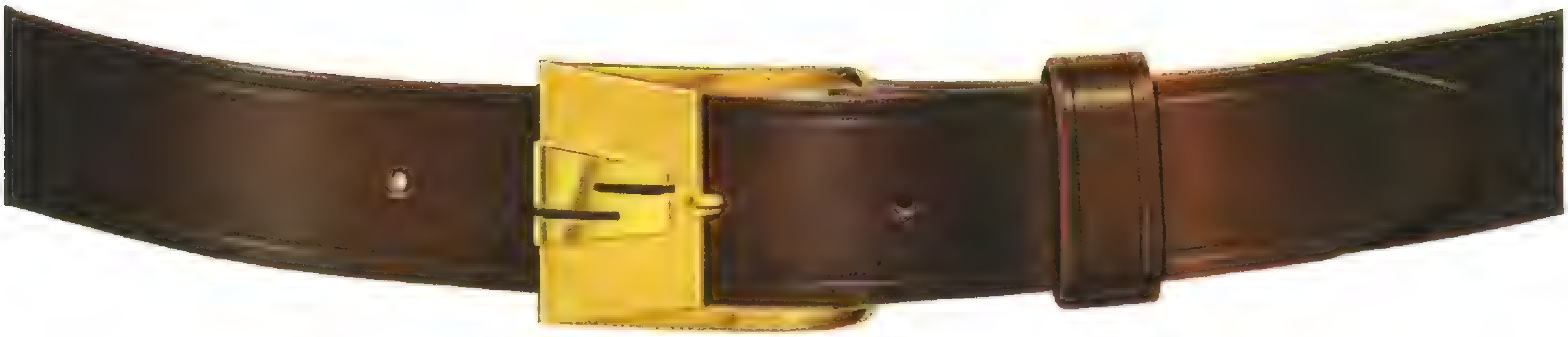
Knowing the ratio of blue to brown eyes of both parent stocks, i.e., British and Polynesian, it is possible by application of the Mendelian laws of inheritance to predict what the ratio of blue to brown ought to be in present-day descendants of the original Pitcairners. The women do follow closely the theoretical prediction; but the eyes of the men vary from the theoretical expectations in the dominance of intermediate coloring. The women are also darker-skinned and darker-haired than their husbands, although both are more the English type. This unexpected problem in heredity could easily be solved if we could now persuade a group of English girls and Tahitian men to run off to some island and do what comes naturally for a couple of hundred years.

The fact that crime, illegitimacy, and depravity of all kinds have occurred frequently in certain families has led many to believe that such unsavory tendencies are inheritable. Two island families have spawned almost every kind of criminal, ne'er-do-well, and degenerate in the book. But the mists of foggy thinking about the inheritance of criminal tendencies inspired by these two families are dispelled by the bright light Pitcairn sheds on the subject. From the social standpoint, it would be hard to find a worse heredity than that of the descendants of the mutineers. In addition to the heinous crime of mutiny on the high seas, most of their male ancestors five generations ago were murderers. Many of the female ancestors were likewise either guilty of murder or at least of plotting it. Most, if not all, were promiscuous at one time or another; and all the second generation were illegitimate from the standpoint of civil and church laws. Despite this black background, modern Pitcairners are orderly, law-abiding, deeply religious people. It is doubtful that any other group in the world can match their record for sheer unadulterated virtue.

In terms of human values, the heritage of the *Bounty* was a good heritage; for it showed that the children of interracial marriage are likely to be as good as or better than "pure breeds," and that an occasional irregularity in a family tree may make it all the sturdier. Perhaps it's time we abandoned Hitlerian ideas of racial purity and dropped such terms as "mongrels" and "half-castes." The thousands of fine hybrid American babies being left to their fate in foreign countries may constitute our most serious wastage of a precious national resource. In ignoring their existence, aren't we, perhaps, carrying our foreign recovery program a little too far? ##

Continued from page 58





Smart Way to get Around a Man

Smart indeed—this belt and buckle by SWANK. The handsome, gleaming tongue buckle carries a new, hand-crafted pierced initial. A popular and personal gift that's sure to please. Shell Cordovan $5.00. Hand-boarded Cowhide $3.50.

Always look for the name SWANK
on all our products

Don't forget Father's Day—June 19th

Men prefer
SWANK

SWANK—® Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

Double header!
Timely Clothes Tropical Worsteds keep you cooler . . . Balanced Tailoring keeps you smarter!

COPYRIGHT 1949, TIMELY CLOTHES, INC., ROCHESTER 2, N. Y. *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Made of tissue-light, breeze-inviting, all-wool worsteds, specially woven to help you feel cool as a night game, our Sunfoil* Suits practically shed wrinkles overnight.

Moreover, famous Balanced Tailoring—exclusive with Timely Clothes—keeps these suits looking as trim as their designers planned them.

This modern tailoring technique combines expert hand workmanship for the soft, figure-flattering lines so essential for good fit . . . and sturdy machine sewing to help hold those lines for keeps.

You'll find Balanced Tailoring makes clothes last longer . . . helps dollars stretch further.

Write for your free copy of our 28-page illustrated booklet: "How to Choose Clothes to Improve Your Appearance". Address Dept. E6, Timely Clothes, Rochester 2, N. Y.

Balanced Tailoring makes

TIMELY Balanced tailoring CLOTHES®

look better... longer!

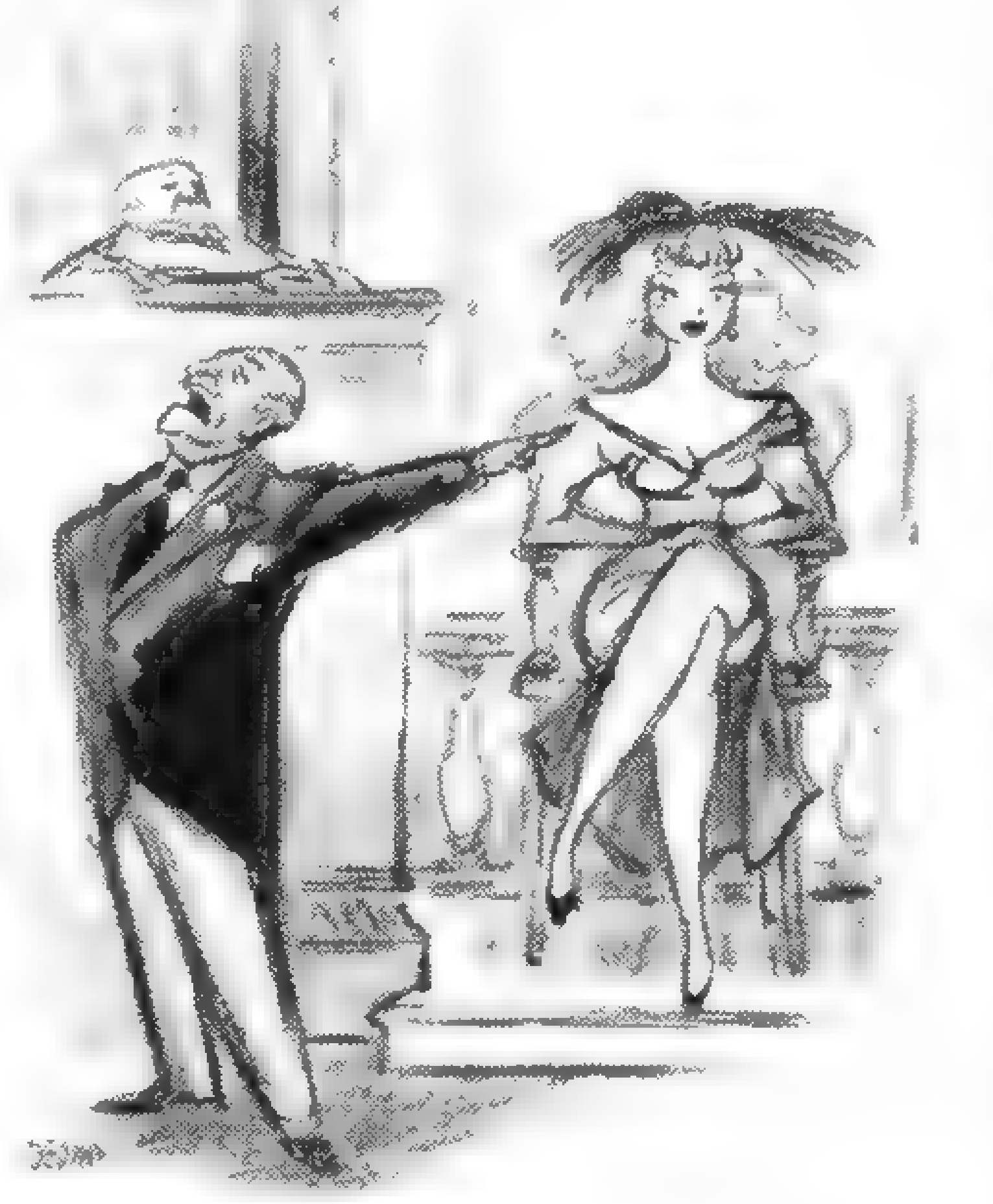
glass. "Your health, Colonel. And yours, Miss MacKellar."

The beautiful girl bowed; the colonel beamed. Then they disappeared back through their respective doors.

Malary said, "That wasn't Miss MacKellar, Mr. Jones. That was Miss Adelais Gilbert, the owner of this here bar."

"All right," Shad said, and went back to his food.

Sunlight was streaming into the Barrel House when Shad awoke the next morning. As he pieced together the events of the night before, he began to grin. He had won two hundred dollars in the poker game—a little from Mike Shattay, most from a man named Patterson, and even a little from the cold-looking Rod Mains. Colonel MacKellar surely kept his men in line; there hadn't even been a fist fight.



"... this poor wretched woman!"

Now—get some breakfast, get Tawney, get out. Good-by to sagebrush and chaparral. Back to western Tennessee, a tame land, to plow a farm and milk a cow . . .

Down the stairs came an angel. She wore a blue riding skirt, a buckskin jacket, and a big straw hat, pinned up on one side with a Mexican silver pin. When Shad got to the stable, the angel was rubbing the nose of a sorrel mare about three stalls down from Tawny. She looked up when Shad came in. "Get my saddle, will you, and—Oh, excuse me. I thought you were the stableman."

"No," Shad said. "I'm Shadrach Jones. But I'd be proud to get your saddle for you."

"Oh, would you?" The angel acted surprised, and pleased. "It's on the bottom row in there. It's a black saddle with a Denver tree."

"Yes'm." Shad set his own saddle on the door of Tawny's stall, and went back into the general room.

There was only one black saddle on the bottom row, and it was not a sidesaddle. But there was a little bunch of dried-up flowers tied to the horn. He threw the saddle on his shoulder and brought it down to the girl.

The girl jumped to the saddle like any old farm boy; and he saw, relieved, that what he had thought was a skirt was really two skirts, one for each—Anyway, it was modest. "All right, Ramona," she said, and was out of the barn in a jump. Tawny was whickering for his breakfast, but Shad gave the horse a quick, apologetic pat, and threw the bit into his empty mouth. He overtook the girl a hundred yards up the trail.

She said, "Oh, were you going riding? I thought you'd gone down to feed your horse when I saw you."

"Tawney's peculiar, ma'am," Shad said gravely. "He just ain't ready for his food till he's had a little gallop."

"I heard you were gambling last night," she said. "You bought

Sleep All Winter
Continued from page 45

drinks for the house with your ill-gotten gains." She sighed. "Ah, how can men be so base as to drink liquor?"

Shad shoved his hat back a little and scratched his head. The girl edged her mare a little closer to Tawny. Under her straw brim, her hair showed darkly red, but her eyes were the brightest blue. A man could forgive some mighty peculiar views to a combination like that. "But in my opinion," she said, "there is something worse than gambling and drinking. Even worse," she said, "than *smoking*. I hope you're not a meat-eater, Mr. Jones?"

Shad took counsel with his soul. Then he looked at the red hair and blue eyes. "Not always, ma'am," he said. "Not always alive, that is. Sometimes I kill my beef before I eat it. A nice live calf is a fine thing to chaw on. I like to feel him a-squirmin' and a—"

"Stop it, Mr. Jones, stop it! You win!" The pink complexion had turned white. "Not before breakfast. I apologize, Mr. Jones. I shouldn't have—have teased you so. But you looked so solemn when you said your horse couldn't eat his breakfast without a gallop first."

She started to laugh, and Shad let the reins fall on Tawny's neck and joined in. Texas was sure a wonderful place . . .

The horses stopped of their own accord, and poor Tawny dropped his head and started choking down grass. The girl laughed again, and slid out of the saddle. The sorrel dropped her head and joined Tawny in crunching; Shad went and sat beside the girl on a log. "Sure a pretty day," he said.

"This is my favorite time of year," she said. "This sun will have the grass up right now. Colonel MacKellar is wild to get his cattle started north. You haven't heard anything about Big Mart?"

"Big Mart?" Shad's voice was absent. He was thinking he ought to be riding for that boat.

"The colonel's foreman. It isn't like him to be late. I thought maybe, the—the police—" She got red in the face and stopped.

Shad smiled. "Think he's in trouble?"

The girl was vague. "Oh, I don't know. Rod Mains could tell you more. They were bunkies on the Kansas drive last year."

Shad said, "They aren't driving to Kansas this year?"

"We're going to Montana," Adelais said. Her blue eyes sparkled. "I'm going along, I think. Not with the trail outfits, of course . . . You see, there are three herds, one here and two over on the Chisholm Trail for Fort Leavenworth."

Shad pulled up a new blade of spring grass and chewed it. "Who's to eat your cows in Montana?" he asked.

"It's something new the government's doing. They've sent the Indians up there, mostly Black-

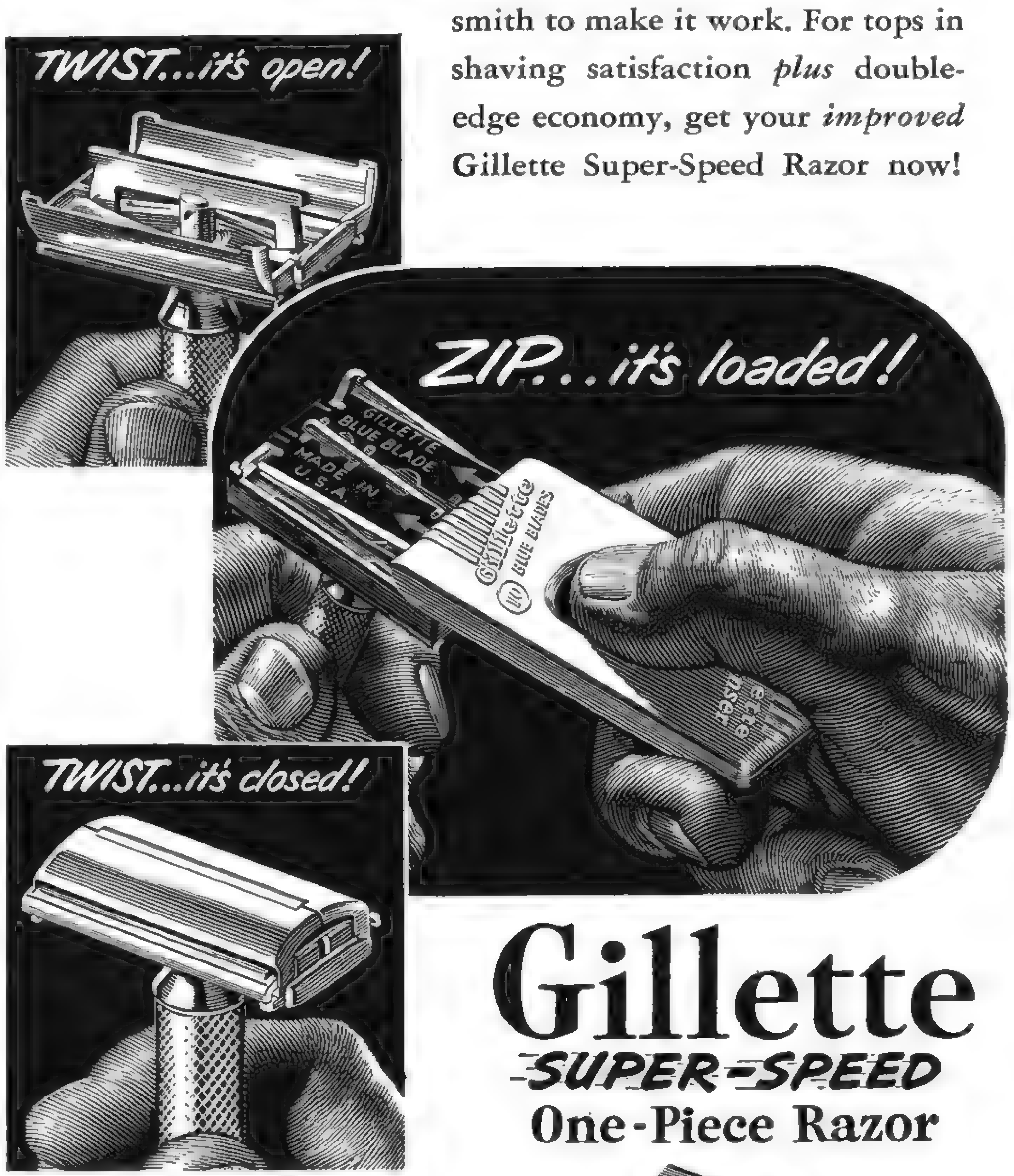
Continued on page 120

ALL THREE yours exclusively with

Gillette

- **INSTANT BLADE CHANGING**
- **REAL SHAVING COMFORT**
- **DOUBLE-EDGE ECONOMY**

You save time, save fuss and get the slickest, most refreshing shaves ever, with the modern Gillette One-Piece Razor. *This* razor, specially designed for use with the new Gillette Dispenser, changes blades instantly and cleans in a jiffy. It's a precision instrument—not a gadget. There's nothing to jam—nothing to clog—and you don't have to be a locksmith to make it work. For tops in shaving satisfaction *plus* double-edge economy, get your *improved* Gillette Super-Speed Razor now!


TWIST... it's open!
ZIP... it's loaded!
GILLETTE BLUE BLADE
MADE IN U.S.A.
Gillette BLUE BLADES
TWIST... it's closed!

Gillette
SUPER-SPEED
One-Piece Razor

Greatest Shaving Bargain Ever!

Gillette Super-Speed Razor and handy Gillette Dispenser containing 10 Gillette Blue Blades.
$1.50 VALUE... $1.00

ZIP! You Change Blades Like Magic!

look SHARP! **feel** SHARP! **be** SHARP! **use Gillette Blue Blades**
WITH THE *SHARPEST* EDGES EVER HONED

Copyright, 194 , by Gillette Safety Razor Company

foot. If cattle can be driven north from Texas to feed them, they can be kept on the reservation."

"Be a bad drive," Shad said, "moving cows to Montana before the snow gets so bad they can't eat."

"That's why the colonel is so anxious for Big Mart to get here."

Shad wasn't much interested in all this. He was interested in finding out how a pretty girl like Adelais Gilbert could own a place like the Barrel House. Also, once you accepted the startling fact that she owned it, then how could she go traipsing clear to Montana behind a bunch of cows? "You just buy the Barrel House?" he asked, bluntly.

"Inherited. From my uncle. The Barrel House was his 'ranch'—or so I thought all the time he was sending me money back East. Now, I'm going to sell the place, and I'm thinking of investing the money with Colonel MacKellar."

"Cap could work as a foreman."

"Oh, Cap." The girl laughed. "Cap's an old man . . . MacKellar said *you* could do it. A man who could talk up like you did last night."

Shad was so startled he sat up. "Me? Why, the boys wouldn't ride for me. They hate me and my kind."

The girl smiled. "If it comes to driving the men when they don't want to be driven, you wouldn't worry will they dislike you for it."

Shad said, "I didn't know Texas ladies mixed into men's business."

The girl sat up straight. "Oh," she cried. "Ladies! How I hate the word! I'm a—a person."

He said, "Then that's another reason I couldn't ride to Montana with Circle K. I couldn't remember not to make love to you."

"You're impudent, Lieutenant."

He laughed, standing up. "You see? Want to be a man, stand on your own feet. But you fall back on Southern courtesy to a lady the minute—"

The girl flashed past him, and got on the mare as fast as any rider he'd ever seen. Her rein ends slashed the sorrel sides, and the mare went down the trail back to the Barrel House.

Shad climbed onto Tawny slowly and set the claybank at an easy lope toward the Barrel House and breakfast.

Mike Shattay was eating bacon and eggs at one end of the bar; Shad hoisted himself alongside, ordered some food from Malary, and shoved his hat back on his head. "Mike, I've got this to tell you—I'm riding on right after breakfast, and I don't like to leave you feeling I owe you a poker game to get your money back."

Mike Shattay grinned. "I'm a hard man to offend, Shad. You owe me nothing. I'm leaving today, too. Riding to Montana with Circle K."

"Thought you had a hoss spread south of here."

Mike said, "I've got a good segundo, a Mexican I can leave the horses with. And I want to see Montana. Big Mart's upstairs now, talking to the colonel and Miss Adelais. He just got here."

"Miss Adelais? She's buyin' in, then?"

Mike Shattay took a gulp of coffee. He said: "I guess. That girl's got nerve. Her uncle, the late host of this establishment, had her believing he was a respectable rancher. My spies inform me, friend, that the same uncle prodded Colonel MacKellar into a quiet little game. That was about a week before the uncle died. He dealt so well that the colonel is even now somewhat short of the amount he needs to fill out his herd for Montana."

"Nothing to me," Shad said.

"Anyway," Mike said, "don't tell anybody, but I'm going to marry Adelais Gilbert. I haven't told her about it yet. I'm going to surprise her. Maybe at Frenchman's Ford in Montana; or maybe, with luck and the famous Shattay charm—and a Texas moon—at Dodge City."

"That's in Kansas, not Texas," Shad said automatically. He didn't think he'd ever met anybody like Mike before; he sure liked to hear the easy way Mike talked.

"You better go along," Mike said. "You can be best man."

The door on the gallery opened, and the colonel's big voice boomed down. He looked happy. "All right, Rod," he was saying, "you start the herd north. Cap knows where it is; and Mart here will go into Brownsville and pick up enough hands to piece the outfit out. Follow the gulf line north back to here—"

A thin voice said, "Keep 'em goin' about fifteen miles a day, Rod. Take us a week to trail-harden them up to a full thirty."

Mike Shattay said, "I can't ever get over the way those longhorns travel. They're like deer or elk instead of cattle."

But Shad wasn't listening. He had got a look at Big Mart, the foreman of the Circle K; and he now knew he shouldn't have gone for the ride with that girl. Should have left for the boat at sunup.

The thin voice up on the gallery was saying, "Sure can't get goin' north too soon for me, Colonel."

Shad had his hand on his gun butt, when Mike Shattay cried: "Shad Jones!" That did it. A door slammed as Big Mart shoved the colonel through the door into his room, shutting him and the girl away; then Mart was on the edge of the balcony, and his gun was out. Rod was up there with him, and his gun was out, too. The girl had said they were bunkies last year . . .

"Stranger," Big Mart said, to Mike, "I owe you thanks for warning me. Gonna shoot me in the back, Lieutenant?"

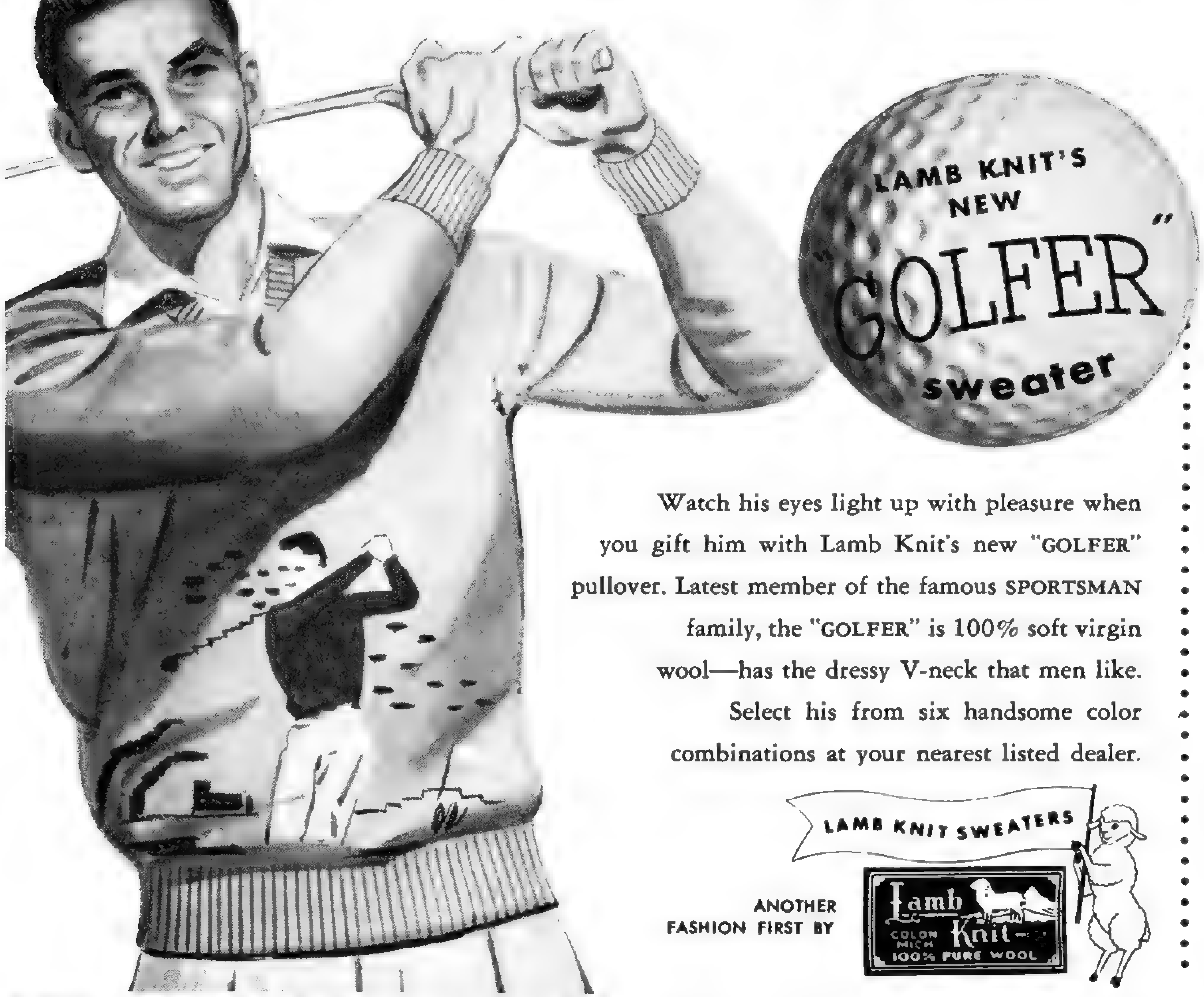
Shad Jones said, "You're under arrest, Storrs."

Rod cried, "The stinkin' rat told us he'd quit the State Police, Mart."

Shad made no move to unholster his gun. It wouldn't help; the men on the gallery had the drop on him. "I've resigned from the police, yes," he said. "But there's no man going to pass up a chance to take a man who did what this

---

Swell Sweater Gift for POP



Watch his eyes light up with pleasure when you gift him with Lamb Knit's new "GOLFER" pullover. Latest member of the famous SPORTSMAN family, the "GOLFER" is 100% soft virgin wool—has the dressy V-neck that men like. Select his from six handsome color combinations at your nearest listed dealer.

ANOTHER FASHION FIRST BY

THE LAMB KNIT GOODS CO. COLON, MICHIGAN

Lamb Knit Dealers Are Coast to Coast

ARKANSAS
Pfeifer's, Little Rock
Wooten & Dillard, Texarkana
COLORADO
Hogan's, Durango
CONNECTICUT
Grieve, Bisset & Holland, Waterbury
FLORIDA
Chitty's, Gainsville
Harry's, Jacksonville
ILLINOIS
The Fair, Chicago
The Fair, Oak Park
Samuel's, Springfield
B & F Toggery, Springfield
Duker-Vonder Harr, Quincy
Webers, Effingham
Square Deal, Murphysboro
INDIANA
Miller's, Evansville
Eagle Co., Bloomington
Levinson's, Indianapolis
Hoosier Co., Richmond
Robertson's, South Bend
IOWA
Leuthold & Hinkley, Eagle Gr.
Peterson's, Fort Dodge
Shull's, Clinton
Yetter's Inc., Iowa City
Meerdink's, Muscatine
KANSAS
Strause & Son, McPherson
Eckles Store, Dodge City
W. E. Jett Co., Pratt
KENTUCKY
Lewis-Hastings, Louisville
Joplin-Lanz, Elizabethtown
Daniels, London
George Frank, Maysville
Graves Cox, Lexington
LOUISIANA
Seligman's, Bastrop
Isaacs, New Orleans
Abdalla's Inc., Lafayette
MAINE
D. W. Adams, Augusta
M. L. French & Son, Bangor
MASSACHUSETTS
Steiger Store, Springfield
Filene's, Boston
Denholm-McKay, Worcester
John McInnes, Worcester
Macartney's, Lawrence
MICHIGAN
Brook's Clothes, Lansing
E. J. Hickey Co., Detroit
Ernst Kern Inc., Detroit
May & Sons, Grand Rapids
Ford's, Bay City
Kositchek, Lansing
F. N. Arbaugh, Lansing
MINNESOTA
H. J. Carlson, Brainerd
The Hub, Moorhead
L. A. Lohmar, Minneapolis
MISSISSIPPI
Reid Brothers, Corinth
The Rankin Co., Columbia
MISSOURI
Famous Barr Co., St. Louis
Dunham Co., Warrensburg
Missouri Dep. St., Kas. City
Ashenhurst's, Lebanon
NEBRASKA
Ben Simon & Sons, Lincoln
Papez Brothers, Albion
NEW YORK
Kleinhan's, Buffalo
Empsall's, Watertown
L. Berman, Syracuse
J. B. Wells, Utica
Ideal Men's Shop, Utica
NORTH CAROLINA
Sawyer Co., Elizabeth City
Lazarus, Morganton
Prince & Sons, Dunn
Leder Brothers, Concord
Borock-Stroud Company, Winston-Salem
H. B. Allen, Wadesboro
Belk Dept. Store, Asheville
OHIO
Balyeat's, Van Wert
Stadler's, Urbana
Cornell's, Greenville
Craig Brothers, Washington
Lion Store, Toledo
Klein-Roderick, Alliance
L. H. Sharpe, Wauseon
OKLAHOMA
Meadors & Son, Wetumka
Hamra's, Henryette
Haskett-Pollock, Holdenville
OREGON
Selway's, Portland
Mathis, Inc., Portland
PENNSYLVANIA
Joe Katz Store, Lewistown
Tony's, Middleton
Walter Miller, Beaver Falls
Altman's, Vandergrift
Guinan's, Mt. Carmel
L. K. Metzger, State College
SOUTH CAROLINA
Copeland Company, Columbia
SOUTH DAKOTA
E. C. Olson Company, Sioux Falls
TENNESSEE
Sigel's, Manchester
Dean Co., Chattanooga
TEXAS
Tatom's, Monahans
Joseph's, Austin
E. Salinas Brother, Laredo
Reynolds-Penland, Dallas
A. Thomas, Corpus Christi
Dover's, Beaumont
UTAH
Tooele Merc. Co., Tooele
Auerback, Salt Lake City
VIRGINIA
Hawkins', Charlottsville
WASHINGTON
J. S. Friedman, Bremerton
WEST VIRGINIA
O. J. Morrison, Charleston
Michaelson's, War
Belcher & Sharp, N. Fork
Lincoln D. Gds., W Hamlin
Cook D. Store, Fayetteville
J. F. Hindson, Oak Hill
Curley's, Charleston
WISCONSIN
Wally Conard, Green Bay
Kaiser's Toggery, Racine
Isermann Brothers, Kenosha

man did up the coast. Move aside, Rod Mains. This man may have been your bunkie, but you got no call to get yourself shot helping a man who'd kill a woman."

Big Mart's lean face twisted into a grin. "Gonna take a copperhead's word against mine, Rod?"

Shad said, "Drop your gun, Storrs, and I'll see you get a fair trial. The word of Shadrach Jones is known around. I've given it."

Storrs said, "I always wanted to see what color your blood was, Jones," and his knuckles whitened.

From then on, this was what Shad Jones had done since he was twelve. His body moved away from where it was, and the speed of its moving helped his gun out of its cradle and into his hand; that hand stayed where it was. It was a move that he had practiced enough; and it was a move that had let him grow to be twenty-five.

Storrs' bullet went where he had been and dug splinters out of the already splintery floor; and then Storrs was dead. Shad shot the gun out of Rod's hand, and it slid along the gallery and fell behind the bar.

Shad Jones swallowed and said, "Rod. Rod Mains."

The boy's face was as yellow as his eyes, as yellow as Malary's face peering over the edge of the bar. He said: "All right, Jones, shoot. I'm unarmed." But there wasn't much conviction in his voice.

Shad said, "Search him, Mains. You'll find, I think, that he's got some Santa Fe gold on him—thick pieces worth about twenty dollars apiece. And a bracelet with some real diamonds in it, and a little watch that a dance-hall woman used to wear on her chest."

The boy dropped to his knees, on the gallery, as the colonel came out and closed the door behind him. Under his white hat, the colonel's round face was red. "Give you my protection, and you kill my foreman, you—"

Rod Mains straightened up, and his eyes were funny, now. He held something out to the colonel, and then tossed it, in a quick motion, to Shad. Shad caught it in his left hand; he didn't have to look to tell what it was. A little enamel watch that a woman had worn.

"I apologize for what I said, Jones," said the colonel. "But I've got my last dollar tied up in beef for the Blackfoots, and no foreman. What'll I do?"

Rod said, "Colonel, I'll do it. You don't have to pay me extra."

Adelais Gilbert came out, moved quietly behind the colonel, and said something in his ear. MacKellar shook his head. The girl spoke again, and MacKellar's eyes flicked briefly to Shad. Then: "Jones, you lookin' for a job?"

"I'm on my way back to the farm, Colonel." Shad threw his gun, reloaded, and holstered it.

"You'll never make a farmer," the colonel boomed, "and you know it. You're Texan as those longhorn steers of mine."

Shad watched Malary's Mexicans carrying a shutter and a blanket up to the balcony. He looked at Rod and at Cap, and then gave his hands and his eyes over to the making of a cigarette. "No," he said. "I'm leavin' Texas." He reached into his pocket for his poker winnings to pay Malary for his board. He was smiling.

Then the smile died on his lips. He closed his hand over the money and looked up at the balcony. Every man in the Circle K outfit had been in that poker game except Big Mart Storrs, and Storrs was dead. It could be anybody. Anybody who'd shoot a man in the back . . .

After he'd paid the bartender, he folded a one-hundred-dollar bill and put it back in his pocket. A hundred-dollar bill that had been torn and repaired. Repaired with the gummed flap off an envelope, an envelope in which State Police orders had been mailed. Repaired by him before he had given his savings to his brother to buy a cattle spread with!

He looked up at the balcony. "If you're not fooling, Colonel, you got you a foreman."

Cap said, "I'll not ride for any—"

Shad said, "No man who is now signed up can quit. Sometime in the poker game last night, I managed to win a bill that I had seen before. A bank note that was in my kid brother's pocket when he was killed. Circle K and I are sticking together until I find out who put that money in the game."

He glanced up, and Miss Adelais' face was white and straining. He said: "I'll bunk with Mike, because Mike wears no gun and I'll be able to sleep that way." Then he put the crack into his voice that had made him the only State Police officer who had never had trouble with his noncoms. "Rod," he told the pale-eyed boy, "you go with Cap and pick up the herd. Mike, take charge of my blanket roll and go with the herd. I'm on my way to Brown's to get more hands; if I find any man missing when I get back, I'll take it as a confession. Get going, riders; you can sleep next winter."

The cook, a fat man who answered to the name of Chokecherry, pulled his four mules in at a stream and filled his water casks: then he drove over the stream, cramped the wheels, and unhitched the four animals, tied their nose bags on, and put one on each wheel. Behind him on the rolling plain that met the gulf, he could see the horse herd stopping to drink, a hundred remounts for the cowboys. There was no sight of the longhorns yet, but they'd be along. They were making close to fifteen miles a day already, and, after two weeks, not a cow so sorefooted he straggled.

Joe Corcoran, the horse wrangler, got off his pony while the horse herd was still drinking. He fastened heavy corral ropes to the tongue and tail of the wagon, ran them out to their full length, and staked them firmly. Then he got back on his pony and started whooping the remuda into the V-shaped corral; his rope-end was quick to flash at any horses that wanted to turn out.

When he had his horses nicely compacted, Joe sauntered to the fire that Chokecherry had already started. "Front of the herd'll be up in about fifteen minutes," he said. "They're right behind me."

"That Shad's a driver," Chokecherry said.

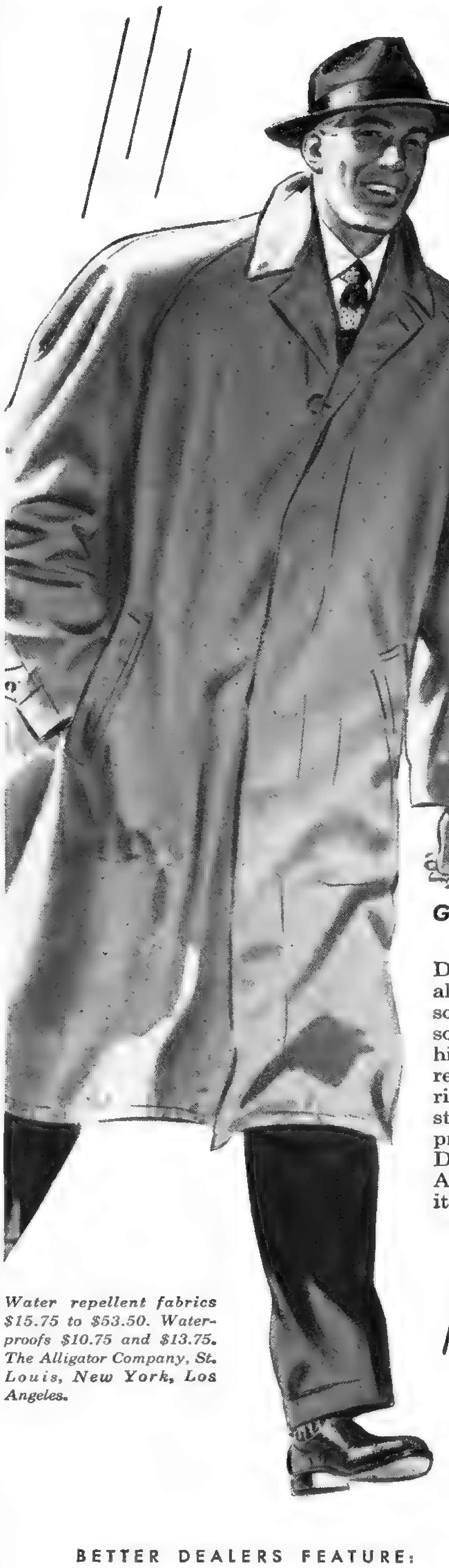
"Don't I know it! Damn if I know why I signed up as a hoss wrangler."

The herd ambled over a rise,

Continued on page 122

HAPPY FATHER'S DAY!

RAIN AHEAD!
Keep Dad Smart and Dry
. . . in an ALLIGATOR!



Give Him the Brand Most Men Demand!

Dad will wear his Alligator almost every day because it's so smartly styled—and offers so much protection. Choose his gift today from water repellent and waterproof fabrics in a wide variety of smart styles and colors at popular prices. Remember—Father's Day is June 19th—get his Alligator *now* at your favorite store.

Water repellent fabrics $15.75 to $53.50. Waterproofs $10.75 and $13.75. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

Alligator
RAINWEAR

BETTER DEALERS FEATURE:
ALLIGATOR
Rainwear
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

1
2
3
4
5
6
Monarch
Pitch-'N-Putt
$13.95
For Dad— America's first complete golf jacket

1 PITCH-'N-PUTT 18
TRADE MARK REG.

HIS—FOR BETTER GOLF:

1. Comfortable bi-swing back.
2. Pencil, clip and pocket.
3. All-season score card.
4. Wilson golf ball.
5. Tees and tee holder.
6. Wind-proof, shower-proof.

"IT'S TERRIFIC" says Mike Turnesa

Mike Turnesa, famous professional golfer, swinging freely in Pitch-'N-Putt.

The perfect gift for Dad—something he really *wants*—the new Pitch-N-Putt golf jacket!

No more hunting for tees, pencil and score card—they're at his fingertips. For extras, two roomy saddle pockets. Pitch-'N-Putt's full-shouldered styling will help put swing and steam in Dad's game. Water-repellent poplin, in favorite colors for the fairway.

Give Dad the jacket of his choice for Father's Day—Pitch-'N-Putt styled only by Monarch. At leading dealers everywhere.

Monarch MILWAUKEE BETTER OUTDOOR GARMENTS

MONARCH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
MILWAUKEE 2, WIS.

with Cap and a man named George Pickney on lead. The cattle, uninterested in water after a morning of crossing one stream after another, grazed and stepped, grazed and stepped. Cap rode to the stream: "What's for dinner, chef? I'm hungry."

While Cap stuffed himself, Joe threw his rope on a little grey in the remuda, and staked him out for Cap, then threw Cap's last horse into the corral. "Where's Shad?" he said at last.

Cap spoke around a mouthful of beans. "Where'd you think he'd be, this time a'day? Ridin' them dust-eaters in the rear guard two miles back, seein' they don't hurry no cattle so's to git to lunch a little sooner. That foreman is *all* foreman."

By now a full five hundred cows had gone by; Mike Shattay and Johnny Colt, Dutch and Lafayette Smith—all of them had ridden through and called their changes to Joe; the horse wrangler was beginning to sweat.

There were three thousand beef animals in that herd—a small herd for the Great Western. But riding through them, they seemed endless; for each cow had not only to find a way to walk to Montana, but it had to fatten on the way. The leading steers ate easily, and scuffled down with their hoofs what they could not eat; the slower beef and the cows had to fan out behind them, going wider and wider for untouched grass.

Cap had finished and gone to send Pickney back when Shad rode in. He slid off a bay gelding, took another almost the twin of the first, and gulped his food. "Eat up and ride, you cowmen," he said. "You can sleep next winter." He ate standing, rolled a fast cigarette, and looked around. "Oh, Rod!" he called.

From the shade of the wagon, Rod said, "Yes, sir?"

Shad said, "You take charge of the lead when you're through eatin'. I want you to pilot the turn." He climbed on the bay, and rode back towards the rear. The cattle drifted past him, giving a man on horseback a wide berth; they were moving briskly, step and bite, bite, step, then stop for a minute and eat, and step again. It looked to him as though they were already fatter than when they'd forded the Rio Grande.

He dragged on his cigarette, moseying along easy on the edge of the herd, his eyes alert for sore-footed cows or bloated ones. Suddenly, his head went up, and the cigarette snapped out into the dust. Coming toward him, some of the cattle were beginning to run, a lumbering sort of trot that could easily break into a real gallop. If those rear men were making the cows run—

Then a cloud of dust and a noise told him it was a buggy or a spring wagon that had scared his beasts. His legs swung, he clapped spurs into the bay sharply, and the little pony jumped toward the interference.

He arrived standing in his stirrups on a running horse, shouting, "Get that contraption out of my herd, you blunderin' peddler! You want to run these cows clear to the Panhandle?"

A deep, familiar voice boomed back: "It's all right, Shad, I'm pulling through fast. Meet you on the edge of the herd." The colonel sat up straight in the buggy, holding the lines over a pair of cream-colored horses. "Lord, man," he said, "this is a traveling herd. We came down the draw back of here, expecting to be ten miles ahead of you, and had to go through the herd to keep from being pinched in the hills."

Shad touched his hat. "Miss Adelais, hello. Colonel, howdy. Yeah, we been moving."

"Cows had their siesta yet?"

Shad answered the colonel, but he kept his eyes on the girl. "I've been lettin' them make their own pace; no use holding cattle back, Colonel, when they want to go to Montana and feed the Indians."

The colonel flung a long arm over the seat. "Got my saddle with me. Thought I'd spare one of the men awhile."

"You'll find George Pickney just finishin' his dinner," Shad said. "He's driven county-fair hosses back in Alabama; he can take care of your buggy. Tell him I said to stay right with the chuck wagon."

The colonel nodded, and brought his buggy whip down. The creams took off at a trot that would have won a prize, and the buggy rattled toward camp. Shad, standing in his stirrups, grinned. There had been two saddles in the back of the buggy—the colonel's big russet one, and a remembered black saddle with a Denver seat. He wondered if there was still a withered bunch of flowers tied to the pommel strings.

There was not much work to driving this herd. So far, at least. After the arid Mexican winter, the cows were shrunk in the stomach, and overjoyed to be on this fine, tender grass. Could fill themselves up, and still walk faster than a man had any right to expect. Two men in the lead, three in the rear, and two swinging each side, and a shame to take the money . . .

Action swirled ahead: two riders coming wide around the herd at a lope, heading for the front swing. One of 'em pulled up, but the other kept on coming. It was Miss Adelais. "I borrowed Tawny," she said. "Do you mind?" He smiled. That was a fine compliment.

"How's Ramona?" he asked.

"She's fine. I had Mike's charro breed her to that cream stud; we ought to get a fine colt."

He felt his face getting warm. Ladies shouldn't— He said, "You're tryin' to get me riled, like the meat-eatin' that time. You don't want I should tell you about a bull on our farm back home?"

Adelais threw up her hands and laughed. They came to a little stream and Shad posted himself in it, letting the bay's hoofs soak; cattle like to move downstream into a breeze. The water that ran past them was muddy and filthy from the cows who had already crossed. "You know," the girl said, "we were in San Antonio after you."

"Dumb town," he said. "But don't tell that rider Pickney I said so; it's his home town."

"You hired him there. Don't you know the colonel's going to fire you for it?"

Shad grinned at her. "You sure take your cattle business hard. Just because you got stuck with the steers in this herd—"

She said: "You left a hand in the

hospital at San Antonio. First month on the trail, and you had to use your gun!"

Shad said, "Lady, lady. Why can't you be a pretty girl like the good Lord meant you to, and mix out of business? Why, that Red kept trying to climb my frame; I guess Rod and maybe Cap were egging him on; anyway, it wasn't the gun I did it with. I took him apart with my fists."

She said, "You're supposed to lead the men, not—not herd them like cows."

Shad said, "If I'm boss, I'm boss."

"You'll see. Colonel Mac's out asking the men now how they feel about you."

Shad shrugged.

"Was he the one, Shad?" she asked. "Was it Red that—that lost that bank note in the poker game?"

He said: "If he was, do you think I'd leave him in a hospital? I hired Red at Brownsville; he wasn't in the game."

A little frown creased the clear skin of her forehead, under the wide brim of her hat. Finally she said, "Who are you riding for, Shad Jones? The colonel, me, or Shadrach Jones of Tennessee?"

He stood in the stirrups to watch lanky Jeff Davis ride hard between two longhorns to break up a fight. He called, "Nice work, Jeff," and nodded approvingly as Davis dropped a rope on one of the steers, stepped from the saddle to swab blue medicine on a horn gore, and rode on again. Then he sat back, and ran the lines through his fingers. He said, "Why, Shadrach Jones is the only boss I know."

She said, "But you are the one who worries the herd north, and the colonel makes the money. That isn't fair."

He said, "You are pretty, but you haven't good hard sense. What's the point in riding into the herd and trying to start trouble? It's your herd, too."

"That's the point. My partner is going to fire you, and then where will we all be?"

Shad laughed. "We'll meet that river when we come to it, lady. He won't get another foreman. Not like me. He knows I'm going to do my best to stay with Circle K, because it's my only chance of finding out—what I want to find out."

"I can help you, Shad," she said slowly. "I can make the men tell Colonel Mac they like riding under you."

He got out his makings and rolled himself a cigarette. "Thought you were Mike's girl." He added, quickly, "Not that I need your help. I'll not be fired."

The girl smiled, as though she knew something no one else knew. "You think I'm a rich girl, don't you?" Then, suddenly, all the mocking gaiety went out of her voice. "But I'm not. For one thing, I'm on the short end with Colonel MacKellar. He got me into an unfair contract. What do I know about cows?"

"Me," Shad told her, "I would have learned before I bought me a thousand steers. But I'm a cowhand. I don't think about what the owners do."

"Oh—you—Shad!"

"Ma'am?"

She grabbed his rein hard, as though afraid he'd ride away. "Shad! Señor Gomez made out the receipt to MacKellar and Gilbert. I could sign for the cattle . . . You're going into the wilderness. Couldn't you lose your way? Meet us at Dodge late, too late to make it to Montana?"

He said, "Keep talking, ma'am."

"Ma'am, ma'am! My name is Adelais . . . The agreement's all wrong. It leaves all the profit to the colonel and just a little more than bank interest to me."

Shad said, "Stop telling me the cattle business. I know that. You gotta bring the Indians' Agencies a thousand steers for each two thousand she-cows. The she-cows are for the Injuns to start breedin' with, the steers for them to eat while they're at it. I know that." But for some reason his breath was coming fast.

"The steers are mine, the cows belong to the colonel. If the herd were sold at Dodge City, I'd make ten dollars apiece more. Ten thousand dollars extra!"

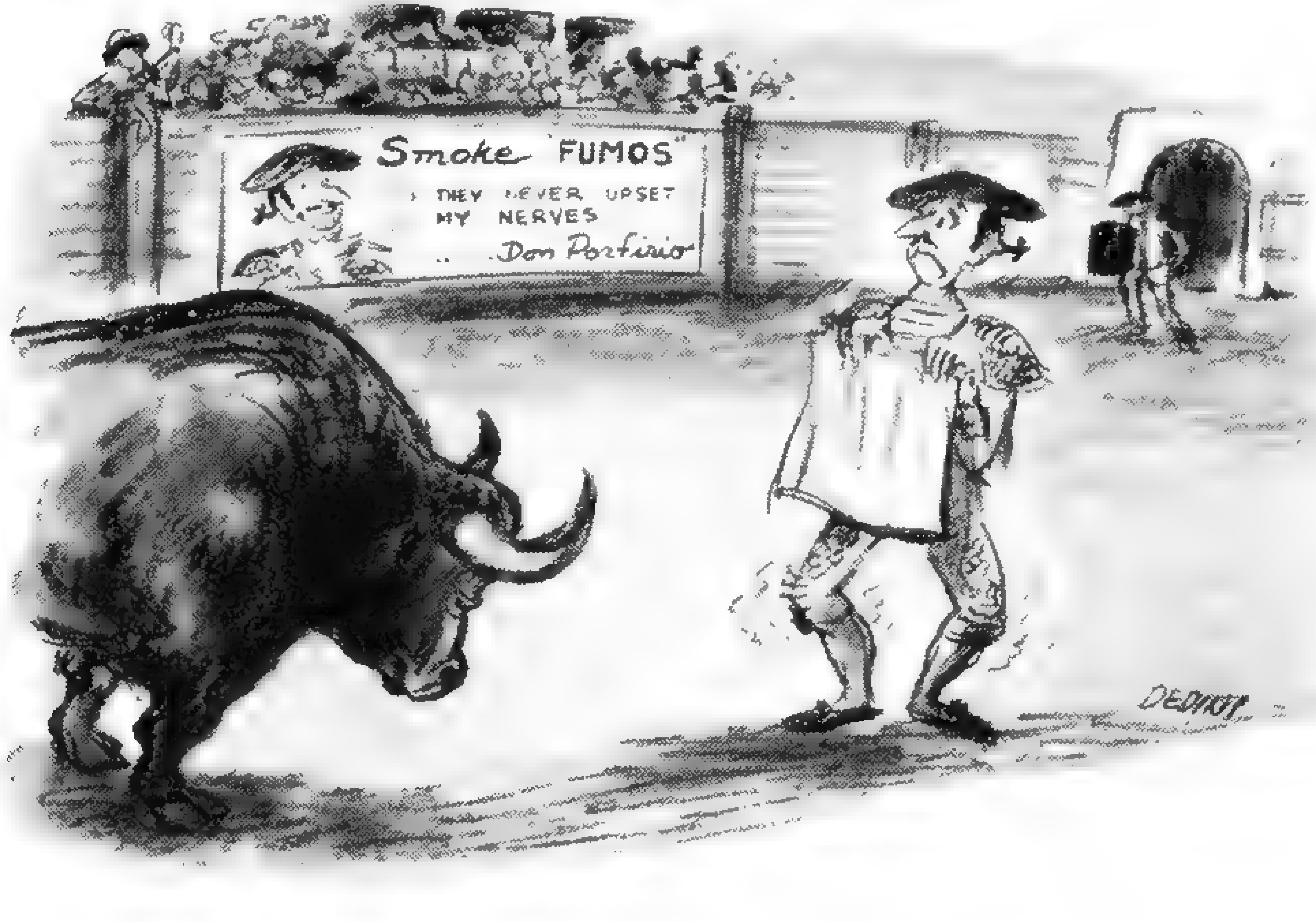
He said, "I'm Circle K foreman." His voice was soft. "And the agreement covers the setup. The colonel pays all expenses from Dodge City on. It's like he bought the steers from you there."

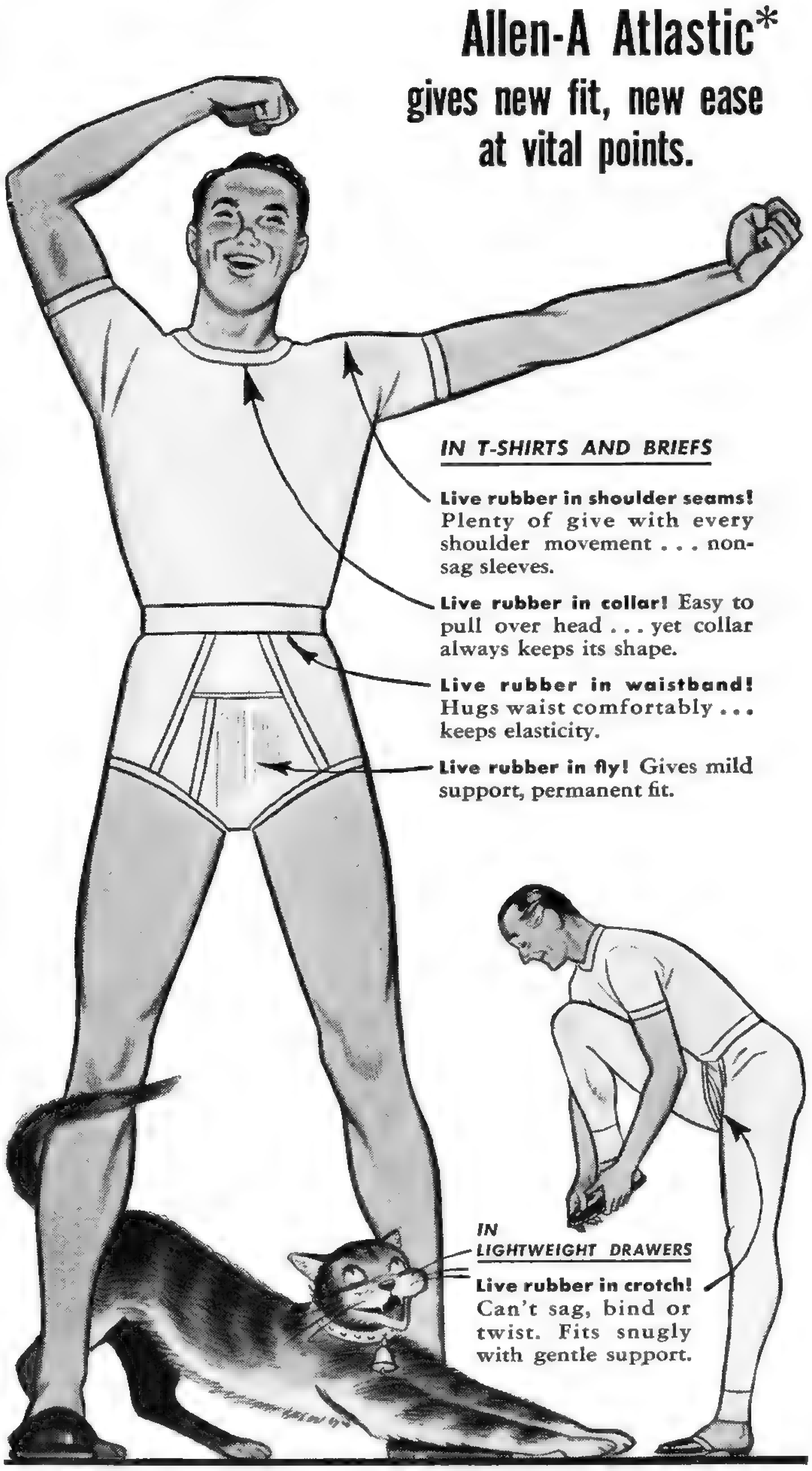
"But I'm one of the owners of this herd. As much as the colonel."

He took his right hand and lifted her hand off the back of his left. His hand felt warm and alive on the reins, and she was the prettiest thing he'd ever known, and—and—

He said, "I ride for the colonel.

Continued on page 124





NEW!

LIVE RUBBER STRETCH!

Allen-A Atlastic*
gives new fit, new ease
at vital points.

IN T-SHIRTS AND BRIEFS

Live rubber in shoulder seams! Plenty of give with every shoulder movement . . . non-sag sleeves.

Live rubber in collar! Easy to pull over head . . . yet collar always keeps its shape.

Live rubber in waistband! Hugs waist comfortably . . . keeps elasticity.

Live rubber in fly! Gives mild support, permanent fit.

IN LIGHTWEIGHT DRAWERS

Live rubber in crotch! Can't sag, bind or twist. Fits snugly with gentle support.

AT LAST! **ATLASTIC!** Allen-A puts this new rubber and combed yarn fabric in the spots where you need it most. Flexes like your muscles. Well-ventilated, perspiration-absorbent. Launders *and launders* . . . and live-rubber stretch stays in for life of garment!

Allen A ®

UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.—Pat. #2,282,217

He hired me. I'm sorry."

"You'll never get rich! You'll be a dumb cowhand all your life."

He lifted his reins. Jeff Davis, behind them, had nearly caught up. "I gotta see the colonel. Why, sister, you won't be poor all your life," Shad said. "What do you think I'm getting rich for? I'm Shadrach Jones, and I don't owe nobody, and nobody owes me. And when you're my wife, I'll take care of the business."

She rocked with laughter, suddenly. "Me marry a cowhand? And a Southern Yankee cracker to boot?"

He threw his right arm out, caught her shoulders, and half dragged her from the saddle. He wouldn't swear it—but before she slashed at him with her reins and he let her go, he thought maybe she kissed him back. But maybe not . . .

He wheeled the little bay in front of the colonel and Rod and Cap, then let his horse drop in alongside theirs, so as not to hold the herd up. Off to one side, Adelais was riding with Mike, and they were laughing. Shad said, "These boys been telling you what a slave driver I am, Colonel?"

MacKellar said, "I ask the questions, Shad. I'm owner, and I didn't like this business of Red."

Shad said, "You may be owner. But I'm trail boss, and we are on the trail . . . Hear you may want to hire you a new segundo."

Colonel Mac boomed, "And if I do, Jones? You going to shoot your employer to keep your job?"

"No way for a young man to get along, Colonel," Shad said. He laughed. "Let me go, and you let Montana go, too. They say there's been no rain north of Indians Wells yet. Got a man can make a sixty-mile dry drive? Got him ready?"

Rod said, "Colonel, I'll take your herd through the dry."

Shad said, "You'd take them through singlehanded, Rod, and you know it. The men wouldn't make a drive like that for you, because they like you too much; they know they could ask you to wait for the rain, and you'd wait." He turned to the owner. "It's Shadrach Jones, or it's sell your herd at Dodge City. Why, Colonel, we're shaking down. Don't ride around asking the hands if they like me; try asking them this: Do they think that Shadrach Jones will ever work them too hard just to be working them? Ask them if I ever bully them just to be bullying."

Colonel MacKellar said, "How about it, Cap?"

Cap's slow voice sounded sad. "I gotta be honest, Colonel. He's the best trail boss I ever knew. And that Red he beat up and left in San Antonio was just plain ornery; he had it coming to him."

The colonel said, "Rod?"

Rod Mains shrugged. "Cap said it," he muttered.

Shad raised his reins and wheeled his horse out of the lead and off to one side. He kept going, not looking back, and pulled in his horse near Mike and Adelais. "Oh, Mike. See you a minute?"

His bunkie smiled at the girl and rode over. "Shad, it looks more and more like you'll be best man."

Shad grinned, his anger going away. "Mike, turn on what you call that famous Shattay charm. I want that girl to stay with you, and not talk to the other hands. Someday, maybe I'll tell you why."

Mike removed his hat in a sweeping flourish. "Segundo, to hear is to obey."

Shad nodded. From over Mike's shoulder, the girl was giving him a funny look. He kissed his finger tips at her, and called: "I'm sorry to disoblige you, lady, but I can't come for tea today. Mr. Shattay will attend in my place."

In the days to the Indian Lakes, he took it easy; but the tension began mounting again. At the Lakes, he knew it was time to break it up. What lay ahead was too tough for a divided outfit. So he called a powwow around the campfire.

Shad said: "Men, it must be sixty miles to water from here. If we go straight through, I'd say we could make it in three nights and two days." He fished a coal out of the fire and lit a cigarette. "This is my first trip through, though. If anybody who knows the country knows a better way to go, I'm ready to listen."

Rod spat in the fire. "To the west of the trail, sometimes they is lots more water," he said. "But you drift west, you gotta drift back again to get over the Colorado. Mought lose as much as two weeks . . . I've been to Montana twice. Both times, it was snowin' when we got there, and we moved our horse through as fast as any man. Throw away two weeks, and I don't think you'll make it, especially with cows."

"All right then, gents," Shad said. "Up to now, this herd has had it easy. Straight drives, and stop when the cattle get sleepy. From here on out, it's work, punchers, and sleep in winter. But there seems to be some hard feeling around, and I'm not taking an outfit through from here that's fighting among themselves."

"We're tired of you throwin' dirt on us," Rod said. "You hired Southerners fo' peelers. But what for? To tell us how we stood in your mind. How low we Confeds was."

Shad said, "The war was over long before you was tall as a musket, Rod. Go get some sleep. You and Cap go on second night guard."

Rod blinked those pale eyes. He said, "I've stood my last night guard. Either I ride as foreman from now on, or I don't ride."

Shad sighed. He kept his hands in plain view from the fire, and hitched himself up on his high heels. He said, "If you—well—Rod, I guess this herd can make it one man sho't. Go catch yo' hoss, an' ride. I'll give you a note for your pay." He jumped to his feet suddenly, and landed on his boot heels in the dying fire. He kicked out, and the fire flared up as burning coals flickered on Rod's legs and Cap's.

The grey-haired Cap went for

Father's Day
June 19th

IT'S A **Wimbledon**
America's finest sport shirt

THE *ZEPHYR*

- 100% virgin wool, zephyr weight, tropical worsted. A Wimbledon original—finest tailoring and needlework.
- In eight rich color tones:
  tan, cocoa, amber, blue
  wine, green, gray, black

At America's Finest Stores $10^00

Wimbledon Shirt Co. Inc. CHICAGO 54, ILL., U.S.A.

If your store does not stock THE ZEPHYR send check or money order to us. State size and color.

©

his gun, but Shad Jones' barrel crashed on the top of his pushed-back hat, and Cap tumbled forward.

Shad glanced at Rod, quickly; the amber-eyed rider had his gun as level as Shad's. "Cradle yo' gun, Rod. Cap's burning up. We'll fight it by counts, later." Then he didn't look at Rod any more, but shoved his own gun into its holster and grabbed Cap's legs.

Rod caught the older man's arms, and they got Cap out of the fire and beat at him with their hats. Shad said, "He won't be marked in the face. One arm'll be sore for awhile."

The rest of the outfit were flat on their bellies in the dirt. "Git Cap here into the chuck wagon," Shad said. "And put grease on his burns."

He stood a little to one side, neither careful nor careless about his gun, while the fat Choke helped Mike get Cap out of the way.

Shad said, "Rod, I'll give you another chance. Go back to leadin' the herd, an' there'll be no more talk of this evenin'."

Rod said, "You said if I cradled my cannon, we'd count it out later. Now is later."

Shad ran a hand over his face. "I'm Shadrach Jones," he said, grinning a little. "An' my word's good. But, friend, what do you stand to gain?"

"I'll take my chances," Rod said. "I tell you, I got a bellyful of Shadrach Jones."

Shad looked at the ground. "All right." He stared around the night. "Any cattle bedded beyond that knoll?"

Rod said, "No. Nary head."

"We'll go there. No use shootin' the colonel's stock for our private amusement." Shad put his head back. "Corcoran?"

Joe Corcoran said, "Segundo?"

"Catch up my claybank an' any hoss Rod here fancies. And, Corcoran, if I don't come back from that knoll, Rod Mains is segundo. Pass the word to the other boys."

It was a fine south Texas night; riding up a knoll that way, you got a good view of the bright shiny black sky and of the stars that seem bigger in Texas. After a while, Rod jumped to the ground, carefully turning his horse so that he would not have it for a shield as he got off; Shad did the same. "If you have a coin, Rod, we will toss to see who makes the count," he said.

Rod said, "You're segundo. You count."

Shad said, "There is one thing more, Rod, because maybe one of us won't come down the knoll. You weren't the man, Rod, who killed my brother, because you wouldn't shoot a man in the back."

Rod said, "You aren't saying anything I didn't know, you Tennessee Yankee."

"All right. Then let's go down into the draw," Shad said.

They walked down into the draw together, shoulder to shoulder. Then: "One," Shad said, and their shoulders were not touching any longer. "Two," he said, and sand gritted under his boots. "Three—"

As though the number was a command, a gun went off on the other side of the knoll—went off three times. A cowboy in trouble. Promptly another gun sounded, and then a noise filled the air—the worst noise a cowman can hear.

"Count's off," Rod yelled, and ran for his horse.

"Stampede," Shad screamed.

"They are heading south," said Rod, his soft voice gone high and scared.

"Head 'em," Shad grunted. They climbed their horses, and Shad started Tawny on a long angle along the ridge and down to cut off the cattle running back for San Antonio.

"This ain't no normal run," Rod called from behind him. "I heard guns up north, where there ain't no Circle K riders. Someone started the stampede deliberate."

Shad pulled Tawny in so fast the claybank went back on his haunches. Shad slid out of the saddle and ran up the knoll a little. "You're right," he said, softly. "They's someone up there keeping the herd moving."

As they snake-bellied down the hill, leaving their horses in the little draw where they had been about to kill each other, Shad knew he would never again have trouble with Rod.

The camp was gone; the chuck wagon had probably pulled up north, ready to have food for the men next morning when they finally turned the herd and showed up after a sleepless night. There was nothing to the north to hurt the cattle; if they could once be turned and started north, the only loss would be the fat on their ribs. And the time.

To the south, the noise of the run was still thundering; every so often it was topped by the sharp crack of a six-shooter; Circle K would be heading the herd, sending powder flashes into the face of the leaders, trying to get them to mill or at least turn.

Then—hoofs came down from the north, and they were not cow hoofs. Shod horses were running, and running fast.

Rod unlimbered his gun and got it ready. "First one's mine, second's yours, and so on," Rod said. He added: "I'm a mite handier with the hog-leg, segundo."

"You might be," Shad said. "First one is yours. And there, son, he rides."

It was a fine shot—a silhouette against the sky, coming fast. You could see one arm rise and fall as the rider lashed his horse; the man had wrapped something white around him to scare the cows.

"Injuns," Rod said. His gun roared, and Shad saw his hand shoot up with the recoil, and then the horse was riderless, standing with his head down, his reins on the ground.

They waited. Shad said, "I hear no more hoofs. Funny one Injun would ride alone."

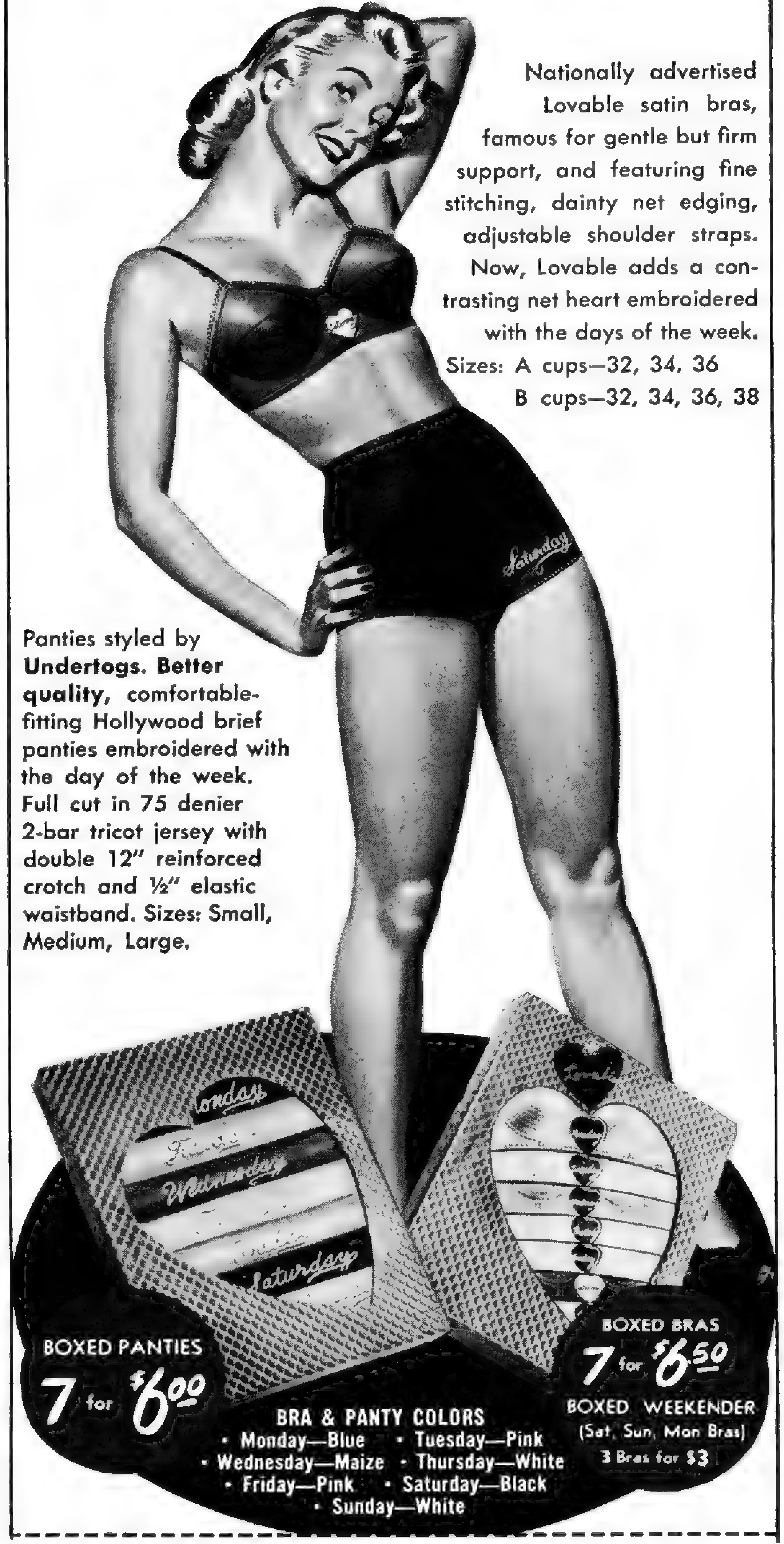
Rod said, "Mebbe the rest are with the herd. Let's go look-see."

Shad got his feet under him, began to run towards the draw, stumbling on the loose sand and stones. Once Rod caught his elbow and helped him, and it was a funny thing he and Rod had not liked each other a little before.

Then Shad had got to Tawny, and his legs were thrashing against the claybank sides, his gun loose in his hand. He passed the riderless horse, and a shot whistled by his ear.

Rod was close beside him, and, for a moment, Shad thought Rod had shot at him. Then there was

Continued on page 126



A *Lovable* SET

JUST FOR YOU!

Now you can own 7 complete changes of matching bras and panties!

Nationally advertised Lovable satin bras, famous for gentle but firm support, and featuring fine stitching, dainty net edging, adjustable shoulder straps. Now, Lovable adds a contrasting net heart embroidered with the days of the week. Sizes: A cups—32, 34, 36 B cups—32, 34, 36, 38

Panties styled by **Undertogs. Better quality,** comfortable-fitting Hollywood brief panties embroidered with the day of the week. Full cut in 75 denier 2-bar tricot jersey with double 12" reinforced crotch and ½" elastic waistband. Sizes: Small, Medium, Large.

BOXED PANTIES 7 for $6.00

BOXED BRAS 7 for $6.50

BOXED WEEKENDER (Sat, Sun, Mon Bras) 3 Bras for $3

BRA & PANTY COLORS
- Monday—Blue
- Tuesday—Pink
- Wednesday—Maize
- Thursday—White
- Friday—Pink
- Saturday—Black
- Sunday—White

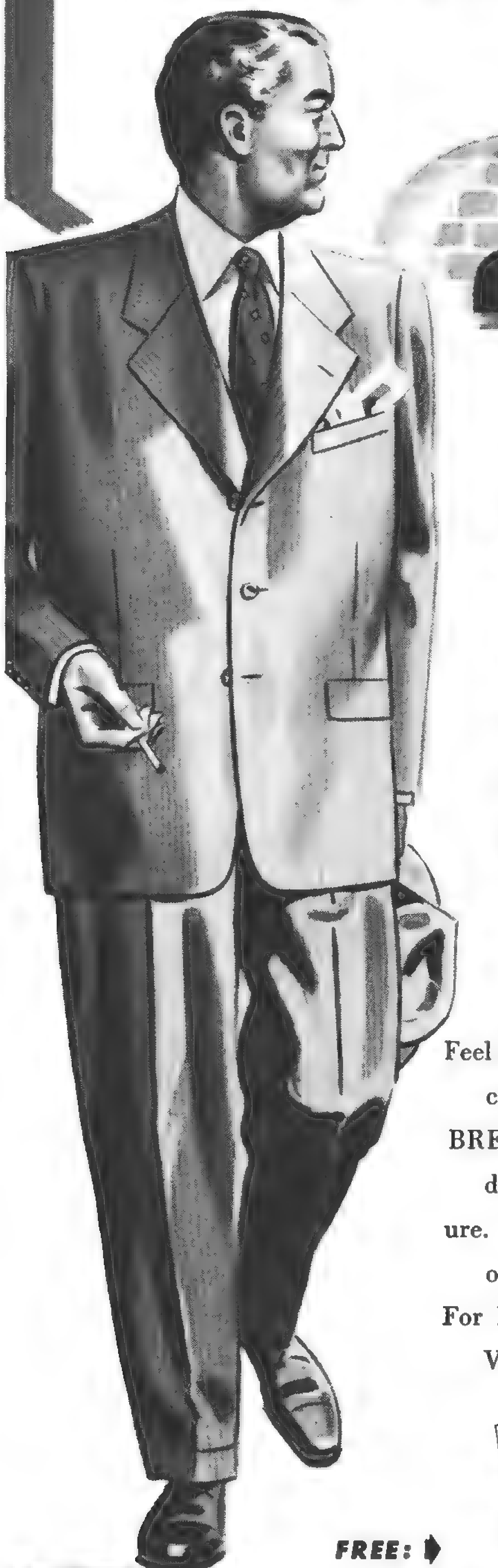
Jonas Shoppes
Dept. 67
6th Ave. at 14th St.
N. Y. 11

Please send me the following.
Add 11c for one set, 21c for both; for postage, handling.

	QUAN.	SIZE
Boxed Bra Set at $6.50		
Boxed Panty Set at $6.00		
The Weekender at $3.00		

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
CITY ................ZONE........STATE........
☐ Money Order ☐ Check ☐ C.O.D.
(If delivered in New York City, add 2% Sales Tax.)
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE WITHIN 5 DAYS

STOUT MEN
Live this Summer in
ICE CUBE COMFORT



WEAR A COOL
V-LINE
BREEZ
The Exclusive
Slenderizing Stout
Suit

Feel alive in the natural frosty coolness of a V-LINE BREEZ... a suit especially designed to slim your figure. A complete assortment of colors and patterns. For hot weather ease... it's V-LINE BREEZ.

Look Your Best in Any Company

FREE: ➧
This new booklet. See how to take pounds off your appearance. Learn how to get the V-Line VALET, a special hanger to keep your suits sag-free and wrinkle-free. Write today!

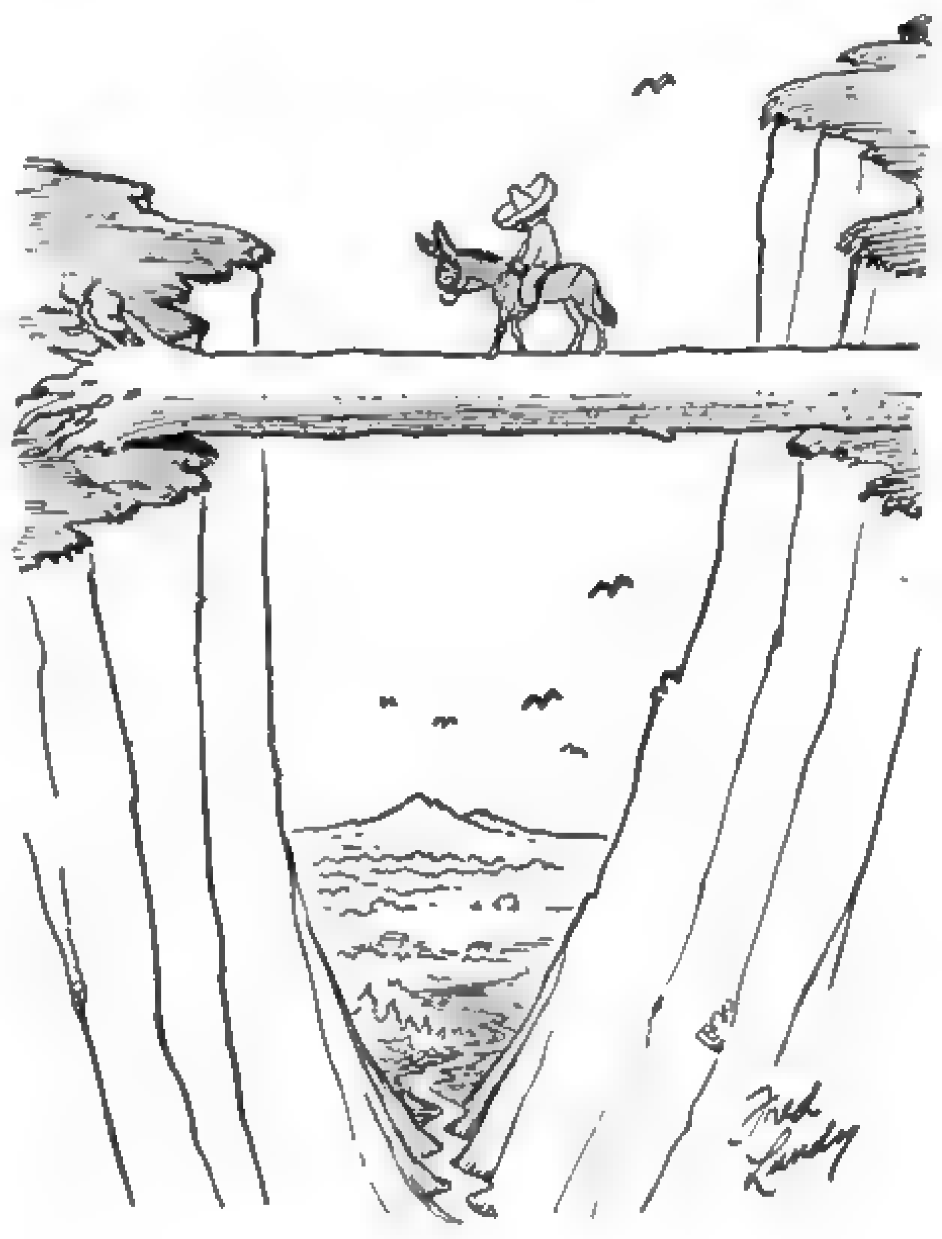
V-LINE Breez

V-LINE CLOTHES COMPANY
SPECIALISTS IN SLENDERIZING STOUTS
BROAD & WALLACE STS., PHILA. 30, PA.
Ask your favorite store for a V-Line Breez or write for name of nearest dealer.

another explosion, and Rod's horse came roaring by, with the young rider clinging to his neck. They went on like that, and then Rod let go, maybe a hundred yards on from where the Indian had fallen; and when Rod fell, he didn't move.

Shad climbed down. And there was nothing he could do for Rod; it almost seemed as though the body was already stiffening. Shad stood there and waited, but nothing happened, and so he holstered his gun and got on Tawny and turned the claybank's head south.

Ahead of him he saw a light; it was the bull's-eye on the wagon tongue. Somewhere a coyote howled as Shad Jones came up to his chuck wagon.



The mules were hitched, Chokecherry sat on the seat, the lines held loose in his hands. "Segundo," he said.

"Where's the herd?"

"Boys got 'em to mill back a ways. When you didn't show up, Cap and Jeff Davis took charge. It's a weary bunch of cattle."

Shad said, "Got water for a dry camp? We'll bed down about halfway back to where we were before, and start them walking to the water holes at dawn. Cap was well enough to ride?"

"A bad burn on one elbow's the only thing that bothers him."

Shad said, "I'll mosey along and pick up the boys. Corcoran around?"

"He's got the remuda over on the west there."

Shad turned west, loping easy again, not hurrying. He smelled the remuda before he saw it; the smell of sweat was high. Corcoran rode a grey behind his charges. He looked even more tired than Choke had.

Shad said, "Got all the horses?"

"Never lost a one, foreman."

"I got another little job for you," Shad said. "Up where we bedded before, between there and that little draw to east—you know—you'll find two horses. Put them in with the remuda."

"All right."

"Rod's dead," Shad said. "One of the horses is his. The other one belongs to an Indian—a rustler."

"All right," Joe said. "I reckon Cap'll want to dig Rod's grave; I'll help him."

"I didn't kill Rod," Shad said. "It was rustlers."

"You don't have to talk to me," Joe said.

Every man in sight was riding night guard when Shad caught up; they had the cattle milling, and the longhorns were already slowing down. Shad spotted Cap's burly figure as it went by him in the endless, slow circle. He came in at an easy angle and rode alongside. "Rod's dead, Cap," he said. "I'm sorry."

Cap said, "You forced your way into Circle K when you wasn't wanted. You—you—" He broke off, and Shad was glad for the older man's sake that it was dark.

"I didn't kill him, Cap." Shad cleared his throat. "I would have. Sure. We were counting, when the trouble started, and—I thought you ought to know, Cap. He was your friend."

Cap said, "Yeah. Sure." He raised his reins and swung his horse out of the circle. Shad watched him go with a tight, space-wasting lope, and then was alone with the cattle. More and more horns projected from humped, sleeping bodies; a coyote howled, and the cattle did not even lift their heads.

The outfit looked gaunt and old in the cold morning light, Shad thought. *A good time for trouble.* Jeff Davis, his tired horse lagging, got a tongue-lashing from good-natured George Pickney that sent the lank Davis reaching for his gun. Shad hit Tawny with his spurs and started to shove in; but Mike Shattay was there first.

Shad was still too far away to hear what the gentleman-cowboy said, but after a moment Pickney laughed and Davis joined in. Mike swung his horse out again, and, seeing Shad, rode toward him. Mike Shattay was as tired and as unshaven as the rest of the crew, but he still carried himself in the saddle with a jaunty air; he was whistling as he dropped his horse in alongside Shad's.

"Those cows," Mike said. "Those ornery, no-good Mexican tramps. Look at them! Do they have circles under their eyes? Are their nostrils a mile wide sniffing for coffee? And who did the stampeding? Us or them?"

"We'll catch the chuck wagon and the remuda pretty soon," Shad said. He shivered against the cold of false dawn.

"I could use a fresh horse almost as much as I could some coffee," Mike said.

Shad's guts were aching from too long in the saddle, too much excitement, too long work, too little food . . . He pretended to head in a cow that had had no intention of ever leaving the herd, and then rode back to Mike. As he came up, he said, "Rod's dead, Mike."

Mike said, softly, "I'm sorry, Shad. I don't know how it is, I never killed a man, but I'm sorry."

"Well," Shad cried, "I have. I've killed more than one. But I didn't kill Rod. An Indian got him."

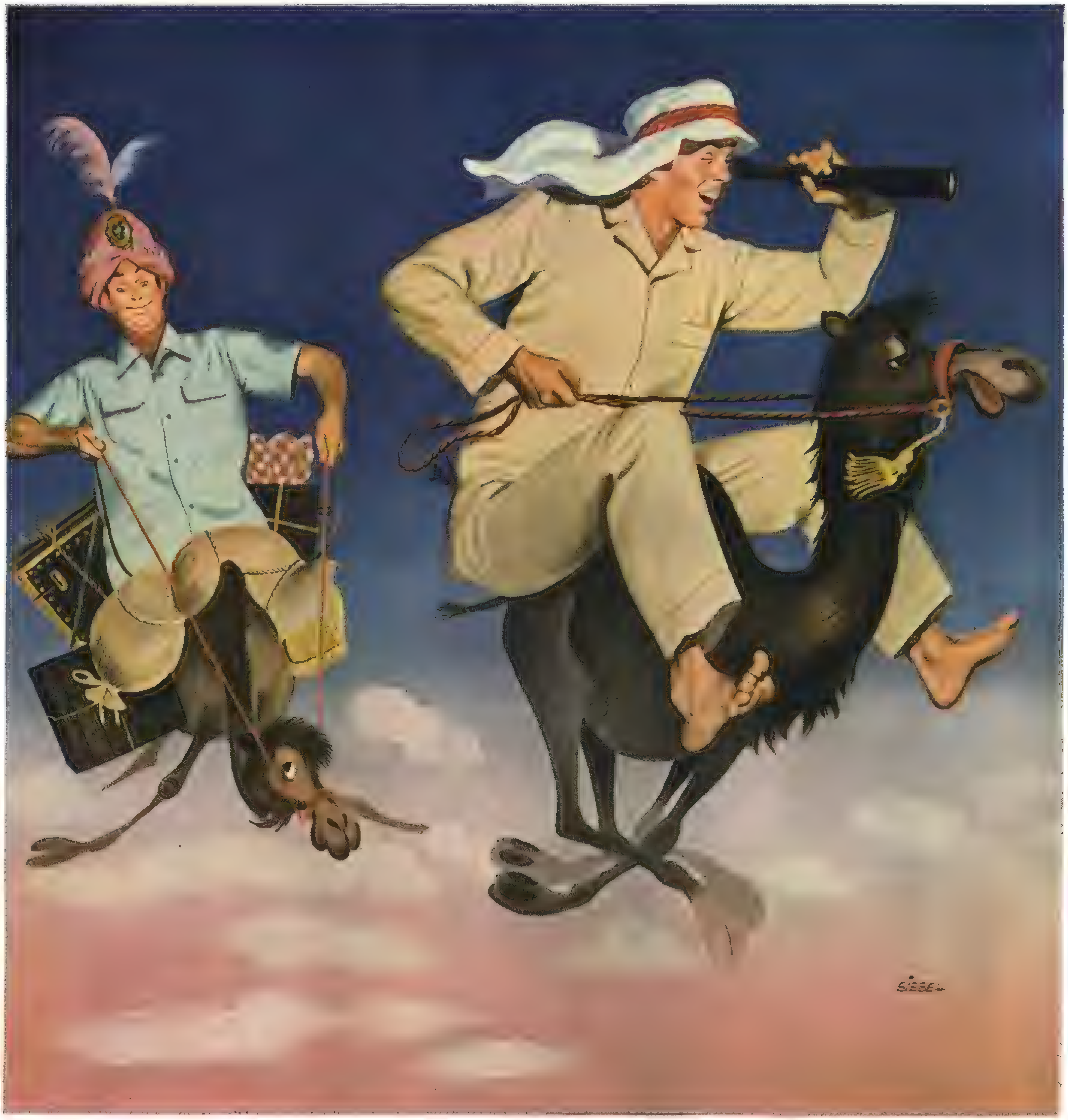
"Indian?" Mike said. "Shad, don't talk like that. It was a fair fight, and everybody in the outfit knows it. You don't have to make up stories."

Shad turned on him. Dust in his dry throat made it hard to talk. "I'm in no position to resent your givin' me the lie, Mike, and me with a herd to move and needing every man. I'll see you at the river, and we'll take this up again."

He swung his legs, hard, and the weary Tawny jumped in amazement and went forward along the line of the herd. He passed Pickney, and then Davis, and saw Cap and Dutch in camp, drinking coffee while Corcoran got them fresh horses.

He pulled Tawny up in a burst

Continued on page 129



"Hajji" sports shirt 3.95 or with long sleeves 5.00. Matching piped pajamas 6.95

Matching boxer shorts 1.65
Cotton undershirts .85 to 1.50

No Mirage—It's "Hajji" in wonderful desert colors

You'll feel like the Sheik in Textron's "Hajji"—matching Pajamas, Sports Shirt and Shorts in subtle sand shades. "Hajji" Pajamas have roomier sleeves—no-bind trousers! The "Hajji" Sports Shirt is cut for action . . . super-tailored! And "Hajji" Shorts have the famous Textron "parachute seat" . . . there's never any binding or cutting! All of finest quality rayon at leading stores throughout the country.

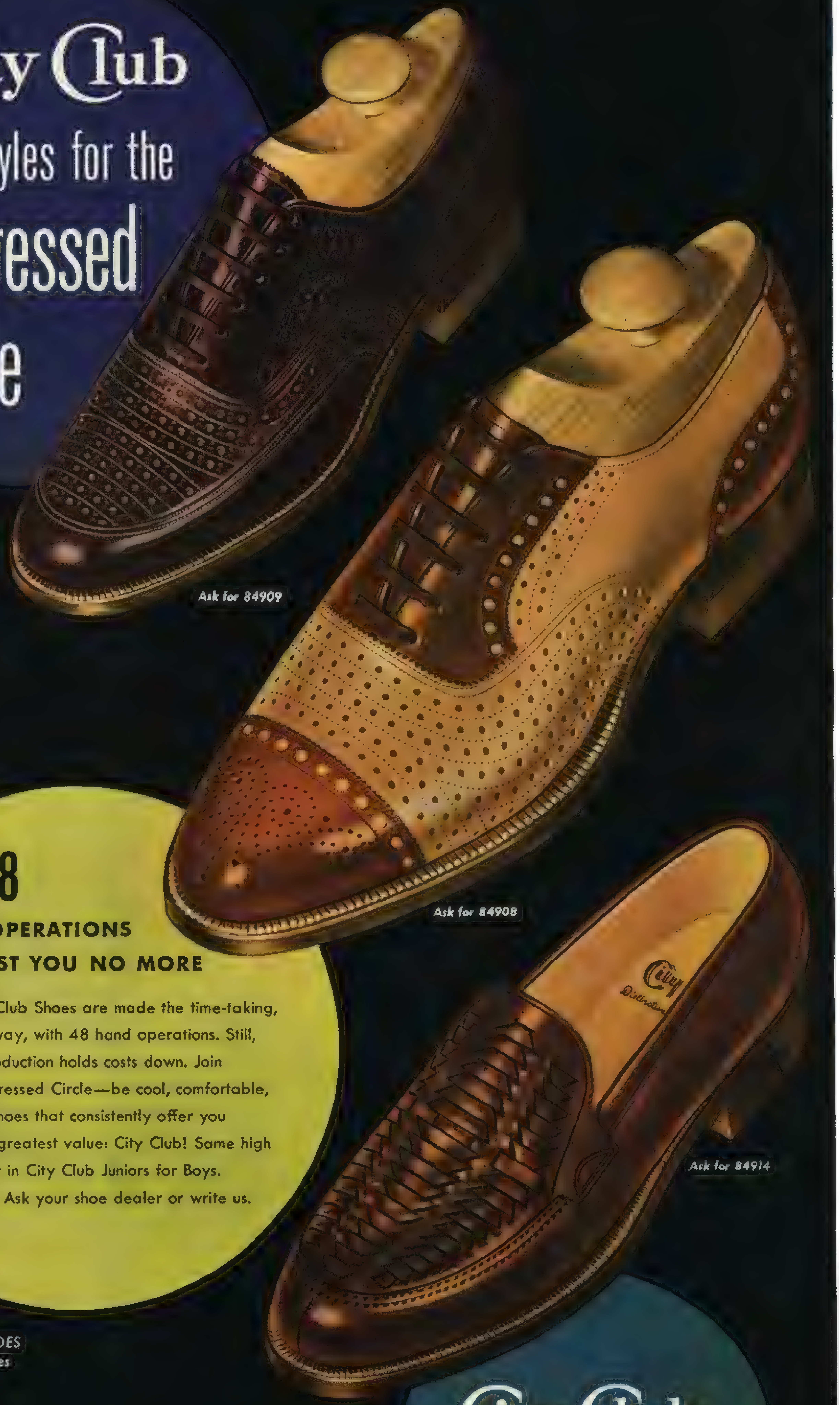
TEXTRON INC., Textron Bldg., 401 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

TEXTRON
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BLOUSES • HOSTESS COATS • WOVEN LINGERIE • TRICOT LINGERIE • MENSWEAR

City Club

Ventilated styles for the Best Dressed Circle



Ask for 84909

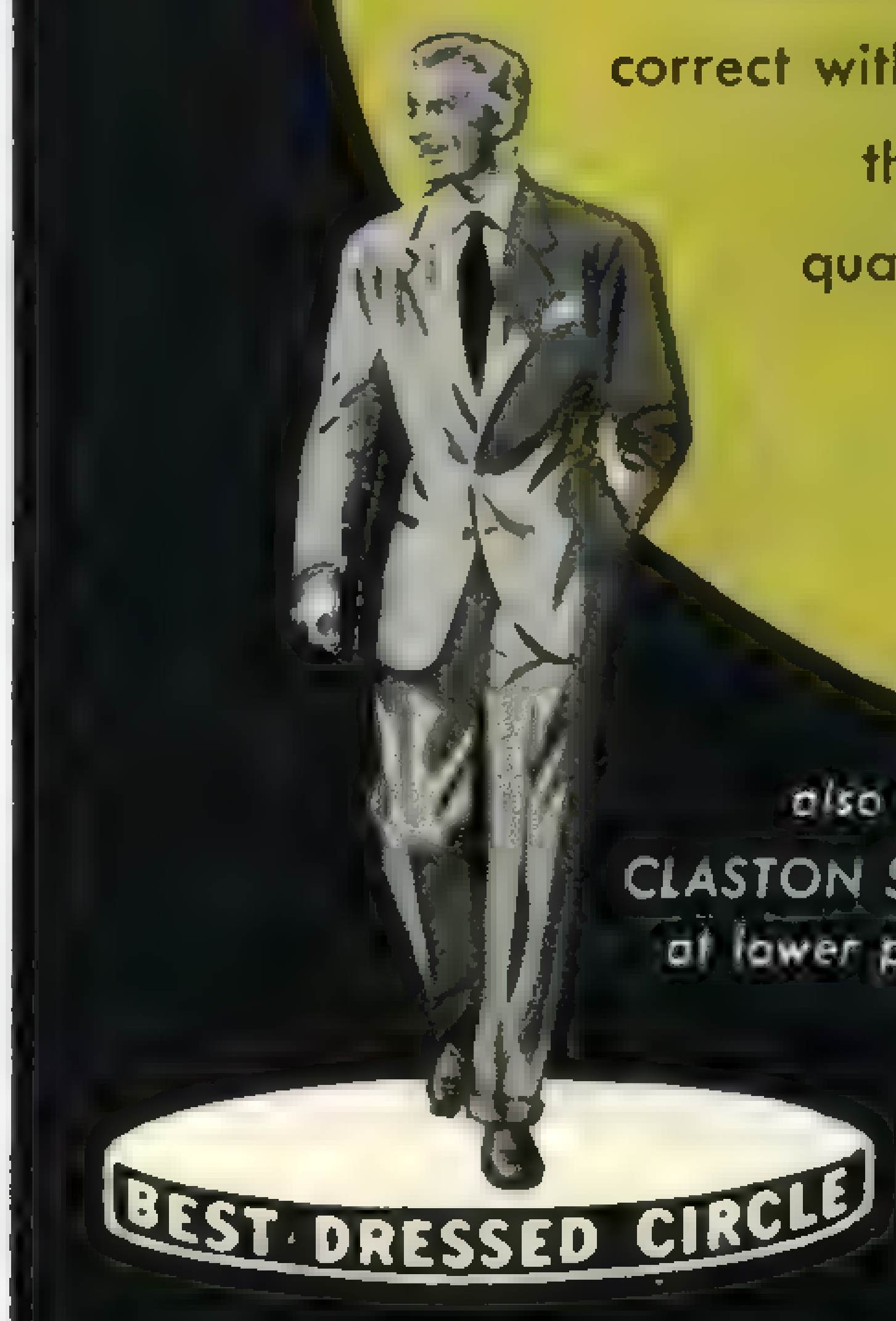
Ask for 84908

Ask for 84914

48

HAND OPERATIONS COST YOU NO MORE

City Club Shoes are made the time-taking, extra-quality way, with 48 hand operations. Still, quantity production holds costs down. Join the Best Dressed Circle—be cool, comfortable, correct with shoes that consistently offer you the greatest value: City Club! Same high quality in City Club Juniors for Boys. Ask your shoe dealer or write us.



also
CLASTON SHOES
at lower prices

City Club

DISTINCTIVE SHOES FOR MEN

PETERS, DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY, WORLD'S LARGEST SHOEMAKERS, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

of sand, ripped off the saddle, tossed it down. Chokecherry was bent over the opposite side of the fire, stirring corn mush. Shad drank a tin cup of scalding coffee, and felt better. "I'll take that hub-dart bay, Cork," he said.

The horse wrangler stared straight back at him. He had felt a friendliness, in the past, in Corcoran—more than in any other hand but Mike Shattay. Now that was gone.

"I said the bay," Shad snapped, "with the hub-dart brand."

Nobody said a word. Under a tarpaulin there was a body. It lay just above a little outcropping of rocks, off the trail and a little up the knoll he and Rod had climbed. "I told you to get him under ground," Shad said to Corcoran. "And the Indian; you still got the Indian around, too?"

"There wasn't any Injun," Joe said softly. "Nor a hoss for one."

Shad felt his hands go wide of his body. This was trouble, and worse trouble than before. "All right," he said. "I saw a man, and so did Rod. Rod shot him. As we rode past him, he must have fired from the ground, because Rod went down. That's the way it is, and if it was an Indian whose mother was a cat, if he had nine lives, that doesn't matter either. What does matter is, this outfit has work on hand."

Cap stood up straight, and his high-heeled boots bit into the dusty ground, and he hooked his thumbs into his belt without fuss or worry; he stood like a cowpuncher ready for a fight. "Who shot Rod?" he asked. "You or some ghost that sprung from the ground and melted away again?"

Shad said, "I've been an easy boss so far. That ends right now. Get that spade and dig, Cap."

"Rod was a good man," Cap said. "I've knowed Rod four years and he was a good man. Too damn good to be shot in the back by a dirty, clay-eatin' son of a Southern Unioner. Dutch, go take that tarp off'n him."

Shad went over to the fire, got a cup of coffee and some bacon, and ate and drank slowly. He was alone on one side of the fire, and the outfit on the other; the last of the herd had gone by, and the last of the hands, Smith, was in off the rear guard.

Shad finished his breakfast at last, and went to join the line that was filing past Cap and the body. He knew what he was going to see; he was going to see a man shot in the back. All the pushed-down bitterness about his brother came back; he knew how Cap, the dead man's friend, felt. There was a hole between Rod's shoulder blades, a—

Shad stopped staring down. "Cap!" he said. "Chokecherry! Joe Corcoran!"

Choke said, "Yeah?"

"That's a .44 yo're wearing," Shad said. "I carry a .44 too, and you know it. Take a cartridge out of yore belt and try and fit it into that hole in Rod there. You hear me?"

Chokecherry looked at Cap. Then he bent over, and straightened again. More to Cap than to anyone else, he said, "It wouldn't go. An' a bullet spreads some when it hits anything."

Cap said, "I gotta think."

"Think?" Shad asked. "Think, hell. Get that spade, and dig that grave, and say good-by to the man you used to have to do your thinking for you. The rest of you hands, chow and ride. Corcoran," Shad bellowed. "I told you to git up my hub-dart bay. Get that lead out of your pants."

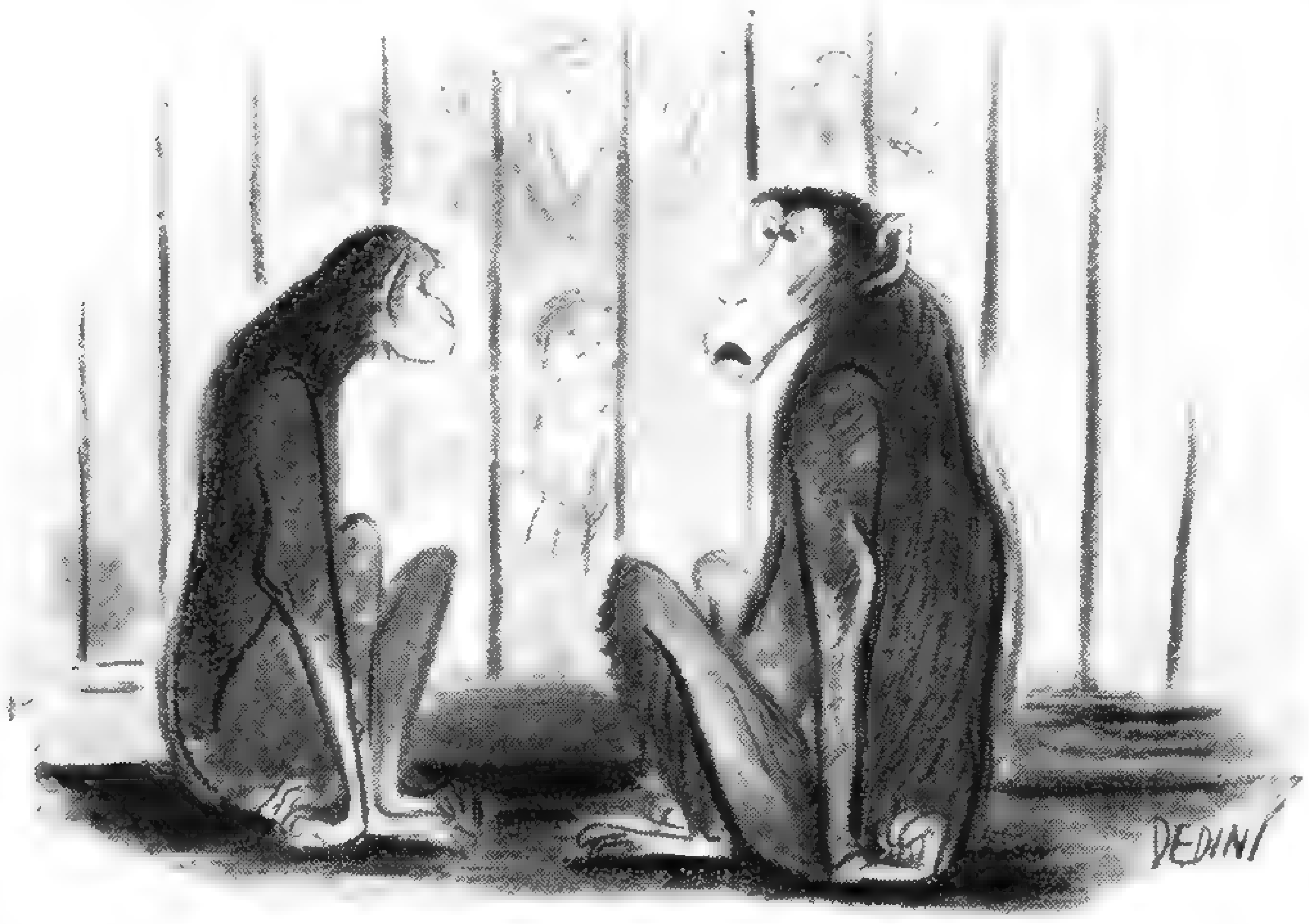
The men scurried, and Shad picked up his own saddle and flung it on the bay's back as Joe broke all records for getting a horse out of the corral. "I'll ride head till you get down here and take over, Cap. Make it fast. The rest of you hands listen, and listen good. It's sixty miles from Indian Lakes to the river; and nary a drop of water in between. We've lost a night, now. Don't hurry those cows, and we take a long nooning and a good watering today, and drive through the night when there's dew on the grass; they'll eat dew and like it for once.

"Now get your chow into you, and work for your beans for once."

He kicked the bay, and loped forward to ride head on the herd.

But he wasn't happy. They were cowhands, and tired ones at that, and their minds weren't working so good. But by noon, they would be riding together, in little knots of two and three, and wondering what there was in this Texas that carried a gun that small—not much more than a .22; what kind of a rustler that was. He wondered what kind of a hole there had been in his brother; the man who found him hadn't said. (*The second and concluding part of* Sleep All Winter *will appear in July.*)

Continued from page 45



"We should be in television—that's where the money is"

More Remington Shavers Sold Since 1940 Than Any Other Make!

First with multiple shaving heads, first with Blue Streak twin shaving heads for long and short hairs, first with *Diamond-Honed* cutting blades—and now Contour Shaving, another Remington Exclusive.

Just imagine 240 *Diamond-Honed* cutting blades—all in contact with your face during the entire shaving operation. You will never believe how easy it is to shave with the Remington Contour 6, until you try it. Economical, too, 365 Master Barber shaves for a dime—yearly electrical cost. No wonder Remington is first and best! Remington Rand Inc., Electric Shaver Division, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

SHAVES DRY
NO LATHER
NO BLADES

DIAMOND-HONED
Remington
Contour
ELECTRIC SHAVER

Shaver Branches in 106 Cities—see your telephone directory.

A PRODUCT OF Remington Rand

Gentleman in Distress

Continued from page 74

group of gentlefolk and artists foregathering I daresay to a friendly hand of draughts, checkers, or bridge. But no games of chance, sir! The founder of the club, Mr. Panther, considers gambling a breeder of crime."

"Harry the Panther!" Mr. Molveni exclaimed.

Hamilton rose, not without effort. "I beg of you, sir, to escort me upstairs at once. And I shall then insist on an apology."

I crowded him into a corner.

"I distinctly remember the club having emphasized their wish for privacy," I whispered.

"Righto," Hamilton answered loudly, "but Mr. Panther will be grateful for being introduced to so distinguished a personality as Mr. Molveni and for the opportunity of giving the lie to base vilifications." And he staggered ahead, Mr. Molveni and I after him.

The Panther had installed iron doors with peepholes at either entrance of his club. Hamilton rapped and the peephole opened, revealing a slice of Pushing Jones.

"I am here with a friend of Mr. Panther," Hamilton said, and Pushing let us in. The atmosphere of the place was dignified. There were some fifty club members seated around several green tables, all engrossed in games of cards and dice and suchlike social amenities, with piles of bank notes before them. The Panther was there engrossed in his recreation.

"Raising two thousand," he said, tossing bills on the table.

"That's him, all right!" Mr. Molveni exclaimed.

At this the Panther looked up.

"Cheese it! The bulls!" he shouted and in three seconds flat he had scooped up all the bills and bolted out the back way.

I guess it's difficult for a police commissioner to lasso single-handed some fifty people, each one scuttling to the farthest exit. Mr. Molveni only caught one: Hamilton. Mainly, I believe, because Hamilton had not moved.

"Just for this," Mr. Molveni said grimly, clamping bracelets on Hamilton's wrists, "I'll parade you in shackles down Broadway."

The next day I made a round of the homes of the British tiger-hunters who promised to raise Hamilton's bail come Monday and then went to Candy's little bachelor apartment with the news.

"I told the Panther if he ever let Mr. Hancock take the rap, I'd spill everything I know," she said.

"Careful," I said. "I heard of a dame that crossed the Panther once and then met with a very sloppy accident one day."

Her eyes narrowed. "For once I've took a shine to a guy my size. I won't let nothing come between. I know I ain't got much to offer. Only a heart, slightly used."

The next day The Ailing Pheasant bore a police sticker indicating that it was shut to the public. Inside I found Hamilton, just freed on bail, weak from lack of liquor and a talk with his lawyer.

"My counsellor advised me not to worry," Hamilton said. "He feels confident he can get me off with five years."

"You've got trouble enough without calling in any lawyers," I said. "Let Miss Candy handle this. Women have subtle ways."

Hamilton started. "Miss Candy must never know that I got involved with the police. Tell her I went back to England."

There was a sound at the back entrance and Weaselpuss Willy and Tapeworm Tom appeared.

"I am the Panther's lieutenant," said Weaselpuss, "and I have a message from him to you. You forget you ever saw him and he'll supply you with enough Scotch to make a stretch in the jug seem like a day at Coney."

"Lieutenant," Hamilton replied, "I now doubt the honesty of Mr. Panther's intentions and I advise you to make a clean breast of it all. If you wish, I shall introduce you to the police commissioner who will explain to you that crime really doesn't pay."

"You've never seen the Panther in your life! That's an order! Get it?"

"Certainly not, Lieutenant," Hamilton said, drawing himself to his full five-feet-two.

Weaselpuss slammed some brass knuckles over his head while Tapeworm, with fine timing, hit him in the face, and Hamilton folded like a napkin. When he came around, Weaselpuss said, "You'll come with us. The Panther will want to keep you under his pillow for a while, just for luck."

"This is forcible abduction and highly illegal," Hamilton said, as he left the place between Tapeworm and Weaselpuss, and on the stairs I heard him laugh. "Haw, haw! Wait till Mr. Molveni hears of this. You will be sorry!"

I don't hear. If I hear I don't listen. If I listen I don't understand. I was trying to convince Mr. Molveni that this is the motto I live by when he arrived accompanied by a bulky flatfoot.

"I don't know from nothing," I kept saying. "I'm an honest citizen trying to keep out of jail."

At last Mr. Molveni gave up. "I wish I was dead," he wailed.

At this point, an exceedingly agreeable mezzo-soprano said, "That can easily be arranged.

Ireland's famed pipe—
enjoyed for generations

Peterson's

Patiently made with old-world craftsmanship—distinguished for their hand selected bruyére, their man-size bowl, their balance, finish, their "feel" and their "smoke".

The patented Peterson's lip distributes the smoke upwards evenly, protecting the tongue from bite. This is the world-famed, cool-smoke feature of all Peterson's Pipes. At better tobacconists.

Pipe illustrated 12.50. Peterson's De Luxe 15.

SEND FOR FREE VALUABLE BOOKLET OF SUGGESTIONS ON PIPE CARE

Rogers Imports, Inc.
419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
Exclusive U. S. Distributors

Peterson's Head Office: Dublin, Ireland

Toots. Tom Mix is here." And Sugar-Coated, who in her modesty must have been standing behind the door before deciding to intrude, entered with a stunning, mother-of-pearl plated gun protruding from a beaver muff.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried Mr. Molveni, jumping to his feet, as he was well-mannered.

"That you're coming to the party what's holding Mr. Hancock."

Sugar-Coated reached in Molveni's coat and relieved him of his gun. Then she went swiftly over to the flatfoot and crashed the gun over his roof, just enough to convince him that he needed a rest. She also took his gun for safekeeping.

After she had made me rope the flatfoot with what is popularly known as the Headwaiter's Knot, she told me, "You come along and hold my swish. And you, Toots," she said to Mr. Molveni, "lead the way into the great outdoors. Ladies first, but police commissioners always ahead." She evinced the forbearance of a lady by not displaying her mother-of-pearl while she led us up Broadway.

She never stopped, except briefly before the hat shops, till we were at a Chinese restaurant. She showed us up a flight of stairs to an iron door at the top, and through its peephole we saw a slice of Neurotic Rudy.

"Is the boss in, Neurotic?" Sugar-Coated asked.

"He's been here, but he's left," said that nervous character, admitting us to what looked much like our own upstairs club—green tables, and men and women amusing themselves with various games.

"Babies and gentlemen! Mothers and duds!" Sugar-Coated addressed the hushed throng. "Return to your husbands and wives. The cops is here."

Instantly the room became filled with that regrettable confusion that the arrival of The Law produces only too frequently in otherwise orderly places—and the three of us were left alone.

"Live and learn," Sugar-Coated said. "And there's more where this came from."

There certainly was. We visited nine restaurants each with the same setup and reached the end of the rainbow at an old Chop House where Solid Pete was peeping from the hole.

"Saint Peter, make with the key," said our chaperone. Solid slammed the window shut in her face, so she took the gun out of her muff and said soberly, "Please step aside, gentlemen. This takes a woman's touch." She fired twice into the keyhole, unlocking the door, and we rushed in. But the club members had disbanded.

"Too late," said Sugar-Coated.

"Not if it's me you come to see," and the Panther stepped out from behind the cashier's screen. "So you've turned stool pigeon!"

"Nope," Sugar-Coated said. "Just a law-abiding, forward-looking dame what's trying to build a home for herself. But I'll give you a break—after you clear Mr. Hancock, who I consider my fiasco, for I aim to marry him, I'll give you a half-hour start on Ole Man Moose here, so you can build yourself up in business again. See? I even put back this talisman you give me for my birthday." And she put her m-o-p back into her muff.

"That's the difference between a cat and a panther," said the latter, whipping out his own gun.

I closed my eyes, heard a muffled bang-bang, a thud and, when I looked, there was Sugar-Coated standing with her mouth wide open, the Panther writhing on the floor, and Mr. Molveni holding a smoking .45.

"The suspicion," I said, "falls on you, Commissioner."

Sugar-Coated felt miserable. "You had that rod all along?" And Mr. Molveni replied that he always carried a second gun.

We discovered Candy's roped love life in the next room; he had contrived to free one arm enough to reach a bottle of Scotch, and sat there quietly getting stoned and expecting The Law.

"Didn't I tell you not to drink so much?" Sugar-Coated assailed him, slashing the ropes.

"Why, I hardly drink any more," Hamilton protested. "I've had this bottle for hours."

"These proceedings," he lectured me after I had steered him home, "should be a lesson to one and all that the law cannot be broken with impunity." I told him that, with the possible exception of two or three, we had broken every law in the book to allow the triumph of justice, what with busting into a string of places without a warrant, toying with firearms, holding up the police commissioner, conking a flatfoot without a permit and depriving him of his civil liberties by means of the Headwaiter's Knot, not to mention consuming black-mart Scotch without destroying the tax stamp on the cap as the law requires.

"If the law has been broken," he said, "something must be done about it. I shall visit Mr. Molveni at once."

On Hamilton's insistence we went to the commissioner's house. Mr. Molveni was in bed. "I think you should know about the laws that have been broken tonight," said Hamilton.

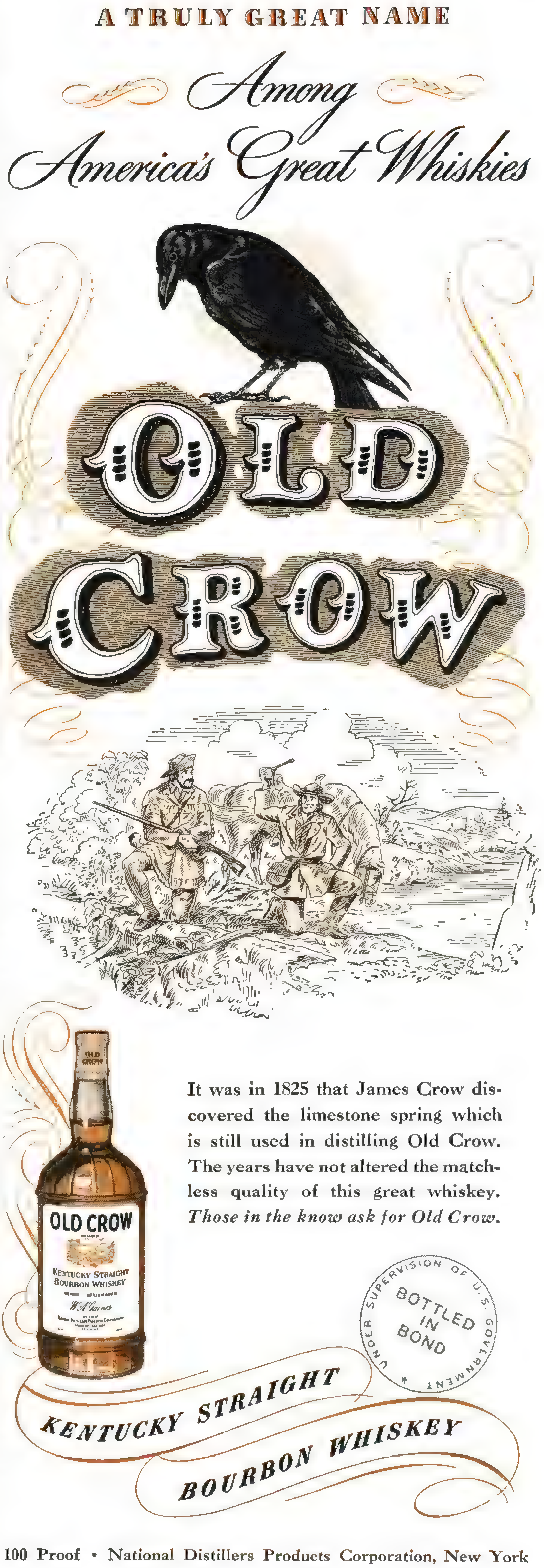
"Indeed," cried the tired magistrate. "For disturbing my peace, I'll keep you in irons for a slow week's meditation! Are you satisfied now?"

He was.

I looked him up while he was languishing in the cooler.

"Miss Candy's dying to see you and sends this cake," I told him. "She baked it herself."

He attacked the cake without delay. Maybe I should have warned him, for he chipped a tooth on the saw. But Hamilton was touched. He forthwith proceeded to saw a little hand screen for her to show his appreciation of the little surprise.



A TRULY GREAT NAME

Among America's Great Whiskies

OLD CROW

It was in 1825 that James Crow discovered the limestone spring which is still used in distilling Old Crow. The years have not altered the matchless quality of this great whiskey. *Those in the know ask for Old Crow.*

OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

BOTTLED IN BOND
UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Because you simply can't treat your feet too well . . .
Nettleton Shoes
FOR 70 YEARS THE FAMOUS NAME IN SHOES

ABOVE The Bedford wing tip (style 445), a dressy summer sport shoe, in brown calf with white buck

BELOW Smart brown and white Algonquin* (style 0187) with the exclusive patented hand-sewn forepart

For a copy of our new style folder, and the name of your nearest Nettleton dealer, write A. E. Nettleton Co., Syracuse 2, N.Y.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Meet Me at Shanty's

Continued from page 41

photo shows Malone with Tony Quigley, ex-basketball ace and war hero who scuttled a Jap transport. Around the walls you meet everyone from Paul Waner to Slinger Dunn to Fred Apostoli to Bronko Nagurski. Tucked away behind a pinball machine is a rare unposed shot of Lou Gehrig and Babe Ruth, heads down over a bat before some long-ago dugout. Elsewhere, you find a blurred view of a former Malone saloon autographed by patrons Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan, an aged Honus Wagner tintype, and a scowling Jack Dempsey, who signed his portrait: "To a real follower of sports and one of the finest fellows I've met."

"If somebody big in sports dies and we haven't a picture in the morgue, there's no problem," says a San Francisco newspaperman. "Shanty will have one somewhere."

"Is it true Latins go simply mad over blondes?"

Despite the real-life Duffy's Tavern aspect of the place, Malone himself is the No. 1 drawing card. He greets the public in a pair of baggy pants worn at half-mast and a nondescript sweat shirt, his thick, curling black hair hanging picturesquely over his sly Celtic face and a frayed cigar stub jutting from his lips. Friends know him to be bighearted and harmless, but he frequently skips a shave and assumes a sinister leer for benefit of the rubberneck trade. Woodie Van Dyke, the Hollywood director who drank "Van Dyke Specials" at Malone's—a water glass of gin followed by cold coffee—called Shanty "a rare remnant, a perfect old-time barkeep type."

Few will credit the story that Malone is a college man. Only when it is explained that he was a transient scholar, shuttling from college to college with the sport seasons, is anyone convinced. The record shows that his brief stay at the University of Washington was ended by the authorities when members of the varsity grid squad were found losing their scholarship money in a Malone-sponsored poker game.

During the war, Malone's bar became GHQ for thousands of fighting men pouring through the Golden Gate. Soldiers, sailors, and marines flocked in for free drinks, to talk sports, and to blow off steam. As a result, Shanty's name was spread from New Guinea to the frozen north. Troops in Alaska and Iceland slept in barracks named "Shanty Malone's," and streets, tents, and foxholes were christened for him in the Solomons. His mail is still cluttered with letters from ex-G.I.s who fondly recall nights in the dim-lit tavern before they shoved off. Several hundred wrote fervent thanks for a pinball machine that Shanty dismantled and shipped to New Guinea—the only one within an 8,000,000-square-mile area. When the Wallabies, a touring Australian rugby team, reached San Francisco last spring, they appeared in a body at Malone's. "We heard so much about the bloomin' place down home," they told Shanty, "that we just had to look in."

Some of Malone's oldest customers are columnists, and they have found the establishment a never-failing source of material. It was there that one Seattle football player announced on New Year's Eve, 1941, that he was leaving on his annual trip to the Pasadena Rose Bowl game. After numerous toasts, the guests saw him off. Not until next day, after he reached Pasadena, did anyone recall that the game had been shifted weeks before by War Department order to Duke Stadium, Durham, North Carolina. For several years, there was the doughty inmate of Malone's who for twenty-five cents would dive off the bar and land on his head, for a half-dollar run full-tilt into the wall, and for one dollar allow the payee to slug him with a baseball bat. Another attraction was the "Goat Man," who would drink a glass of beer, then eat the glass. One evening, a jester emptied the salt shaker and filled it with gunpowder. The "Goat Man" was coaxed to eat the shaker, gunpowder and all, and did, with apparent relish.

"We waited for months for him to explode," reported a sportswriter who had been there that evening, "but he didn't even burp."

Many impromptu sporting events have made news in Malone's, but none surpassed what has come to be known among habitués as the "Big Leap." Dink Templeton, now Olympic Club track and field coach, had been mourning the scarcity of outstanding high jumpers in the land. "Oh, I don't know," demurred Malone. "I used to high-jump—and I'm still pretty good."

"Can you jump over the bar?" someone asked.

Removing the glassware, Malone gave a prodigious heave of his 175 pounds and actually cleared the bar, but he caught his toe going over and fell with a crash. His leg was broken in two places. As he was loaded into an ambulance, one of the audience pointed to Malone's private brandy bottle, three-fourths empty, and commented, "Well, he won't need an anesthetic, anyway."

Before certain house rules went into effect, ladies ventured into Malone's saloon at their own risk. Discussions among the congregated sports experts sometimes led to battles royal that San Franciscans became accustomed to chuckling about over their morning coffee. The remark was made that Shanty was violating a state law by not holding a referee's license. He was usually in the middle of the fracas and among the first to hit the floor. Checking his wounds not long ago, he found that his nose has been twice broken, his collarbone cracked once, six ribs kicked in, his head cut open, one leg broken twice, and several toes smashed.

One imbroglio at Malone's stopped newspapers from going to press on schedule and caused repercussions as far away as Stanford University, at Palo Alto. When the Stanfords ended a sour season in 1938 by upsetting Dartmouth, giddy rooters flocked to Malone's, then located in the heart of the tough Tenderloin. Most of the Stanford squad was present, busy breaking four months of training. In the small hours, the phone rang in the *Examiner's* sports department and a desk man shouted, "Hold everything—they're at it again at Shanty's!"

Sometime later, with a story well in hand, the paper breathed freely once more. A three-column banner line read: STANFORD-DARTMOUTH GAME ENDS IN TAVERN BRAWL; EX-FULLBACK KNOCKED COLD BY HEFTY TACKLE AT "HOT SPOT."

Through such escapades, Malone's became synonymous with a roistering good time through the Thirsty Thirties. Seeking to capitalize on such publicity, a group of financiers once approached Shanty with a flattering offer. They would move him uptown into a $100,000 night club that would rival the swank Mural Room of the St. Francis or the Top o' the Mark. There would be headwaiters, gleaming linen, fine silver and china and a big-name band.

"Nah-h," said Malone. "I'd look like a damn fool in that setup. Guess I'll die right here in this dump."

The gregarious Irishman has refused that and other opportunities to become a far-western Billingsley because he dislikes the *beau monde* and couldn't stand to be away from his sports cronies. An incurable sports nut ever since his own playing days, he can compute batting averages in his head and he is happy in no other atmosphere than one of thick smoke and small talk about baseball, boxing, football, and horse-racing. He wants no truck with "high society."

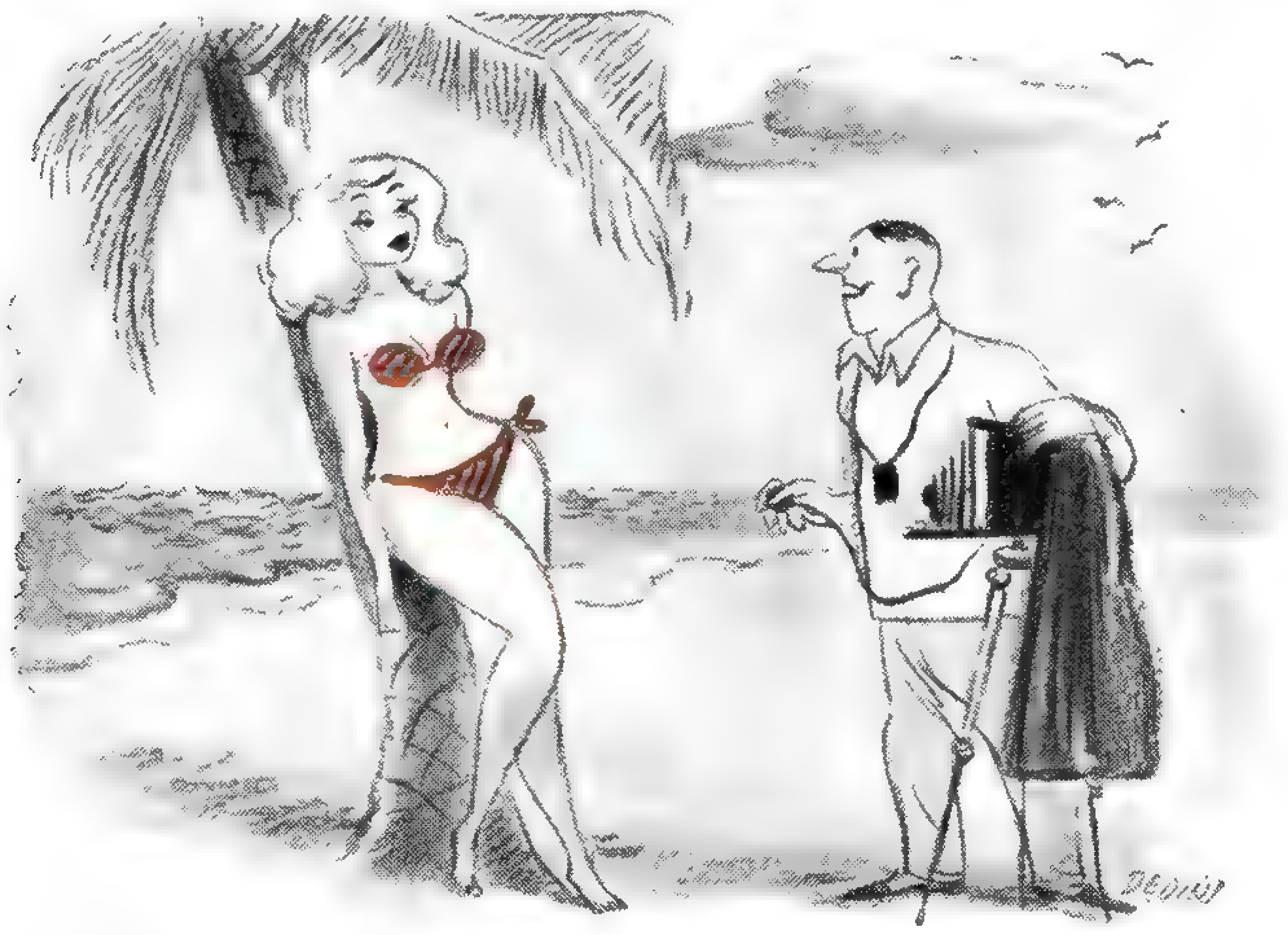
A regal, ermine-wrapped young thing once arrived at Shanty's with a party, making it clear that she was slumming. "Shawn-ty," she commanded in accents that were lofty, "bring champagne for my friends."

No such beverage has ever been allowed on the premises, but Malone fixed her with a baleful eye and said, "Right away, lady." Retiring to the basement, he filled an old wine bottle with equal parts of sauterne and sparkling water. He brought the newly filled bottle upstairs and served it regally in a slop bucket filled with shaved ice. The regal debbie and her group sipped suspiciously, then acclaimed it of real "vintage" and congratulated Malone on his "cellar."

Malone grows indignant thinking about the incident. "See what I mean? They was supposed to be big-league society, but they didn't even know what they was drinking. Why should I make a career outta serving characters like that?"

The years have been crowded and hectic for the carefree innkeeper. Born in the tiny cow town of Antelope, Oregon, at the century's turn, his earliest ambition was to become a stakes-riding jockey, but an elderly mount named Hector intervened. Hector was a converted bronco who hated to have his head jerked during a race. Early in a county fairgrounds mile gallop, Hector stopped fighting the bit and

Continued on page 134



"Now in this next shot, we'd like to get across the superiority of Marton Motor Oil"

BELLOWS
EST. 1830
BELLOWS
EST. 1830
BELLOWS
PARTNERS CHOICE
WHISKEY-A BLEND
Carefully selected to meet the exacting requirements of a century old trade and private clientele
Distributed by
BELLOWS & COMPANY, Inc.
ESTABLISHED 1830 - NEW YORK CITY
BRANCHES
COLORADO SPRINGS - CHICAGO
Shown in the background is the doorway to our building at 67 East 52nd Street, New York

BELLOWS & CO, NEW YORK • 86.8 PROOF • 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Thomas Shirt

The ideal father's day gift. Cool, crisp and comfortable–that's the famous Thomas "Dry-Ice*" shirt. A superb California casual, custom-tailored to combine maximum comfort with warm-weather smartness. Ideal for sportswear or with favorite tie. Hand-washable. In white, platinum-gold, ice-blue, pale beige, cream, silver-gray, navy, maroon, brown, fiesta-red, and hunter green. At better men's stores everywhere – **$8.50.** Or write Thomas Shirt, Inc., Los Angeles 15, California.

* TRADE-MARK REGISTERED

Meet Me at Shanty's

Continued from page 133

bucked young Malone into the infield. He then continued at a leisurely trot while his owner hastily made other jockey arrangements.

Al Malone next announced that he would become a doctor and was shipped off, in 1911, to Columbia University, a prep school, at Portland. Seldom in class, he spent his time earning all-city honors as a football end, basketball forward, hockey wing, and outside left in soccer. He was also an all-state third baseman. When he won the Oregon state high-school 220-yard low-hurdle championship, he had more varsity letters than any other prep student in Northwest history—and less scholastic standing. At the outbreak of World War I, he strolled into an Army recruiting office with the intention of joining the cavalry. A captain dressed him down for dawdling over the enlistment papers, whereupon the youth replied in scorching cowboy language, walked out and found the nearest Navy headquarters. Sent to Hawaii, he spent the entire war as a dry-lander. A Honolulu millionaire sponsored a baseball team and Malone was the clean-up hitter, living luxuriously—as a pharmacist's mate, first class—until late 1919. He was boating one day in Pearl Harbor when he heard cries for help. A sailor had fallen in and was drowning. Malone swam with him half a mile to shore, saving his life. An official commendation followed, and he seized the opportunity to request a discharge on the grounds that his medical career was calling.

"Where do you plan to study?" he was asked.

"Well, I thought of Harvard," said Malone judiciously, "but I believe I prefer Princeton."

Instead, he popped up at the University of Oregon, playing shortstop. His nickname stems from the remark of a Sigma Nu Fraternity brother when Malone was first pledged to the group. Unable to sleep because of the card and dice games held nightly in Malone's room, the brother predicted: "The house will go to hell with that shanty Irishman around."

Pastures seemed greener at Washington U., where a powerful grid team was being recruited. Malone arrived *en subsidy* in 1922, and was shocked. The college expected him to *earn* his money by arising each dawn and pumping gasoline at a station located twenty miles away at Renton. Shanty had meanwhile already developed his talent for attracting muscular citizens. Most of the football squad used his quarters for an all-hours gaming center. Before long, he quit the Renton job and took over the game on a house percentage. In no time the team was bankrupt and Shanty was en route to Los Angeles just a jump or two ahead of the Dean of Men's agents.

After a sojourn at the University of Southern California, where he managed a stable of cellophane-chinned fighters on the side and lost most of his Seattle profits, Shanty headed north. He had fallen in love with lusty San Francisco during a Navy training period at Goat Island, so he opened the first of his many bistros in an alley off Myrtle Street. There followed various one-night stands in which Malone, a gaudy and defiant figure through the Speak-easy Era, would nail up a plank, affix a brass rail, and declare himself open for business. A few hours, or days, later, the police would declare him closed. Though they were never quite sure where they would find him, his clients remained faithful.

Shanty prospered briefly in a dank room at 627 Ellis Street, then moved to 132 Turk, and then to 45 Eddy Street, where he stayed for some time. Before long, the Eddy Street bar had a coast-wide reputation and turnaway crowds jostled to get in and see the fun. Those days, you were likely to see anyone from Frank Buck to Duke Ellington to Little Bill Johnston to Will Rogers sipping a drink at the bar. Later, Harry Bridges, minus bodyguard, made it an after-hours stopping spot. A group of Scotch bagpipers used to practice there, and illegal cock-fights were held between police visits.

It was a wonderful, crazy place. Dean Maddox, now a San Francisco radio executive, speaks of it nostalgically. "Those of us who belonged to 'Malone's Country Club' knew it was the dirtiest, crummiest place ever seen—but we loved it like a second home. Big names of future years, most of them broke, congregated there. It was the air of utter destitution that we liked. I have been in Malone's with Tommy Dorsey, Ted Lewis, Sophie Tucker and Henry King, among others, but such celebrities were given little notice. The real attraction was 'Malone's Symphony.' "

This aggregation consisted of Billy Small, violinist from the Orpheum circuit; Jack Ford, a former Pantages headliner, on an eight-string ukelele; and Professor Bobby Bayne at the piano. They would play any number ever written, or their version of it. On operatic requests, the trio always obliged with a flourishing rendition of Shanty's favorite piece—*Humoresque*.

Malone's bartenders and floormen have always been well-known athletes. Among them have been a onetime Rose Bowl halfback for Washington U.; a national handball kingpin; a welterweight champion of Great Britain; a Green Bay Packers back who recited poetry as he bounced undesirables; and a Boston Braves catcher. The incumbent bartender, a large, bald, former St. Ignatius College tackle, is regarded with awe by the tipplers because he is a teetotaler. A former Notre Dame tackle now cooks the succulent corned beef sandwiches that they serve at Shanty's.

Malone, a devout Catholic, places brotherly love on a high plane, and he is ranked among the first of the open-handed gentry so common in San Francisco. Charity workers place him at the head of their list. *Examiner* Sports Editor Curley Grieve, an old friend, estimates that Shanty would be worth more than $100,000 today if he had not disbursed so much in gifts, bad checks cashed, and IOU's. By loaning or giving fifty dollars here and a hundred there, he has enabled many a youngster to finish college—a sort of moral recompense, says Shanty, for his own irresponsible life. Not long ago a well-dressed businessman came in and handed Shanty a twenty-dollar bill in repayment of a loan made fifteen years ago. "That money kept me eating for two weeks during my junior year at California," he said.

Though, as a former bookmaker, Malone knows that he can't win, he loves to bet on horses. At times the saloon's cash backlog has vanished in the mutuels and the impecunious Malone has been forced to shut down. When he left Eddy Street, the *Chronicle* mourned: "Shanty Malone's practically world-famous bar silently closed its doors for keeps the other night—another reason why this town can no longer be called 'Frisco' . . ."

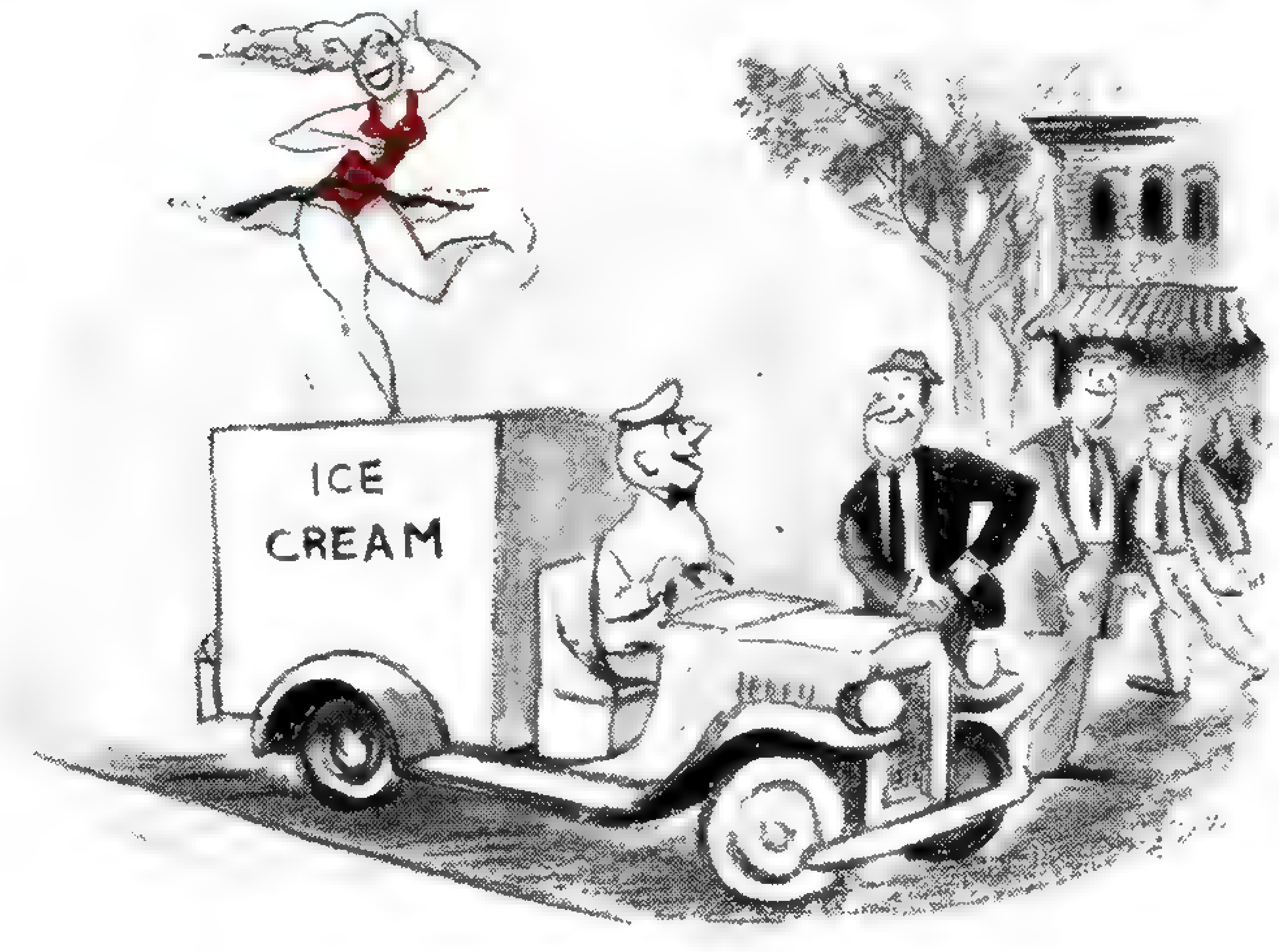
Always, however, Shanty has found a new stake. Today, his flourishing Sansome Street enterprise causes much envious teeth-gnashing. Owners of sleek night traps are unable to comprehend the Malone formula that has kept him in business through two decades. By running the most threadbare, slipshod bar in town, he has attracted a more cosmopolitan trade than can be found in the luxurious cover-charge salons of Nob Hill. Refusing to move with the times, offering the shabbiest surroundings and worst service, minus fancy cocktails, paid advertising, or a scheduled floor show, he has become a beloved Boniface known to many thousands of Americans.

And life is still hazardous at Malone's. A while back, a customer was playing the ancient, scarred piano for which Malone paid fifteen dollars in 1932. Suddenly the instrument chimed its last and, toppling forward, fell on the man and broke his leg.

All attendance records for Shanty's were surpassed a couple of years ago, when he held a wedding reception for a pal of his who had once been a big-league ballplayer. Society editors covering the function called it a "grand, chaotic hassel" in which hundreds of citizens—big and little alike—participated. Shanty stood at the door, bawling out the names of arriving guests, two pianos and a juke box jangled constantly, and on the painted football field old halfbacks and guards crouched and charged. It was estimated that the opening of the San Francisco opera drew only a slightly larger crowd.

At two in the morning, the last guests piled into cabs and cars, leaving the hall empty—except for Malone and the newly-weds. While the bride stood testily tapping her foot and the honeymoon waited, Shanty leaned happily on the bar and listened while the bridegroom told how he had almost won that big one in the World Series of twenty-odd years ago. ⵌ

Continued from page 41



"What flavor, sir?"

Johnsonian
STYLE 8731

This is a fine shoe

for summer enjoyment

for **STYLE** • *for* **COMFORT** • *for* **WEAR**

Hot day . . . but your feet feel like stealing third in Johnsonians! Here's fine leather, superbly styled for extra miles of cool good grooming . . . at a price that never pinches! Let your *feet* sell you, at your dealer's! Endicott Johnson Corporation, Endicott 1, N. Y., St. Louis 2, Mo., New York 13, N. Y. **$8.95** *some styles higher*

Johnsonian

"THE SMARTEST SHOES ON THE SQUARE"

And for boys, Johnsonian Jrs.

Three Steps to a Happy June for the People You Love
For the Young Man Graduate
For Dad on Father's Day
For the Sweet Girl Graduate
MEEKER FINE BILLFOLDS

Men's billfold at top is the new MEEKER 749. Because of its unique accordion expansion, it holds more and more without bulking. Two handy card pockets, and a secret pocket for big bills. Smartly fashioned in many rich, fine leathers.

Center billfold is beautifully made of hand-colored brown Steerhide, hand-boarded Calfskin, or genuine Morocco. Distinctive, hand-tooled designs, and hand-laced edges. Removable Pass Case.

Third billfold, for Milady, has two card pockets and a roomy gusset coin purse. Snap fastener. Custom-fashioned of genuine Morocco, in various popular colors.

Various Prices — at Dealers Everywhere

MEEKER MADE *Fine Leather Goods*

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC. • JOPLIN, MO.
New York: 347 Fifth Avenue • Chicago: 36 S. State Street

Freedom Means No Check

Continued from page 48

same way and the figures don't explain whether second, third or home was grabbed. Reiser made it a good ball game. It never mattered what the score was. With the Dodgers, Reiser ran on impulse. It wasn't necessary for him to have the permission of the coach in the box or the manager on the bench. When Reiser reached third the competition was between him and the pitcher and catcher. The batter was eliminated and so was every other player on the field.

On April 18 of '46, Jake Brewer was pitching for the Giants against the Dodgers in Ebbets Field. It was obvious that Mr. Brewer was not intimidated by Reiser's reputation for burglary even after Pete had stolen second and hustled to third on a bad throw by Ernie Lombardi, the Giants' catcher. Pete, coming up the line toward home, flapped his arms, kicked the dust and danced a taunting jig. Brewer ignored him, slowly turned into his windup, and let the ball go without glancing at Reiser, who had stopped running. Again Brewer arranged himself indolently into the pitching position as Reiser parodied his original fake. It was as though Brewer believed he could discourage Reiser with indifference. Such an insulting attitude did not cause Reiser to stall, but provoked him into going all the way. He slid home and was safe. I asked him why he had chosen that pitch to go for the run.

"The first time I faked he practically dared me," Reiser said. "He gave me that à la carte look. He thought I was going to bluff all day. I saw the way he was coming up with the ball and I figured if he does it again I'll go. He did it again and I took off."

I remember discussing Reiser with Leo Durocher that afternoon. An examination of my notes confirms the admiration Durocher had for him. "Take him out of there and the Dodgers are another ball club," Durocher said. "He's the difference, brother. The difference. Don't think I don't know that. Pete's great, great, great. Three or four times he's run into a wall. One time—and a lot of guys get wall shy. But he's still running right up after them. Pete's a Pepper Martin with a lot more talent. That's what he is. Great, great, great."

At the start of last season Reiser asked Branch Rickey to trade him, and the Brooklyn people gave him permission to make a deal for himself. Reiser went to Robert Hannegan of the Cardinals and explained he would play for less than he was making in Brooklyn because St. Louis is his home town. Rickey refused to trade him and Pete's average diminished to .236 and he was used mainly as a pinch hitter. On the last day of the season, he told reporters that he would never play for Brooklyn again and in the winter of last year Reiser went to work for Billy Southworth.

It was a privilege to watch him play. He is motivated by a wonderful devotion to the petty art of catching a baseball hit by a bat. There is little grace in his flights to the fences. There is dreadful panic in his reckless speed. He always seems alone, unconnected with other players, unmolested by the crowd as he goes back after a fly ball. It is the spectators who endow him with that harmful loneliness because they know his habits when he is running after a baseball.

There is terror in this act every time he does it. It is like watching a blind bird fly crazily around a room, brushing the walls with his wings.

They give you many explanations for Pete's recklessness. But to me, it is as though he became trapped in a mobile dream. The dimensions of the field cease to exist in his mind, so great is his concentration. The shouts of the other outfielders warning him to stop are unheard. The running fielder seeks to alter the frontiers of the field. The glades where big-league baseball is played are too pinched for Reiser, and in a remote way this is similar to James Joyce trying to break out of the English language.

Nothing else on the field is related to this feat. There is only the ball and Reiser. The ecstasy of the chase seems to cause a suicidal amnesia once he goes after a fly ball which is falling behind him. It must confuse the gamblers who make book on games in this country to watch a guy risk his life for one out in a ball game in a schedule of a hundred and fifty-four. It is beyond me and Reiser can't explain why he does it. It is a man betrayed by a creative frenzy and is the artist achieving supreme devotion to his craft. It is more manual labor than anything else, but Reiser gives baseball a wild and frightening beauty when he is after a fly ball and there is a fence behind him.

The Torch Singer

The speak-easy bands in the Broadway district during Prohibition were usually three-handed combinations and they played discreet music in the falls where they tabbed you two dollars and a half for a cup of champagne cocktail. They made it soft because they didn't want to goad the family living next door to call the precinct house and complain about the tumult of the hoe down. It would have embarrassed the cop on the beat because many of them working the side streets off Times Square were salaried bouncers and on the side of the house in all matters. It would be difficult for a policeman who was an employee of a speak to insist the proprietor stop all that commotion because the phone calls got you in dutch with the desk man back at the house and he insists that a pinch be made. So the curators went along with the badge and hired only guys who never pulled the stopper out of the trombone and instructed the drummers to use only the fly swatters to dust off the cymbals. The singers in the expensive speaks were partial to ballads because if they did a lot of screaming the chances are people would figure they were twisting a customer's arm to shake the bill out of him. Even a loyal cop who was paid every Saturday would have to investigate this.

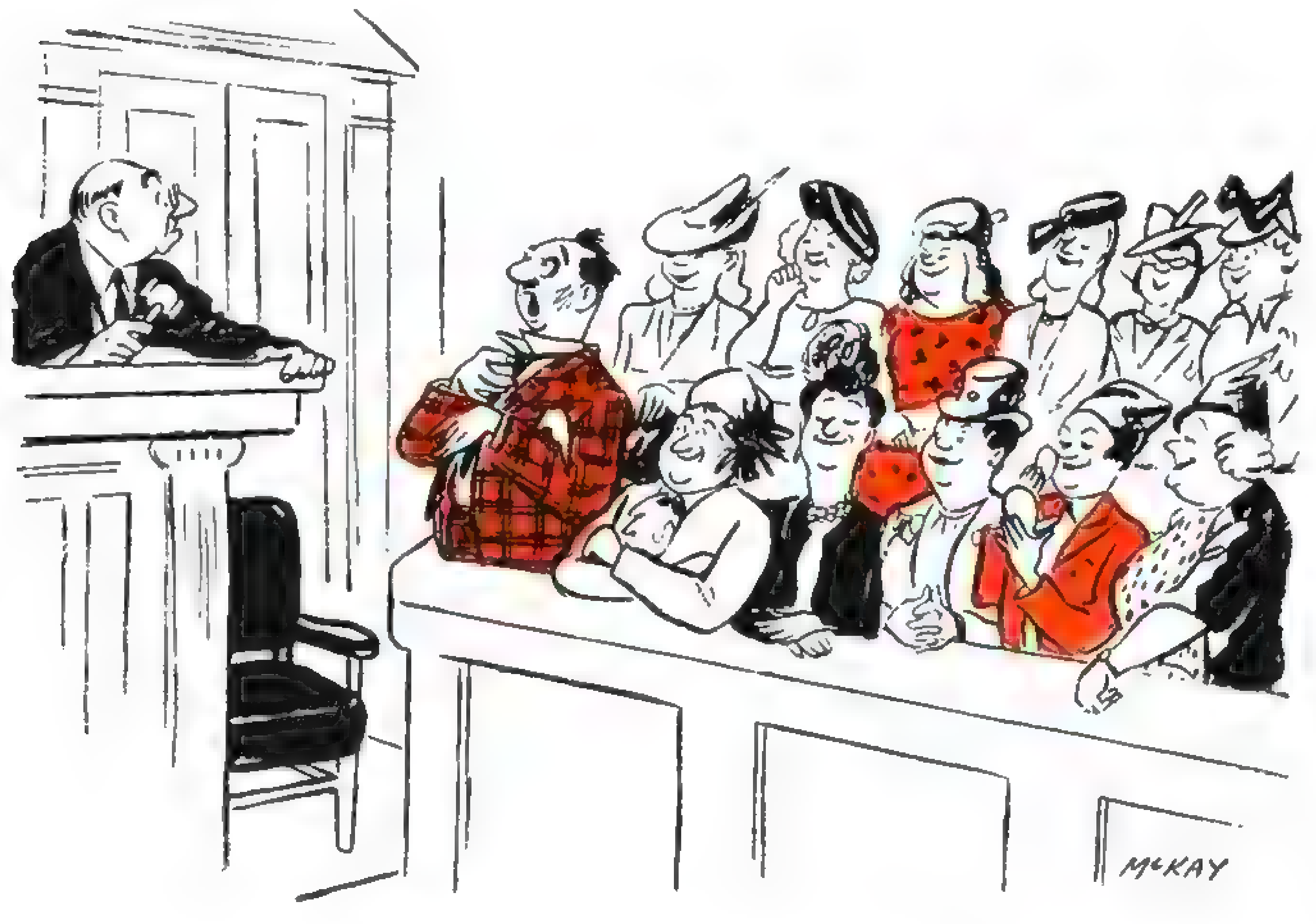
Research among bartenders of that period indicates that no one could soothe a violent lush faster than Tommy Lyman, the greatest of all café singers, who has been doing it longer and better than any of them. Guys with five kids and a wife they love dearly, even after she was a legitimate light-heavyweight with a kitchen spread, soften up and do a little mourning when Lyman works on them with the old love songs he makes forever new. You feel ashamed that you are happy in love when Lyman gives you a going-over, and man, a guy who is dead stuck on his wife and the children is liable to pretend he is doing bad in that department just to enjoy himself while Tommy is singing. After midnight, Tommy Lyman is Caruso and he always reaches me with his songs whether I'm going good or bad or just standing it off. Lyman's voice is small and even the waiters stand back against the wall and listen when Tommy cries the old misery of love in the tiny dark rooms where he operates. He sings continually from midnight until the curfew nails up the layout. The misery never molests him and down the years he has carried a lot of torches, but never one of his own. There are no other acts when Lyman checks into a joint, just a piano player. He is tireless and works without a microphone. I have never heard a better hand with a popular song, and I must include Bing Crosby, Perry Como and Frank Sinatra and that high mourning tenor who does the sob stuff for the Ink Spots.

It's aloof from sorrow, Tommy's voice, and yet it explains the private ache of all those who come to his joint to harm themselves with memory. The cynical voice, tiny and proud of its miserable knowledge, explains what's wrong with everyone there because in any town he works the unfortunate in love are his steady customers. They assemble in the place every night and each figures that the songs are a description of his own private sorrow. Lyman's songs are for those who need music and whiskey to get them home and you can win a big bet by giving the price that at least seventy-five per cent of his audience is brooding over a lost love or quarreling with their girls. No singer in the entertainment business has a public that demands he hurt them with his talent. It is shameless what he does to them. He makes their heartbreak sound beautiful and not dirty and mean as most love affairs turn when they go bad.

Lyman moves around in the dusk of the room and goes from table to table. The waiter brings him a chair and he sits down, not pausing in his song, his arms folded, the eyes closed and the head held straight, the shoulders erect, the piano shiftlessly following the lyrics. The concert is for you alone and the party at the next table can't hear him at all. There is no pity in Lyman's voice, only the lies the people want to hear. Tommy knows the secrets of all of them, no matter what they're trying to hide, and he cases you exactly right after he has sung the first eight bars at your table. It is not for strangers, these metropolitan concerts at midnight, and the same people come back, new torches burning for new girls. I give you the big singers on the big stages with the immense bands playing behind them and the stagehands sliding special scenery in place and the electrician working the spotlights. I'll take Lyman singing late at night in a dark room with only a piano playing a lonesome accompaniment.

About three years ago, I was dangerously ill in St. Clare's Hospital in New York City. I was

Continued on page 138



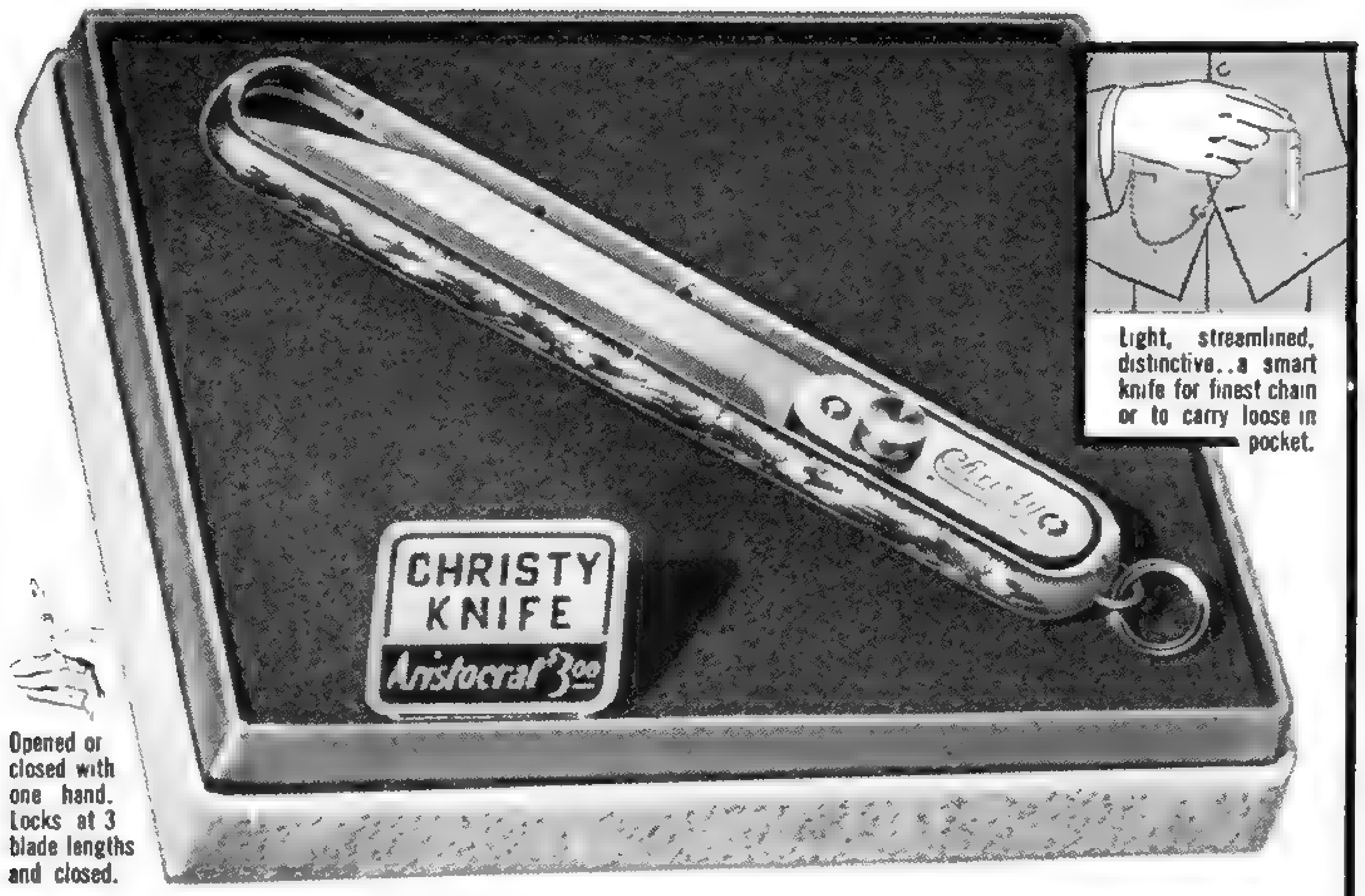
"They have, your honor"

The swing is to BELL'S
BELL'S Blended Scotch Whisky
SPECIAL RESERVE
BELL'S ROYAL VAT
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
TWELVE YEARS OLD
They Always Ring True

BELL'S® SCOTCH WHISKY

86 PROOF. Product of Arthur Bell & Sons Ltd., Perth, Scotland. Established 1825.
Proprietors of the Dufftown-Glenlivet, Blair-Athol and Inchgower Distilleries.

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc. Hartford 1, Conn., Sole Distributors for U.S.A.

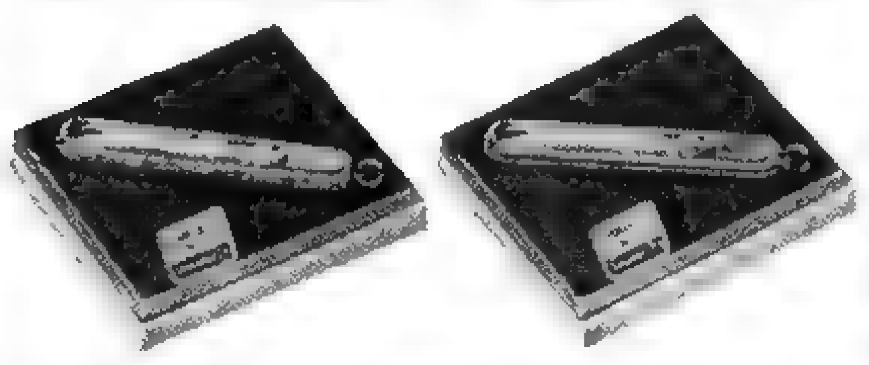


Light, streamlined, distinctive..a smart knife for finest chain or to carry loose in pocket.

Opened or closed with one hand. Locks at 3 blade lengths and closed.

For Father's Day . . . and Every Day!

CHRISTY SLIDING BLADE KNIFE



3 ROLLED GOLD PLATE DELUXE MODELS: "Aristocrat"—$3.00, (at top, actual size.) Just above, "Executive"—$2.50 and "Traveler"—$1.75. In striking new gift boxes. (Add Fed. tax to DeLuxe prices.)

STANDARD MODEL in polished Stainless Steel—$1.00, also attractively gift boxed. All blades, finest razor steel, chromium plated.

● Watch Dad! See how many times a day he has use for a really FINE pocket knife! Here it is—the knife that hundreds of thousands of men know as "the handiest pocket knife ever designed"! Slim, trim, amazingly useful . . . For Father's Day—or ANY day—give a man a knife he can USE . . . Give him a handsome, practical Christy Sliding Blade Knife!

Men's Furnishings, Jewelers, Stationers, Gift Shops, Sporting Goods, Drug and Tobacco stores — dealers everywhere should have ample Father's Day stocks of this popular man's pocket knife.

The CHRISTY Co.
FREMONT, OHIO

THE NAME "CHRISTY" HAS BEEN FAMOUS FOR FINE CUTTING EDGES FOR THREE GENERATIONS

YOUR SPRING TONIC

Esquire Jungle Girl Playing Cards

For the perfect pick-up—this spring and every season—choose Esquire's ravishing Jungle Queens. The original luscious Leopard and Zebra Girls and the new tempting Tiger and Panther Girls are the invigorating companions that pull your spring cardplaying out of the winter doldrums.

Esquire's Jungle Girl Playing Cards are the ideal gift—for yourself and for your friends.

JUST SEND IN THIS COUPON TODAY . . . (U. S. ORDERS ONLY)

Esquire INC., BOX 1719, CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

Here is my check, cash, or money order (no C.O.D.) for $_____ Please send me:

SINGLE DECKS

☐ Decks of Tiger Girl Cards; $1.25 per deck

☐ Decks of Panther Girl Cards; $1.25 per deck

☐ Decks of Zebra Girl Cards; $1.25 per deck

☐ Decks of Leopard Girl Cards; $1.25 per deck

SETS

☐ Pairs of the original Jungle Girl Cards; Leopard Girl and Zebra Girl at $2.00 per pair.

☐ Pairs of the new Jungle Girl Cards; Tiger Girl and Panther Girl at $2.00 per pair.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City and State____________________

ATTENTION, BUSINESSMEN: Esquire Jungle Girl Playing Cards with imprinted containers make wonderful advertising specialties. For detailed information, please address inquiries on your business letterhead to: Esquire Calendar Division, Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Ill.

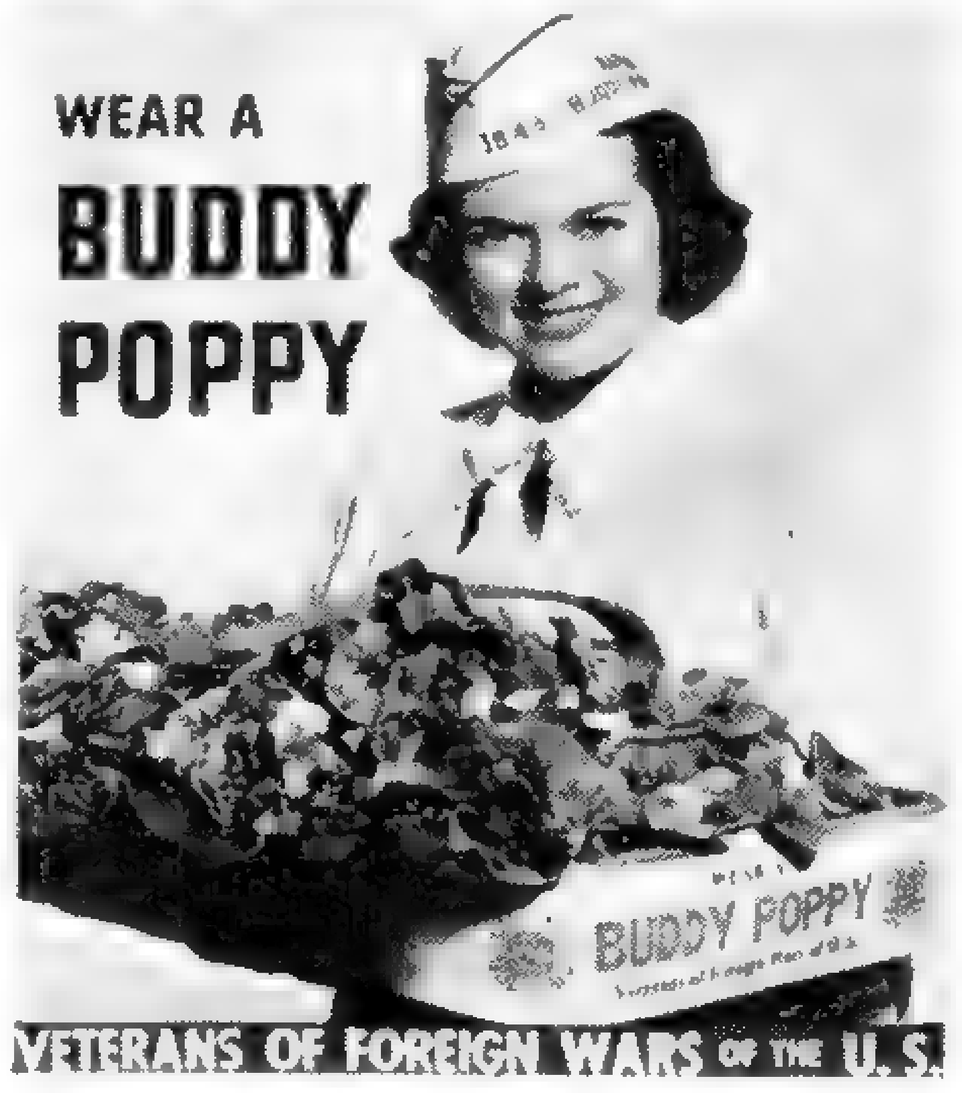
Freedom Means No Check

Continued from page 137

weak and frightened by pain. Visitors were barred. But one morning at half-past ten Tommy came into the room and put his forefinger up to his lips in the old underworld gesture of don't crack. He sat in the chair alongside of my bed and started tossing.

Sitting there in the barren hospital room, the frail sallow man with the dead eyes and the blank face gave a concert for me alone, the pale hands playing an invisible piano on the sheet.

He sang the old sweet songs, the laments of red-light districts and the blues of county jails and the bitter comedy of thieves and lamsters. Here was a guy doing it all by himself in a room of a hospital, with little sleep, his voice scratchy from the work of the night before. My opinion may be shaped by sentiment, but that morning in the hospital Lyman verified what I had thought all along. This is the great popular talent of our time, limited to a night club, unappreciated except by a few. The years may have marred his voice, but he still has the same appeal for me as when I first saw him twenty years ago in the Café Madrid where Legs Diamond and other tough guys of the period assembled and sat patiently when he was on . . .



WEAR A
BUDDY
POPPY
BUDDY POPPY
VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS OF THE U.S.

A Clown Forever

There are some men who must be clowns forever and even their anguish excites laughter. They are comical even when they achieve a temporary dignity. In such men even courage is considered amusing and few acts of theirs are ever regarded with admiration. Such a man is Tony Galento who is now a wrestler. Galento had the habits and the appearance of a wrestler on the night he fought Joe Louis for the heavyweight championship of the world. He is fat and hairy and was then, and he grimaced and snorted through his broken nose the way wrestlers do, and he made the same disgusting sounds. Most of the wrestlers are not athletes but grotesque acrobats and Galento looked like a guy who did all his fighting with his clothes on in his beer parlor.

Some of Galento's coarse manners were synthetic. I have seen his manager, the late Joe Jacobs, order him to eat with his hands when he was dining in a public place. It was Jacob's philosophy that it was a sign of virility when a man passed up the knife and fork and used his fingers. Tony had an authentic contempt for his opponents and always made angry and insulting speeches about them, but the people who pay to go to fights believed his humorless savage vulgarities were the droolings of a boob.

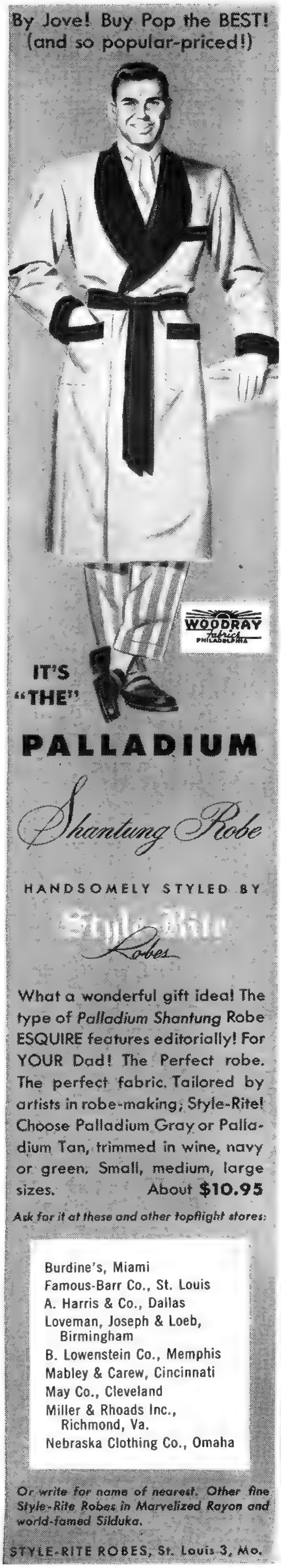
When his name comes up people laugh as though it were the punchline of a joke, but they forget that on a night in June back in '39 Galento was as brave as any fighter who ever came into a ring. I will always recall him as a game fellow, not as a baggy-bellied chump, because Louis is the greatest fighter of my time and Galento came closer to freezing him than anyone except Max Schmeling and Jersey Joe Walcott. But even that fight is considered a buffoon's park and not the bighearted try it was. It made Louis ashamed of himself to be cuffedaroundand knocked down by this furious fat man. It was as though Groucho Marxhadassaulted him with a bladder.

Galento, stooped in a crouch, hit Louis the first good smash of their fight. It was a left hook which threw Louis into a corner and he bounced around, the way a billiard ball does when trapped in an angle of the cushions.

This was the champion and Galento did not seem to think he could have hurt such an important fighter so soon. He stood in the center of the ring, watching Louis with his small eyes, the lids frayed and marked from being cut and sewed. As he examined the jostled-up champion, Louis put himself together and stalled until his brain cleared. It was Galento's round and the multitude in the ball park laughed as Galento sat in his corner with his belly slopping over his tights.

In the second round Louis changed Galento's face and it was difficult to distinguish the features. The crowd neglected Louis for once, and his slow destruction of Galento became a farce to them. At the end of the second, Galento was down for five and the crowd watched with amusement as he dragged his fat-hampered body erect. Leaning forward as though his huge belly was pulling him over, Galento again hit Louis with the hook and the champion was down. Louis didn't take a second's rest and was up, mean with humiliation as the crowd laughed; Galento couldn't get the shot he needed and Louis was hooking and crossing him with a merciless accuracy as the round finished.

The wind was out of his grotesque body and the blood choked Galento. This was no clownhearted lout, but a man of great courage in a prison of fat. Few men ever took such a beating as Galento did that round. He lurched forward, sagging and helpless, but the punches jarred him straight. He couldn't protect himself, but


By Jove! Buy Pop the BEST!
(and so popular-priced!)

WOODRAY Fabrics PHILADELPHIA

IT'S "THE"
PALLADIUM
Shantung Robe
HANDSOMELY STYLED BY
Style-Rite Robes

What a wonderful gift idea! The type of *Palladium Shantung* Robe ESQUIRE features editorially! For YOUR Dad! The Perfect robe. The perfect fabric. Tailored by artists in robe-making, Style-Rite! Choose Palladium Gray or Palladium Tan, trimmed in wine, navy or green. Small, medium, large sizes. About **$10.95**

Ask for it at these and other topflight stores:

Burdine's, Miami
Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis
A. Harris & Co., Dallas
Loveman, Joseph & Loeb, Birmingham
B. Lowenstein Co., Memphis
Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati
May Co., Cleveland
Miller & Rhoads Inc., Richmond, Va.
Nebraska Clothing Co., Omaha

Or write for name of nearest. Other fine Style-Rite Robes in Marvelized Rayon and world-famed Silduka.

STYLE-RITE ROBES, St. Louis 3, Mo.

he did try to make his hands move. He pushed himself toward Louis and the awful fists and he was going down, sinking as a man does with a heart attack, the blood running all over him. The referee stopped it and in the dressing room realized how close he had come to knocking Louis out. The pain must have been unbearable, but he shouted for another fight with the champion and the guys in the room smiled as he protested that poor advice had cost him the fight. He was the only one in the dressing room who knew how close he had come and he was the only one there who didn't think it was funny.

Disc Jockeys Are Like Alarm Clocks

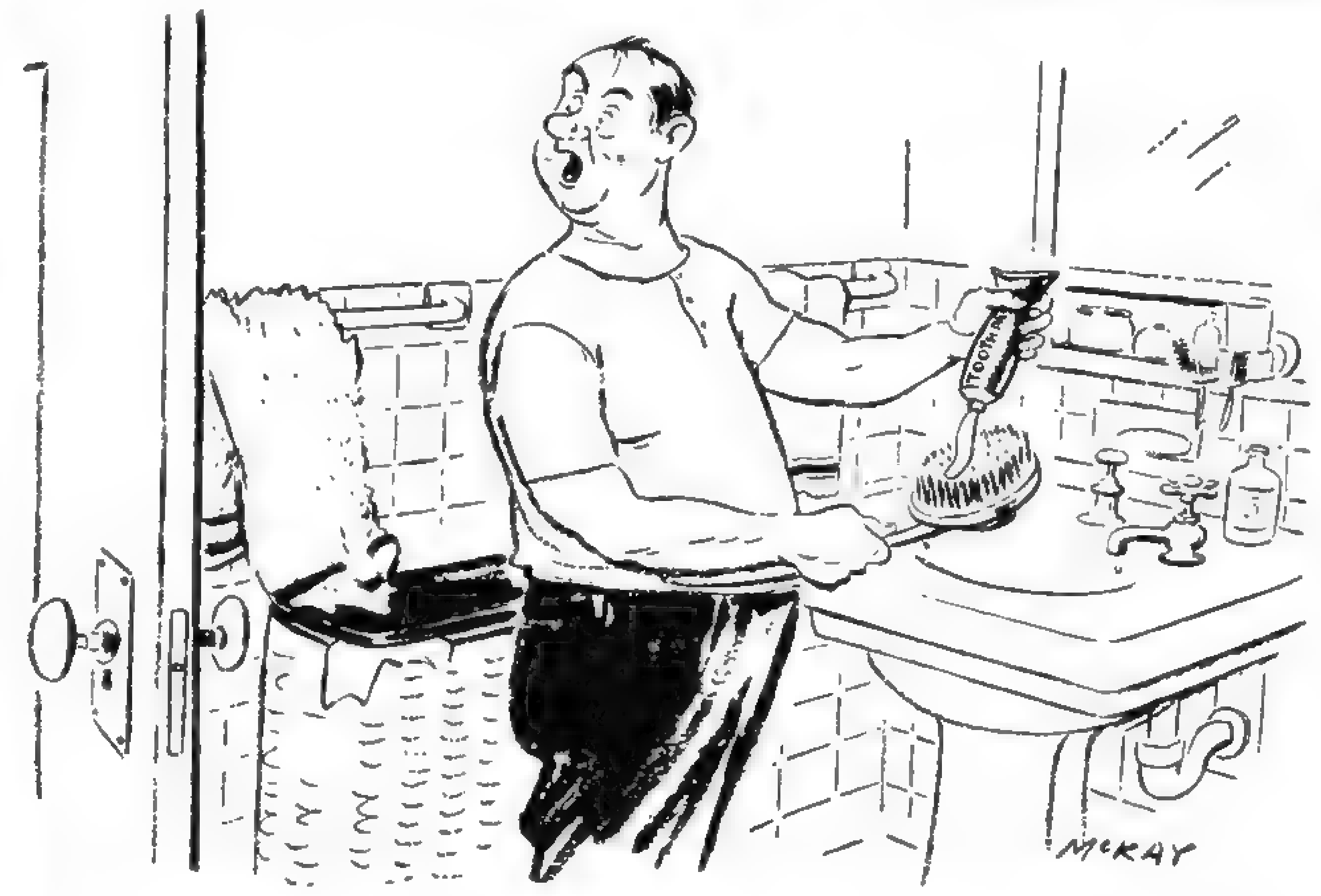
Insomnia is not a disease I can conquer with hot baths, warm milk, knockout drinks or the tabulation of imaginary sheep as they jump over a fence erected in the meadow of the mind. I have sampled all the cures, and sleep continues to evade me until the night is gone and the daylight possesses the city. When I close my sandy eyes and beckon the sheep out of the darkness of my brain, these animals have a tendency to shy away from the fences and will not leap. My interest in their refusal to co-operate irritates me into a peevish alertness and I find myself roaming around my apartment, restless and disagreeable. When insomnia first attacked me years ago I used to soothe myself by tuning in on Stan Shaw, who was the first all-night disc jockey I can remember. Mr. Shaw was the ally of the sleepless and a faithful companion in the night because he played the records you asked for on the telephone. He was an amiable man speaking without malice or the hard wit of Broadway. He had an unobtrusive joviality which steadied city-sprung nerves and a half-hour of his gentle patter and soft records was my metropolitan lullaby for many years.

But Mr. Shaw disappeared from the late hours and now those who turn on their radios in New York for desperate amusement are often hounded by snide and wrangling voices or the bogus frivolity of vain little men interviewing people they accuse of being celebrities. They bother the sleepless with the harsh jargon of the dance bands or they preach discontent with a surly hysteria. One of them, since gone from New York, considered the phrase Drop Dead as the pinnacle of humor. It was his method to denounce the prominent with a spitefulness I would even find offensive in the daytime. There was no connection between him and the people of his audience because he played to a minority of wise guys and ignored those who tuned him in because sleep was beyond them.

Another jester who displeases me with his performance as the voice of the New York night is a record player who seems to believe it is possible for him to improve the language. I have heard him attempt to improve the word hello and answer the telephone on his broadcast with a substitute which he pronounced "Hello—eeeee." He praises any minor-league notables who stop by the microphone in the joint where he operates. His specialty consists of baby talk and Broadway slang combined in one-sided telephone conversations. The remarks made by those who call are repeated and much of the program is dedicated to repeating alleged compliments from listeners. Although his voice suggests he is the friend of all, so stingy is he with listeners that those who request him to play a record are informed they must be present in the saloon; then he will let them pick any song they choose out of his limited collection.

There is an egotistical multitude of them and sometimes the air is foul with their voices, which are lifted in continual self-praise. Insomnia becomes harder to bear when you're exposed to such coarse mediocrity and instead of staying home and trying to sleep, I go for long walks at night. There is always the possibility I will be mugged by a lush-roller as I make my pilgrimages through the streets of the town. But a rap on the head from a blackjack seems like a pleasanter way to be put to sleep. ⧺

Continued from page 48



"You're dizzy? Why, I don't feel those drinks at all!"

Preferred for their all-around excellence
MAYFAIR SLACKS

For your next pair of slacks, say MAYFAIR—and enjoy the fit, style and tailoring that make MAYFAIR America's favorite pair! At leading stores. Write us for name of nearest dealer.

MAYFAIR Slacks

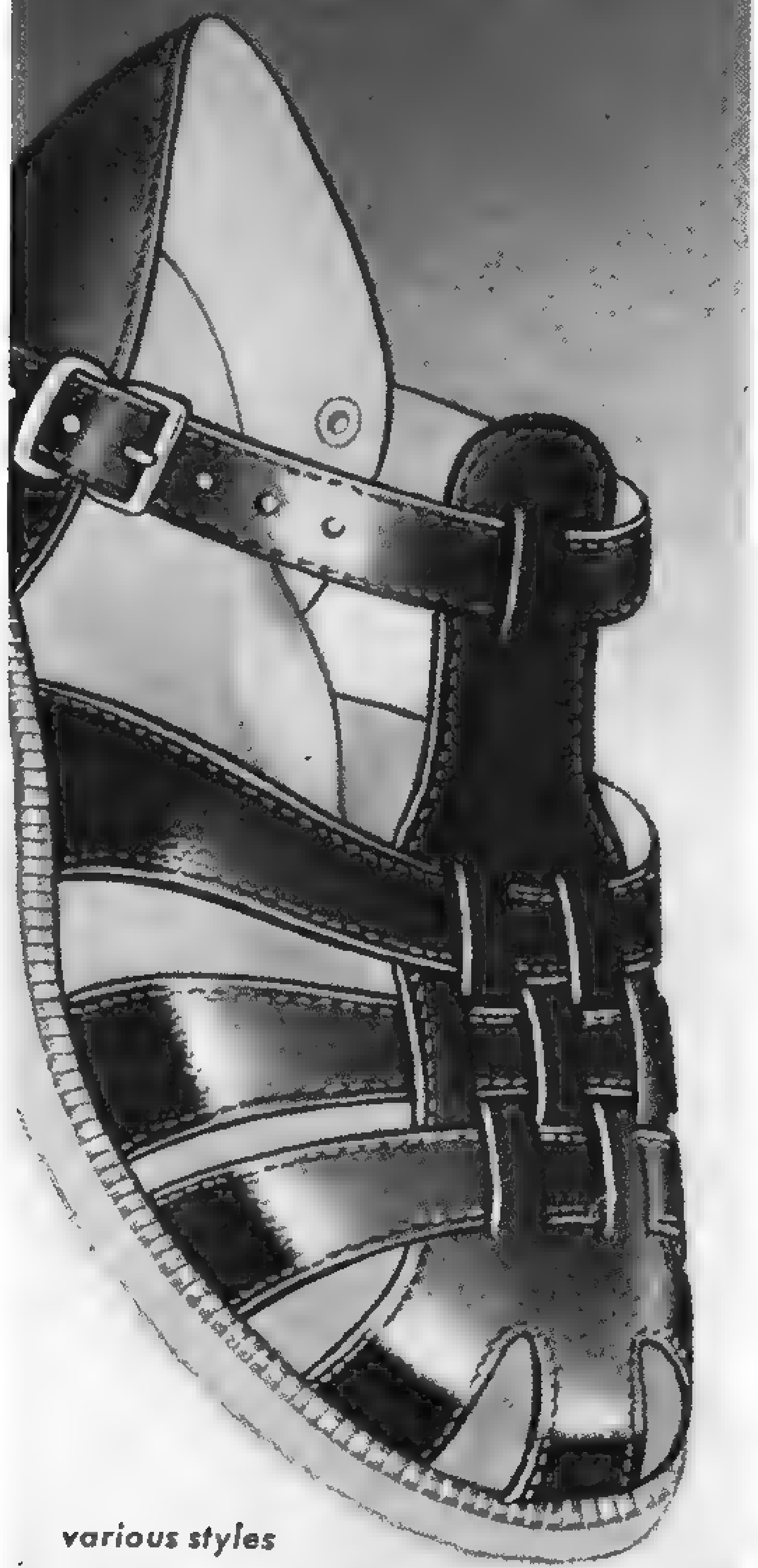
CORMAN & WASSERMAN, Inc.
Baltimore 2, Md.
200 5th Ave., New York

THE BOLD LOOK

in Sandals

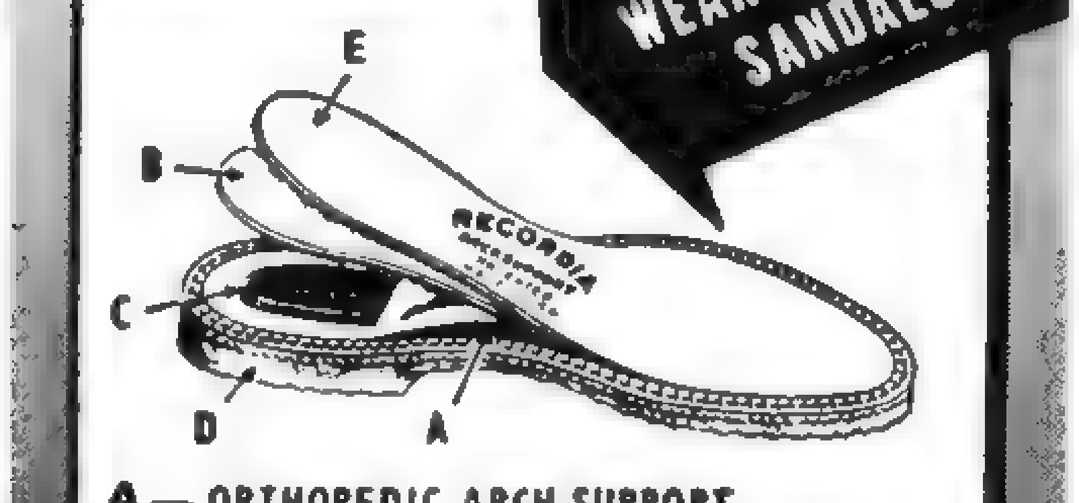
"RECORDIA"

. . . the only sandal with the BILT-IN ARCH SUPPORT



various styles
$3.50 up

WHY MILLIONS WEAR RECORDIA SANDALS



A — ORTHOPEDIC ARCH-SUPPORT
B — INSULATED FOR COOLER COMFORT
C — SPONGE CUSHION SHOCK-ABSORBER
D — NON-SKID SOLE exclusively developed for LIGHTER WEIGHT AND LONGER WEAR
E — GENUINE LEATHER SOCKLINING

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. MANUFACTURERS OF "RECORDIA PROCESS" Sandals FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

LOOK FOR THE GREEN SEAL ON THE SOLE

for your nearest store selling
RECORDIA PROCESS SANDALS, *write:*
RECORDIA MFG. CO., Inc.
142 W. 14th ST., NEW YORK 11

The Swamp Song

Continued from page 46

had been paid. Lately though, the swampers had connected Clint's repeated presence on the scene soon after the capture with the unprecedented number of successfully located sets. Now, of late, they had hushed when Clint approached, and invariably the little knots of men dissolved when Clint came. But that hadn't mattered too much, not to a man like Clint. They never had been too friendly anyhow. To hell with them, he had thought. They'll be paid back, and with interest.

Suddenly, Clint stopped chewing, stiffened, and barely dared to breathe. Over across the clearing, a darker mass had silently appeared against the backdrop of scrub oak. It was Jed. The square had now been completed, and Jed was checking one last time before going direct to his set. Clint hardly dared to blink his eyes, for he knew Jed's senses were acute, and should he locate Clint, another day would come soon, the new sun to shine in eyes closed forever. His own eyes. Clint shuddered.

Satisfied with what he had seen, not expecting anyone to be up in a tree where his scent wouldn't be borne along the ground currents to the foxes and other wildlife so that they could give alarm, Jed crossed the clearing. Passing within thirty feet of the tree where Clint sat in frozen silence, Jed entered the swamp and, satisfied that no one pursued, he strode rapidly through the brush, eyes sweeping the swamp ahead for anything unusual, yet never turning his head.

Back at the clearing, Clint scuttled down the tree, grunting with the strain, and followed the crushed grass that lay in Jed's path. Ahead, he could hear the crackle of dead branches as Jed confidently made his way. Clint was confident that another twenty-five dollars was his. Possibly fifty, for if things happened to be just right, if the mash was not yet soured enough, if Jed needed more copper tubing, then Clint could bring the officers on the morrow, and surround the set. Jed would be caught without a chance, his still destroyed, and fifty dollars as good as in Clint's hands. He grunted with anticipation, thinking of what he could do with fifty more dollars. Fifty dollars was a lot. A lot of money, a lot of women, a lot of whiskey; in fact, a lot of anything, and Clint smirked with appreciation as he thought of the reward. Fighting to follow Jed through the swamps without being heard, Clint smothered a curse, as a weed swung sharply across his mouth to leave a sting and welt behind it.

Ahead, Jed hurried on his way, seemingly satisfied that there was no need for further caution, yet not daring to stop his watching and listening for even a moment. He knew only too well the cost of a moment's carelessness. His quick eyes took notice of three young turkey chicks huddling behind a stump as he passed. Up ahead, Jed saw the grass jump a little and knew that a wise old swamp cottontail sat quietly watching and waiting for any movement that spoke of discovery. Jed paid no heed, averted his eyes deliberately, and strode within two feet of the trembling animal. He, too, knew what it was to be watched, to be hunted. Glancing at the rapidly brightening sky, he quickened his step. Soon the still would be in sight and he hoped to be through with his work and gone even before the sun was overhead. It would not do to tarry too long in the swamp during the daylight hours, for even if someone failed to see him in the swamp, they might see him as he left. That would lead to trouble if Jed was not careful, and this he knew well. No, it was better that most of his work be done in the middle of the night when no person, other than the ones bent on similar business, would be abroad in the swamp.

Almost an hour of further travel brought Jed to the little clear creek that drained the swamp into the Sipsey river basin. Pausing for a moment's rest, Jed knelt at the stream edge, dipped his old felt hat full of the cool water, and drank deeply. The water was good, and the wet hat would serve to keep his head cool. While he drank, he listened and watched, subconsciously counting the many little tracks that covered the bank of the stream. Here, he thought, would be a good trap set, come this winter, and he filed the matter deep within his memory, to be recalled on need. Rising, he clapped the old hat upon his head, turned, and walked up the bank. Some three hundred yards further, he paused, fell to his hands and knees, and worked slowly to a point where he could look out over the tiny clearing that now appeared. Silently, Jed counted each twig, re-marked each stone that had been so carefully placed to betray any trespasser, and examined the set carefully. All seemed well; the squat, square mash bin, the gleaming pot, the golden coils, all appeared to be exactly as he had left them. The firebox remained as it had been prepared, tin cover in place to keep out the water, braced with heavy plank and waterlogged stump pieces. Jed could see no reason for fear or alarm, and slowly got to his feet. He pushed the brush aside, stood for another moment, and entered the clearing. There were no foreign tracks as far as he could see, and he started to work.

Removing his coat, Jed hung it on a pine limb. He kept his hat on, low over his eyes. He knew that a hat served as a mask too; sometimes a feller never could tell when he would need a mask, either, in this kind of business. Might be somebody watching even now.

"Dad can Relax in Slacks!"
(Father's Day, Sunday, June 19)
you're

Right on the Line

with

'MINUTE-MODERN'
MASTERBILT
Slacks

Today's Prize Catch!

For all men, it's *Masterbilt* Slacks! Men with a flare for casual dress, men with the knack of catching compliments, choose the quality favorite... *Masterbilt* ...a name for 52 years famous for the best in tailoring, and downright *dollar-for-dollar* value. *Masterbilt* patterns, clear and bright, blend with the new sport shirts and jackets. *Masterbilt* fabrics are featherlight, wrinkle-resistant, and another prize catch for you! At better stores. For nearest, write:

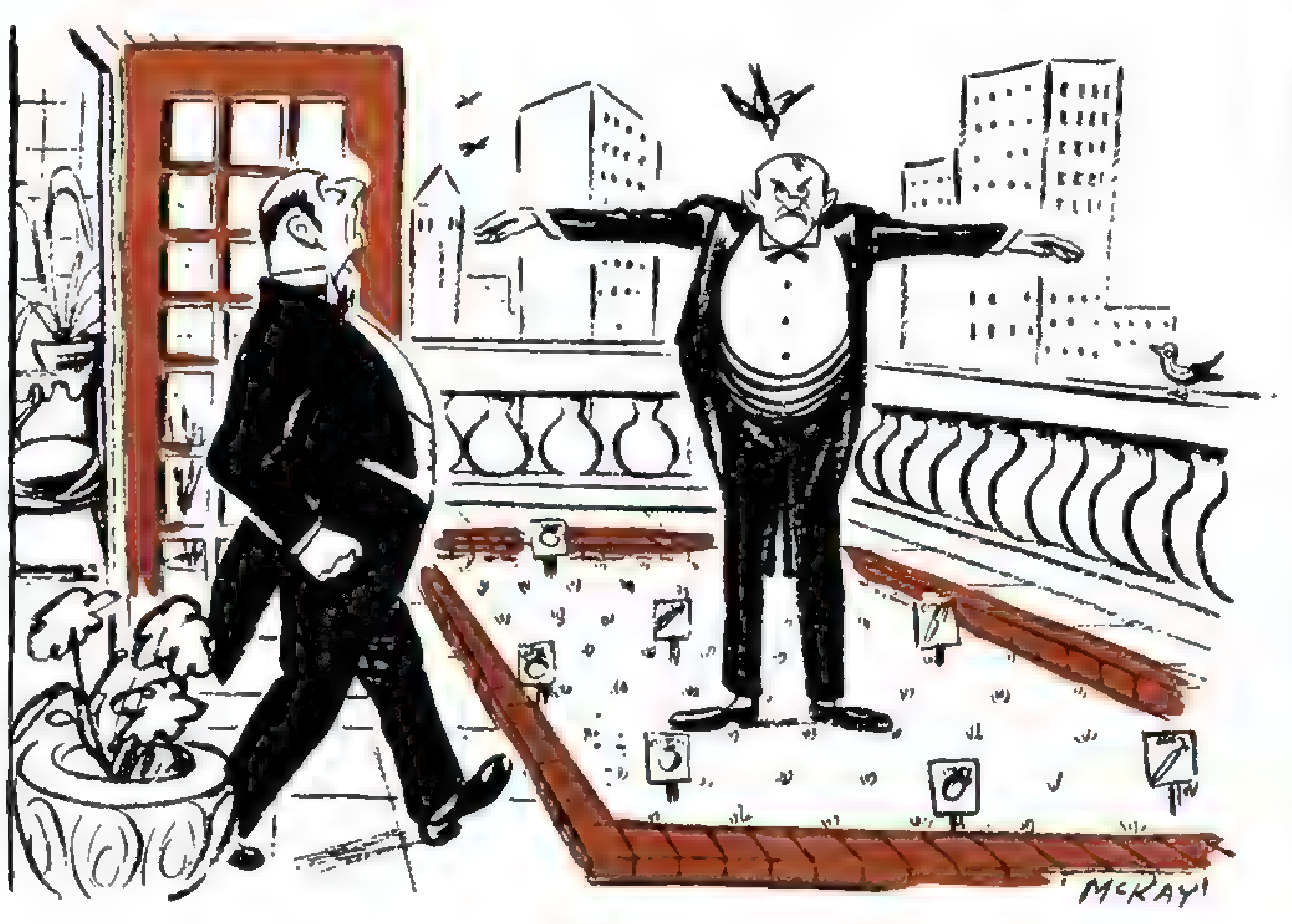
H. SIEGFRIED & SONS INC., St. Louis 3, Mo.

Nope, Jed thought, you could never tell. Raising the heavy board top off of the mash bin, he sniffed expertly at the sour mixture, noted with satisfaction the thick, oily-looking bubbles that slowly wound upward through the mash, poised for a moment and burst, only to be followed by others. With a finger, Jed tasted the mash. It was right, needed a mite more water and a yeast cake, which he had thought to bring along. Carefully, he set the top down, picked up the old bucket that lay on the ground, and proceeded to fill it at the creek. Finding a long stick, Jed carefully wiped it off and began stirring the mash as he poured the water in. After two or three buckets of new water, plus the crumbled yeast cake, the mash ought to work off faster. From the looks of things, it would be right within the passage of another twenty-four hours, for the weather was just right, not too cold for comfort, hot enough to assure rapid fermenting of the corn and water mixture. Carefully, Jed replaced the top. The sun was high now, and he hastened to finish his work. There was wood to be gathered, small, dry splints of oak and gum, wood that would give off a very little smoke and less odor. No use to give a set away to the law by advertising its presence. With haste, Jed gathered the wood, making swift trips to the surrounding woods, picking carefully, until he had a pile of twigs sufficient to make his first run of whiskey. That would be enough. He could return for the second run later. Twenty gallons of whiskey, in clumsy "jacket" cans would be an all-night job when he finally got them out of the swamp.

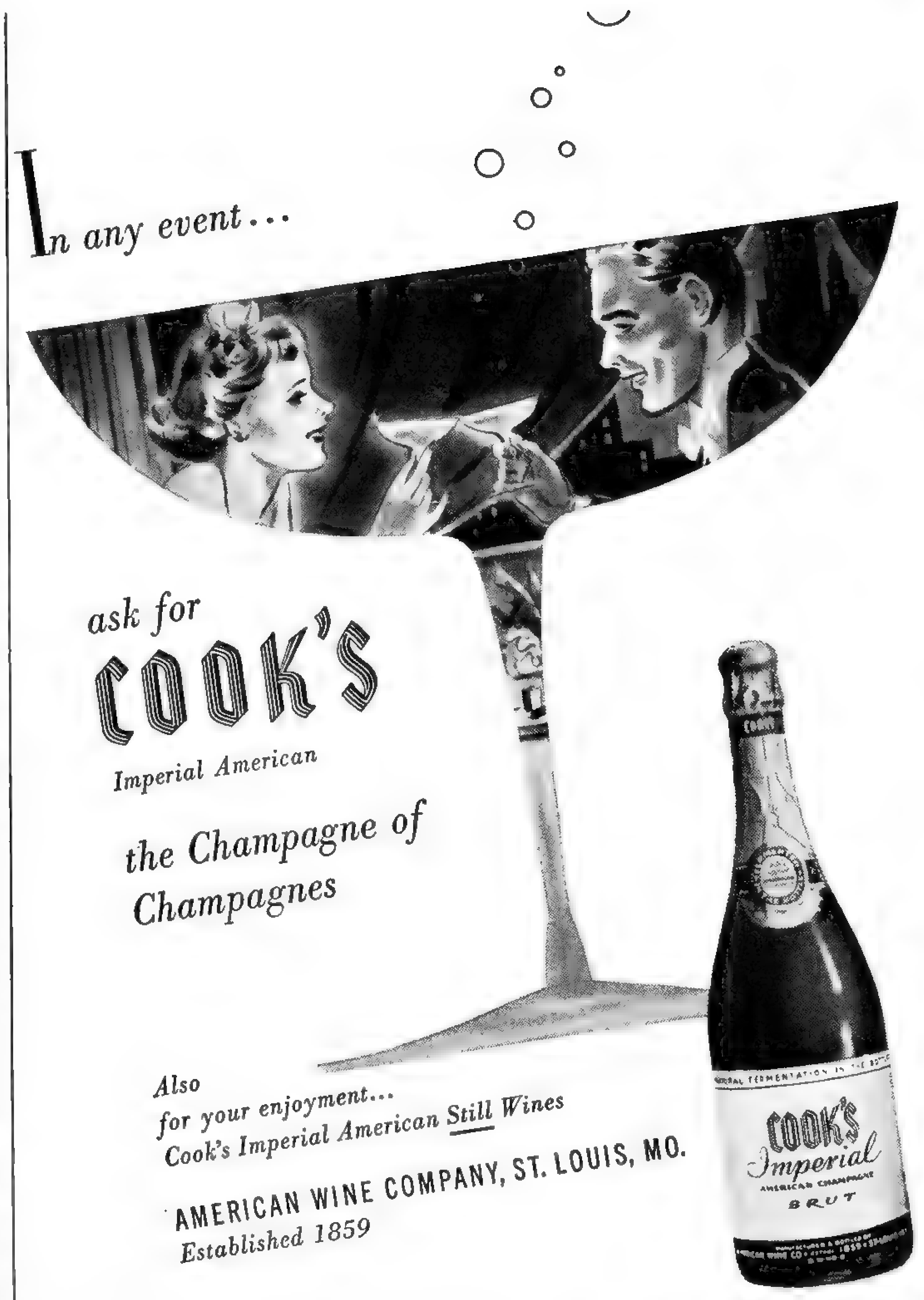
Finished with his work, Jed reached for his old blue denim jacket. Folding it over his arm, he started back out of the swamp, stopping at the edge of the clearing to glance over the scene once more. He paused. He had almost forgotten the one means of protection against prowlers and busybodies in general. In particular, Jed had in mind one Clint Sillivan, whom no one in the swamp trusted, least of all Jed. Never could tell. Why, Jed thought, Clint Sillivan might be right there in the edge of the swamp watching him now. He retraced his steps to the pot, stooping to pick up the same stick with which he had stirred the new mash. Dropping his jacket, Jed knelt at the firebox. Removing the heavy stump, he slid the piece of tin that covered the opening back for a scant inch. With care, he inserted the end of the stick into the opening, moving it back and forth, in and out. From within the dark and heat-ridden hole came a faint whirring sound, a sound that increased as Jed moved the stick back and forth in sharp little moves and jabs. Satisfied, Jed withdrew the stick, nodded to himself as though in answer to an unspoken question. He slid the tin back in place, braced the stump against it, and rose to his feet with his jacket in his hand. Glancing at the sky, he struck out across the clearing, varying but little in direction, only enough to be sure of avoiding his incoming track. It was almost noon now. Jed was a bit hungry, and he knew that dinner would be waiting. He had a feeling that was almost contentment as he walked along, sawtooth grass swishing against his legs. The set had gone well. Almost too well, he thought half-heartedly.

Clint Sillivan had lain quietly at the edge of the swamp, head behind a swamp fern, flat on his belly. During the hour or so that Jed had worked in the clearing, Clint had scarce dared to take a deep breath for fear the movement would bring Jed's eyes to his hiding place. It was with a deep sigh that Clint saw Jed finally strike for home. It had been uncomfortable to lie in the wet swamp ooze, bitten by mosquitoes, irritated by sweat pouring down his face from under the heavy hat. Clint accepted it as just and due, however. Fifty dollars was a lot of money. A feller would just naturally have to work a little for fifty dollars. Why, Jed wouldn't make much more than a hundred dollars out of this set, were he to get away with it, and him with all that toting and work to do. No sir, fifty dollars was a whole lot of

Continued on page 142



"I've come to relieve you, Peters"


In any event...

ask for
COOK'S
Imperial American
the Champagne of Champagnes

Also
for your enjoyment...
Cook's Imperial American Still Wines

AMERICAN WINE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.
Established 1859
COOK'S Imperial American Champagne BRUT

Wrisley
SPRUCE
FOR MEN

an outdoor fragrance...
captured from wind-swept woodlands and superbly blended into grooming essentials that men prefer and women admire. For you, sir!

at $1*
After Shave Lotion
Shave Bowl
Cologne
Soap, box of 4.
*plus tax except soap.

Gift sets for every occasion
Spruce Shave Lotion Wrisley
Spruce
Spruce Talcum Wrisley

THE

Rumson Tweed TYPE

There's a tweed streak in every man. It comes out in a stubborn affection for an old armchair . . . in the gleam that creeps into a man's eyes as they light on a Rumson Tweed jacket. If you're the tweed type you'll get along famously with these well-poised jackets . . . available at your favorite shop.

Rumson Tweed Jackets BY
CURRICK & LEIKEN CO., INC.
873 BROADWAY • NEW YORK 3, N. Y.
There's a Rumson Dealer in your Town
Write to Dept. E9 for his name

BUCCANEER PAJAMAS

Originated by "MISS" Crinoline

Slip into slumberland, or spend a few hours in leisurely lounging in these roomy, comfortable pajamas. Styled in bold buccaneer tradition of days gone by with dashing wide trouser legs that swirl and flare, a swashbuckling cummerbund sash and colorful contrasting piping. Wear it with top tucked in or out. Fine quality broadcloth. Maize, Pink, Blue. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40.

Shop your local Gonas Shoppes or order by MAIL

Dept. 67
6th Ave. at 14th St., N. Y. 11

Please send me Buccaneer Pajamas at $2.99
11¢ for postage and handling — Total $3.10
SIZE COLOR 2nd COLOR CHOICE

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
CITY.................... ZONE........ STATE........
☐ Money Order ☐ Check ☐ COD
If delivered in New York City add 2% Sales Tax
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE WITHIN 5 DAYS

The Swamp Song

Continued from page 141

money. Worth a hundred mosquito bites. Clint lay still, watching and waiting. Jed was smart. Might be laying out there right now. Clint thought he better wait a while longer, just in case.

For fifteen minutes more, Clint lay in his hiding place, wriggling and trying to scratch without moving. He felt fairly safe now. If Jed had waited, he would have shown himself again, or else have gone by now. Clint thought it was safe to go out into the clearing, and did so with caution. Hearing no noise, seeing nothing, he straightened, listened for another moment, then walked hurriedly to the pot. Lifting the top as Jed had done, he matched Jed's motions, smelling and tasting of the mash. In a way, he thought, it was a shame to ruin a setup like this. The thought of the whiskey made him drool. Jed had always made good whiskey, just like his dad before him. Never stooped to using no bead oil or lye, or peach pits. Just plain corn whiskey, strong, smooth, and clear as sparkling spring water. For a moment, as he reflected, Clint felt almost ashamed. Then the thought of the fifty dollars came to mind. It was a lot of money, more where that came from. And at least he wouldn't go to jail. His was honest work, not illegal. Clint replaced the cover with care, being sure to set it exactly as Jed had left it. Stepping back, he studied the layout carefully, admitting to himself that it was truly a work of art. Idly, he wondered where Jed had found the copper coils. They sure were pretty.

Clint felt well satisfied with his work. There remained nothing much to do. Of course, there were the matches and lighter knots that he had seen Jed place in the firebox. There was no doubt in his mind about what Jed had so carefully hidden. Sometimes it rained just before or during a run, and a feller who hadn't protected himself usually was in a mess. Matches carried through the woods during a rain got damp and refused to strike. Better to wrap them in oilcloth, and place them in a dry place, which was more often than not the firebox. Clint knew that chances were that Jed would bring no more matches, would depend on what he had left behind. By destroying them, Clint would serve two purposes. He would delay Jed and at the same time scare him into carelessness. Clint knew that Jed would know immediately that someone had been around his set, and would strike out through the swamp in an effort to escape. It would be too late, thought Clint, for he would have officers waiting in a circle around the set. He smirked as he thought of the almost perfect plan.

Kneeling, Clint removed the big stump from its place and slid the tin cover back. Leaning over, he reached one arm back into the dark and smoke-blackened firebox. Too late, Clint heard the angry whirr of the huge swamp rattler, felt the sharp sting of fangs as they entered his arm. He screamed in pure terror as the fangs sunk again for a second time, even as he jerked his arm free. Although he couldn't see, he knew the dread sound. In hysterical contortions, he rolled and tumbled back from the still as the flat, ugly head of the angry snake darted from the firebox, screaming still. He grasped his arm and looked, stupefied by the angry little spots, four in all. Quickly, his thoughts raced to possible aid. And just as swiftly, he knew that there was none. Jed was out of hearing. The swamp was six or eight miles across. No one was near, and the arm was blackening, swelling as the poison raced through his system. In the full grasp of terrible fear and unreasonable hysteria, Clint began to run in circles, screaming loud and long, sobbing yells that rang across the swamp and returned to beat on his own ears. Blindly, he began to run in a straight line, not knowing or caring that he headed in the wrong direction into the heart of the swamp instead of out of it.

He felt the sweat break out on his brow, even as he ran, and he knew that the poison had reached his heart. Deep into the swamp, he ran, hitting trees, bouncing back, heading off again, always deeper into the muck. Each breath became a sobbing agony. He tried to vomit as he ran, with the strain of vomiting when nothing was there to come up, and it hurt even more. He didn't know when he fell. Darkness had come, like a veil over his eyes, like the black, puffy swelling that had spread to his face and eyes. He didn't know that he beat the ground with his other arm, slowly, more slowly, until finally the arm lay still along with the chest.

The great king vulture hopped up and down on the limb, raising one foot and then the other. Beady little eyes followed the crashing of the little figure through the swamp until it fell, watched it for any movement. Seeing none, the vulture flew to a tree directly over the figure. Far up in the sky, others of his kind abruptly broke the game of circling behind one another, flew in an even line to the tree where the big, ugly bird sat. Quietly, they took positions in surrounding trees, awaiting a decision. The big bird sat easily, for the day was yet young, and food lay below.

Several miles across the swamp, Jed Crowell walked briskly up the road to his cabin. He could smell the hot biscuits and frying pork, and the scent of coffee was good to his stomach. As he entered the gate, he made a mental note to fix the fence. It didn't look so good, tied together with rags and old shoelaces. There would come a time, maybe today, for the day was yet young. ⵌ

Continued from page 46

AMERICA'S FIRST NAME IN FORMAL WEAR

After Six

by RUDOFKER

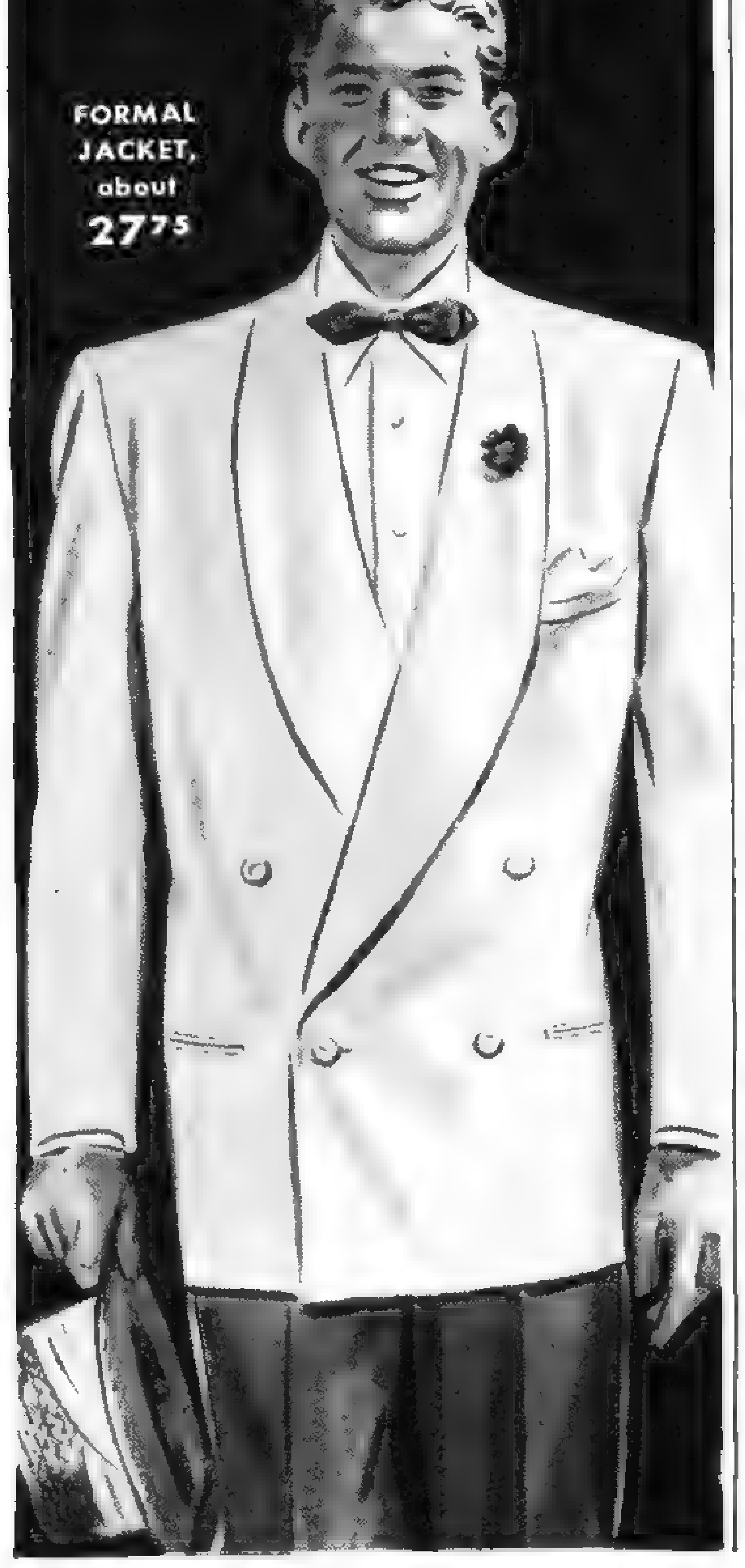
Informal COMFORT in Formal Wear

The breezy tropical fabric is tailored only as "AFTER SIX" knows how! From the r-o-o-m-y shoulders down to the rich trouser stripe, every detail shows superior needle-work. Available in White, Pearl Grey, Beige, Blue and Maroon . . . at better men's stores.

WRITE FOR FREE FORMAL WEAR DRESS CHART "E"

RUDO SUMRWEAR, INC., PHILA. 3, PA.

FORMAL JACKET, about 27⁷⁵



Engagement with a Diamond

Continued from page 78

try's diamond dealers have displayed a surprising, and entirely genuine, opposition to such gem purchases. Spokesmen for the jewelry industry have taken hefty swings at the people who tout diamonds as an investment or a hedge against inflation. And in an unscientific but nonetheless revealing survey, only one dealer was found who was willing to go along with it. It is, after all, a quick hop, skip, and jump from urging the purchase of diamonds as a hedge against inflation to saying the U. S. dollar someday may be only a black-tinted engraving of George Washington.

With an eye toward the future of their business, they also have good reason to put a damper on such a sales approach. "We want to sell the American public all the diamonds we can cut," says the counsel to the Diamond Manufacturers and Importers Association of America. "But we don't want to see diamonds clouded by the ill-will that false claims always create."

Diamond dealers know that their product today is a faulty investment, a chancy hedge against inflation, and emergency currency only under special circumstances.

Take the diamond as an investment—but only if you're willing to see half its value disappear as soon as the jeweler sells it. For diamonds carry different price tags, depending on whether you're a buyer or a seller. If you took your newly purchased diamond across the street to another jeweler, you might get back little more than half of what you paid. Furthermore, jewelry today is subject to a twenty-per-cent federal excise tax, which, when you bought your stone, was automatically passed on to you. This, too, is clipped off the price the dealer across the street makes you.

And diamond prices today are nearly as high as they were at their peak, before the collapse of twenty-seven years ago. To buy a diamond now and eventually sell it at a profit would require a price upheaval far beyond anything this country has experienced.

That, of course, is one of the principal talking points of the alarmists. Diamonds make an excellent hedge against inflation, they say proudly, pointing to the record of the German inflation in 1923. But let's take a look at the record of a lusty, home-grown inflation of our own, the one we're currently enjoying, and see how diamonds have been doing.

Always mindful of its best market (the U. S. buys more than three out of every four stones sold), the De Beers company for years has run a dignified series of institutional ads stressing the sentimental value of diamonds. In a discreet type appear the going prices of stones ranging from one-half carat to two carats. Prices listed are the result of nationwide surveys made several times a year by De Beers' American advertising representatives.

In October, 1946, they reveal, before our inflation began taking a running headstart, the prices of half-carat stones were between $330 and $630, depending on quality. One-carat diamonds were priced at $798 to $1500. Two carat stones from $2400 up.

As of May, 1948, with every price index you can name running off the top of the charts, the range for half-carat stones (including the twenty-per-cent tax, as above) was $300 to $540; for one-carat diamonds $720 to $1422; and for two carats $1680 to $4002.

Disconcerting as it may be, the fact is that diamond prices had their biggest rise between the beginning of the war and 1946, a period in which most other prices in this country were under strict government regulation. After decontrol, when the country headed into the inflationary twister, diamond prices remained steady.

Such a remarkable circumstance needs a bit of explanation. Diamond prices failed to skyrocket after 1946, partly because they had already enjoyed an uninterrupted six-year rise, partly because the Belgian cutting industry resumed production, and also because rough diamonds happen to be a strictly controlled commodity, parceled out by a syndicate in London. That syndicate, needless to add, fixes prices, and it has thought it best to keep prices relatively steady. Stability protects dealers who can buy a parcel of stones without fear of serious inventory loss, and keeps diamond owners content with their purchase.

To allow diamond prices to race skyward would simply mean, at some undetermined but inevitable date in the future, that the bottom would drop out of the jewelry market. For if the diamond is a hedge against inflation, by definition it must also be extremely vulnerable to deflation. Thanks to the syndicate, it is neither.

Diamonds as currency in an emergency? Perhaps, if you think that we'll be doing business as usual during, or after, an atomic war. There is, however, a defect even in this ingenious idea. In the past, as we have said, diamonds have been valuable to refugees. They are valuable today only because there are thousands of eager buyers in this country who want to use them legitimately in an engagement ring for a sweetheart, or a diamond bracelet for a wife. Where else in the world will a fleeing American be able to sell his stones for even a semblance of their value?

The diamond dealers themselves sum up the matter in a very satisfactory fashion. "We want people to buy diamonds for their beauty, for the pleasure they give, and the sentiment they symbolize. Those are the things you get when you put your money in diamonds." ###

YOU MUST AVOID GREASY GOO IF YOU WANT A CLEAN SCALP—HANDSOME-LOOKING HAIR

Remember Water Is No Hair Tonic

On the other hand, don't plaster your hair down with greasy, sticky products which cover hair and scalp with a dirt-catching scum. Healthy-looking hair *must* have a cleaner scalp. So use Kreml! It's never been duplicated to keep hair *perfectly in place*; it makes hair look naturally well-groomed. It *never* looks or feels greasy. And you'll like to feel Kreml working on your scalp to give it a 'wake-up' tingle. It always keeps hair and scalp feeling so CLEAN. Also excellent to lubricate a dry scalp—to remove dandruff flakes.

Have the 'clean-cut' Kreml-type hair that attracts

KREML Hair Tonic

SAVE MONEY—buy the new large 16-oz. money-saving size Kreml and save up to 50%.

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

gentlemen prefer
gabardine . .

. . as fashioned by Cresco in the Debonair—a colorful new casual coat that fits superbly, wears like iron, and looks like a million! Because it costs only $17.95 you'll want several to mix or match with different slacks. A wonderful gift for Father's Day!

FREE
SWING
SLEEVES

Made of genuine Guardsman Gabardine, a medium-weight fabric of fine-combed yarns that tailors perfectly and comes in fresh new shades of grey, maroon, tan, and spruce green. Full rayon lined, 3 big patch pockets. Even sizes in regulars, longs, and shorts.

The Debonair also made in 13 shades of corduroy and a summer-weight crash in natural tan.

Integrity in Every Stitch!

If None at Your Dealer Order Direct. State Size, Color and Dealer's Name.

CRESCO
ASHLAND, OHIO

Bewitching and Bedamned Golf Ball

Continued from page 76

orthodox ball. It wasn't until it had been used a great deal that its performance improved.

Through careful observation, old Tom Morris discovered that it was the indentations in the covers of the used balls that made them so much more effective than the smooth new ones. And so he went into the business of manufacturing pockmarked gutta balls.

The next epochal discovery in golf-ball manufacture—the rubber-cored ball with rubber-tape winding—was made by a Cleveland dentist, Coburn Haskell, after he'd visited the Goodrich rubber plant at Akron as the guest of a company official and golfing playmate, Bertram Work. The new Haskell balls ducked abruptly because of their smooth finish, and not until the cover markings were made deeper did the new ball receive players' approval. The flaw was soon corrected and, in 1902, Alex Herd won the British Open at Hoylake with a new type ball.

Each of Herd's 307 shots that year was heard around the then small golfing world. The new ball was so much better than the old solid-rubber molded ball that it came into general use by 1903.

Today, official specifications of the golf ball are a point of determined difference between the United States Golf Association, which makes the generally accepted rules of golf for the United States, and the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, Scotland, whose rules are followed in other countries. The R&A official ball must be not heavier than 1.62 ounces and not smaller than 1.62 inches in diameter. In 1931, however, the United States Golf Association departed from the Royal and Ancient specifications by decreasing the weight of the then standard ball to not more than 1.55 ounces. That lighter ball lasted only a year in official status in the United States. The present USGA specifications were put into effect January 1, 1932.

That experiment cost American golf-ball manufacturers about a half million dollars in new manufacturing equipment and in price cuts in stocks of balls that were not of prevailing official specifications. There wasn't much difficulty in selling the illegal ball stocks in 1931, since the heavier ball of previous years would go farther than the 1.55-ounce sphere. But it was a task in 1932 getting rid of the light balls.

Incidentally, the score at which Billy Burke and George Von Elm tied in the National Open at Inverness in 1931 was 292, which was five strokes higher than Bobby Jones' winning score with a heavier ball at Interlachen the previous year and six strokes higher than Gene Sarazen's winning score at Fresh Meadow in 1932, the first year in which the present standard ball was official. Whether the 292 tying score of the National Open (which Burke eventually won) was high because of the ball, the course, or the players will never be determined, but it's certain that the 1931 ball didn't encourage low scoring.

What makes the problem of golf-ball specifications a difficult one is the vast difference in the fields on which the game is played. Golf courses differ so greatly in length, topography, architecture, density, texture and length of grass, soil conditions, and time and strength of prevailing winds that no one set of golf-ball specifications could be devised to ideally meet all possible conditions.

In addition, increasing land values account for the USGA worry that the length of the golf ball may become perilously extended. The introduction of the rubber-cored ball early in the twentieth century forced a lengthening of existing championship courses by five hundred yards or more. Even with the availability of low-priced land then, and the low cost of golf architecture and course construction, the stretching of the better courses was a serious matter.

In 1904, there were about a thousand courses in the United States, most of them nine-hole cow-pasture layouts—and not more than 100,000 Americans who played golf fairly often during the year. Now there are almost five thousand courses and approximately 3,000,000 in the United States who play ten or more rounds a year. Prior to the introduction of the rubber-cored ball, 6000 yards was considered long enough for a championship course. Now the general opinion is that unless a course is from 6700 to 7100 yards long it is too easy to be considered a championship test for long-hitting stars. Golf fans point out that the slamming luminaries whack a ball out 250 to 275 yards off the tee; and unless ball specifications restrict distance the game goes to the longest hitter.

This opinion can be contradicted by two facts: one, the average drive (carry and roll) of contestants in fast tournament fields is about 230 yards; and two, the man or woman star with the hottest putter melts down the longer driver. Sam Snead usually is far longer than any other player in major golf tournaments today, but on the green the other boys take their putters and cut Slamming Sam down to boy's size. Babe Didrikson Zaharias hits a golf ball off the tee almost as far as most of the leading male professionals and amateurs, but within seventy-five yards of the pin—and especially on the green—Patty Berg and Louise Suggs more than make up the difference in drives.

There is one valid reason for control of ball distance, however. About 65 per cent of all golf play in the U. S. is on public and daily-fee courses, which generally are laid out tighter than private courses and which have heavier play. A great many of the patrons of

Where
style
counts
Where
wear
counts
Where
money
counts

Count on
PHOENIX
MEN'S SOCKS

Value-priced, 55¢ pair and upwards at better stores everywhere

these pay-as-you-play courses are younger people. Fast-swinging and limber, they hit plenty of balls as long as the average wood shots of pros, but they don't hit their shots with much accuracy or judgment. Consequently, the risk involved in playing long golf balls on tight courses with heavy traffic has to be reckoned with.

You may have noticed, lately, that the references to distance in the advertising of leading brands of golf balls have been reserved and discreet. That restraint is the result of a tacit agreement between leading golf-ball manufacturers and the USGA that some control is advisable to keep the ball from getting so long it may alter the fundamental character of the game. This may be a trying situation for manufacturers, who know that a ball any striving duffer could hammer twenty-five to fifty yards farther would receive a warm welcome. But it is a good thing for golf itself.

In addition to regulating the size and weight of the ball, USGA specifications require that "the velocity of the ball shall not be greater than 250 feet per second when measured on the USGA's apparatus; the temperature of the ball when so tested shall be 75 degrees Fahrenheit; a maximum tolerance of 2 per cent will be allowed on any ball in such velocity test." Is it a wonder, then, that no other item of sports equipment is tested during its construction and just prior to shipping as extensively and intensively as the golf ball? The golf ball is the most difficult and exacting manufacturing job in sport; yet, even when played by the top experts, it's seldom hit perfectly more than eight times a round. By superlative care, engineering brains, and skilled labor, the ball is developed to compensate, so far as possible, for the players' faults.

In bringing the golf ball to its present stage of development, an amazing number of variations in the core, winding, cover, and painting have been employed during the past twenty-five years. The size and construction of the center of the top grade of balls show wide latitude, especially in the material used to fill the rubber bag centers to fit into the scheme of resiliency and to retain true spherical form during manufacture and play. And the ingenuity required to form and fill the center bags so that there'll be no possibility of the filler's shifting is a detail of ball manufacture that seems miraculous to the rare golfer who gets an opportunity to see how good golf balls are made.

Rubber tape is wound by machine around the cores to make the ball harder than it would be if only rubber thread were used. The rubber thread is wound over the tape, not only to get the right degree of resiliency, but to provide interstices into which the cover compound penetrates to form a solid union between the cover and the interior elements of the ball. The thread is wound at uniform tension over the taped core. In an average ball there are about a hundred feet of rubber thread stretched to a tension that would make the thread about four hundred yards long; the winding, as you can see, is a delicate and critical phase of ball manufacturing.

One of the technical advances shared by virtually all leading American makers of golf balls is the Cadwell-Geer cover, which, by a chemical vapor process of vulcanizing, is made quite thin, though tough. The cover of high-grade balls is compounded of rubber, balata—which is a South American tough and rubbery natural product—and vulcanizing material.

After the hemispherical cover cups are molded at high heat over the interiors, the presses are chilled; then the balls are removed and further chilled, after which the molding seam is buffed off.

The balls then are washed and chemically treated, then painted —usually, in the case of first-grade balls, with three coats. The paint must meet strict specifications for adhesion and whiteness. Atmospheric changes, or even perspiration or dirt on the hands of an operator who handles a ball during one of the painting processes, may mar the results.

The final operation, prior to packing, is the stamping of the trade-mark (unless this is part of the mold) and other lettering or design on the cover and color-filling of the indented marking. Almost every conceivable type of marking has been used on the cover of golf balls. Ballistic and aerodynamic tests, as well as extensive field tests, are constantly being made to improve the markings, for, despite the USGA desire to freeze distance of the ball at its present length, manufacturers continue to be determined to improve its performance. During the past fifteen to twenty years, the demand for cover markings has changed from the mesh marking to the dimple marking. Ninety-five per cent of the golf balls now sold have dimple markings.

A final important detail in player acceptance of a golf ball is the sound when it is properly hit. Although driving-machine tests have disclosed that some test balls with an unsatisfactory "click" were okay in distance and performed well when putted, the lack of sound that is commonly associated with the crisp report of a properly hit golf ball has ruled such balls out as readily marketable products.

Now, if you think a golf ball has given you trouble because it can't read your mind and is a tantalizing, disobedient, alluring, satanic thing, think of the hell that manufacturers and the USGA have gone through in trying to perfect it. But don't start hoping that you'll ever be able to hit a golf ball seventy-five yards longer than you do now. The USGA is seeing that you won't—and it's got you by the specifications! ⧻

FARLEY GRANGER AND JOAN EVANS
STARRING IN THE
SAMUEL GOLDWYN
PRODUCTION
"Roseanna McCoy"

AGREE
"BE SMART
BE SAFE
BE ENVIED
with Buell
Air Horns"

There's no slowing or weaving when you drive with Buell Air Horns... just steady rolling. Their "Voice of Authority" commands respect on the highway, yet Buell's...

NEW VOLUME CONTROL cuts that voice to a murmur for city driving. Fleet tests prove Buell Air Horns reduce both travel time and accident rate. Now used by thousands of traveling executives. See your car dealer or write for literature.

BUELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
903 West 49th Place, Chicago 9, Illinois

concord
Watches

... *so much depends on Good Timing*

. . And your concord watch is accurate . . . completely reliable.
Made in Switzerland . . . Recommended by America's Leading Jewelers.
A 17 jewel, calendar, sweep second strap watch in stainless steel.
This style priced from $55.

.. CELEBRATING 40 YEARS OF ACCURATE TIMING

Illustrated folder available. Concord Watch Co., 10 W. 47th St., New York 19, N.Y.

Two Dollars on the Nose

Play the races without slicing your budget. No prizes, but lots of fun

by VINCENT D. LUNNY

WE'RE off to the races! And this is an opportunity to test your knowledge of the Sport of Kings. There are only three entries in each of the races on the card and the object is to pick the winners. Even if you don't know a tout from a mudder, you can participate. Just guess. The odds are good.

Purses indicate the points awarded for each correct answer, the total being 100. If you score from 80 to 100 you qualify as an expert handicapper; from 60 to 80 you're in the money; from 40 to 60 you break even; under 40, you lose your shirt.

FIRST RACE—Purse, five points. Who rode the most winners on American tracks last year?

(a) Ted Atkinson
(b) Eddie Arcaro
(c) Johnny Longden

SECOND RACE—Purse, fifteen points. One of these trophies is given for racing:

(a) The Stanley Cup
(b) America's Cup
(c) Hollywood Gold Cup

THIRD RACE—Purse, five points. One of these tracks is in the New York area:

(a) Jamaica
(b) Suffolk Downs
(c) Lincoln Fields

FOURTH RACE—Purse, ten points. Which of these horses won the 1948 Kentucky Derby?

(a) My Request
(b) Citation
(c) Coaltown

FIFTH RACE—Purse, five points. If you bet two dollars on an eight-to-one shot, the mutuels would pay:

(a) $8
(b) $16
(c) $18

SIXTH RACE—Purse, fifteen points. One of these famous jockeys was born in Toronto, Canada.

(a) Ted Atkinson
(b) Basil James
(c) Jack Westrope

SEVENTH RACE—Purse, ten points. Which is the oldest established race on the North American continent?

(a) The Kentucky Derby
(b) The Preakness
(c) The King's Plate

EIGHTH RACE—Purse, five points. One of these horses won the "Triple Crown" (the Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont) in 1941:

(a) Count Fleet
(b) Hoop Jr.
(c) Whirlaway

NINTH RACE—Purse, twenty points. The New York racing circuit is known as:

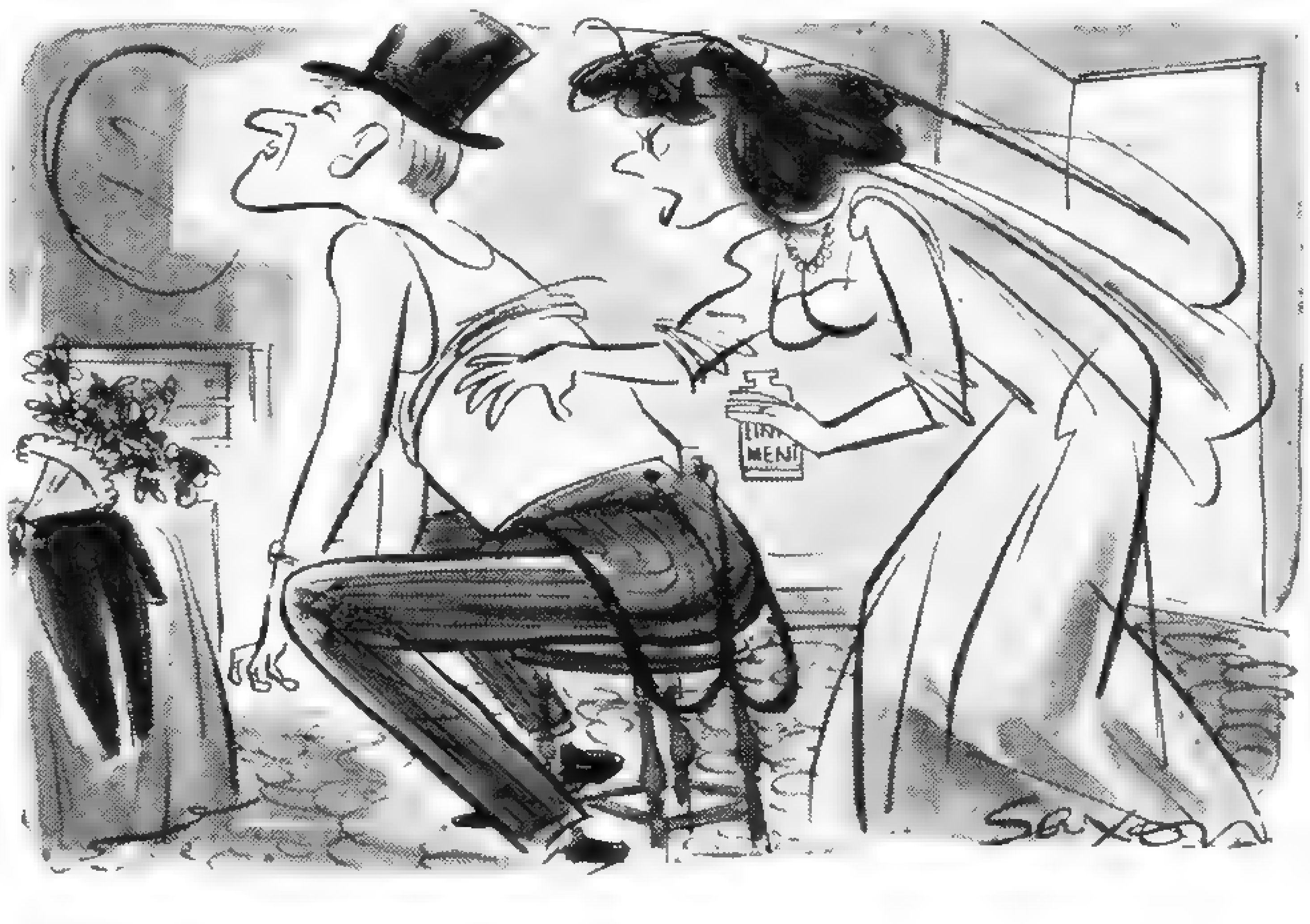
(a) Sucker's Row
(b) The Hard Grind
(c) The Big Apple

TENTH RACE—Purse, ten points. Eddie Arcaro is a jockey. Last year his purse winnings were approximately:

(a) $752,258
(b) $2,338,000
(c) $1,686,230

Race Results

FIRST—Johnny Longden
SECOND—Hollywood Gold Cup
THIRD—Jamaica
FOURTH—Citation
FIFTH—You get eight-to-one and your two dollars back
SIXTH—Ted Atkinson
SEVENTH—The King's Plate, which is run at Montreal
EIGHTH—Whirlaway
NINTH—The Big Apple
TENTH—$1,686,230



"This certainly takes the romance out of being carried over the threshold"

for Dad with Love

The HOLLYPARK PLEASURE JACKET in hailstone* tweed by Stroock

Fully-lined—fashioned in this wonderful butter-soft fabric by STROOCK—45% alpaca** and 55% fine wool. Sizes 36-44. Retails about $37.50.

Matching Sport Vest—lined front—100% wool zephyr knit back. Sizes small, medium, large and extra large. Retails about $10.00.

Both models available in these colors: Biscuit Beige, Skipper Blue, Bronze Gold, Navajo Rust and Natural.

For store nearest you, write—

LOS ANGELES SPORTOGS
LOS ANGELES 15

*Created expressly for Los Angeles Sportogs by S. Stroock & Co., Inc.
**Alpaca fibre is finer than silk and 300 per cent stronger than finest wool, and is naturally water repellent.

GOOD hair grooming PAYS!

If you're still up-and-coming take a tip from the man who's arrived: good hair grooming does pay—in self confidence and success! You're on your way—with these Ogilvie Method Hair Preparations: **Castile Soap Shampoo, Special Hair Lotion**—for cleansing, removing loose dandruff, **Pomade**—for thinning hairlines, **Liquid or Creme Hair Dressing**—for the finishing touch!

ALSO: SPECIALIZED PREPARATIONS FOR DRY AND OILY HAIR

at drug, dep't. stores

Ogilvie Method
HAIR PREPARATIONS FOR MEN
50 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

FREE: Booklet on request. Write Dept. EM-6

Esquire
SUPPLEMENTS
AVAILABLE

The famous Esquire supplements are now available in special bound editions, Esquire-size, printed in four colors and black and white on special durable paper, enclosed in attractive white envelopes. An excellent gift for yourself or your friends, these informative and colorful supplements are only 50c each.

JUST FILL OUT THIS COUPON
(U. S. ORDERS ONLY)

ESQUIRE, INC., BOX 1719
CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

Here is $______ in check or money order. Please rush me:

______ copies of The Esquire Guide For The Bridegroom, @ 50¢.

______ copies of The Esquire Liquor Intelligencer, @ 50¢.

______ copies of Esquire's Guide To Good Hunting, @ 50¢.

Esquire Supplements are also available to business firms for commercial advertising use with name of firm imprinted, at attractive quantity prices. Address inquiries to Esquire Calendar Division, Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Illinois.

Return to Europe

Continued from page 72

the last—and a crossing like that would have raised a mutiny among the crews of the *Niña*, the *Pinta* and the *Santa Maria*.

There aren't as many ships in transatlantic service as there were before the war—too many were casualties. But, in general, the traveler today has a choice of better ships. The Cunard White Star Line, for example, is much better off than it was—with its fleet of the two *Queens* (the *Mary* one of the last of the prewar superliners and the *Elizabeth*—largest ship afloat—and practically a postwar vessel) the *Mauretania*, which made only three trips before going into war service; the new *Caronia*, which entered service just this year; the refurbished *Britannic*, and the postwar sister ships, *Media* and *Parthia*.

American Export Lines are very much in the Mediterranean picture with the new and beautiful "Four Aces" ships—the *Exeter*, *Excambion*, *Excalibur* and *Exochorda*—and operation of the two Italian sister ships, *Vulcania* and *Saturnia*.

The Holland-America Line has its handsome flagship, the *Nieuw Amsterdam*, which entered the transatlantic run a year before the war; the *Veendam*, rebuilt since the war, and the *Noordam* and *Westerdam*. Another brand-new ship is the Swedish-American Line's *Stockholm*, which shares the Gothenburg run with the *Gripsholm*.

At the time of writing the French Line expected to have the completely renovated *Ile de France* ready for the summer rush. Meantime the line is represented on the transatlantic ship lanes by the *De Grasse* (from New York) and the one-class *Oregon* and *Wisconsin* (from Gulf ports). The Gdynia America Line also serves Western Europe, and the Norwegian America Line runs—logically enough—to Norway.

Minimum one-way rates average about $325 first class, $210 cabin class, and $160 tourist on three-class ships. That's to England. Minimum fares to France run five to ten dollars more, and fares to Scandinavia and the Mediterranean are correspondingly higher, according to the added length of the voyage.

In addition, about fifteen lines run freighters with passenger accommodation to western Europe, but they aren't as cheap as they're often cracked up to be. As a matter of fact, their rates begin about $200, and we don't know of any freighter that will take you across for less than the $165 tourist minimums of the *Queens* or the *America*. Or you could go tourist in two-class ships for that amount. Freighters are good bets not so much for people trying to save money, as for travelers who like the informal life—and aren't in any hurry. Also for the guy who couldn't book a reservation on any of the liners.

Planes aren't leaving New York for Europe every hour on the hour—they just seem to be, with three U. S. lines and six foreign carriers flying the Atlantic. If you want to travel under the American flag, your choice is simple. You take whatever line flies to where you want to go—Pan American to London, Brussels, Prague or Vienna; TWA to Paris, Geneva, and Rome; American Overseas to London, Glasgow, Amsterdam, Reykjavik, Oslo, Copenhagen, and Stockholm. (Incidentally, while we're writing, Pan-Am and American Overseas are making noises that sound like consolidation.)

Of the foreign carriers, Air France flies direct to Paris and Rome; British Overseas to Glasgow and London; KLM to Glasgow and Amsterdam; Sabena to Brussels; Scandinavian to Glasgow, Stavenger, Oslo, Copenhagen and Stockholm; and Swissair to Zurich and Geneva. Practically all flights, U. S. and foreign, stop at Shannon, Ireland.

And all the lines are flying Constellations on their transatlantic run except for Sabena and Scandinavian, which are running DC-Sixes, and Swissair, operating DC-Fours.

Air travelers are getting to be very much like ocean voyagers—they find a line they like, then stick to it. Many prefer to fly with American crews. Others choose foreign carriers for various reasons—the French cooking and complimentary champagne and wine of Air France; the crisp and very English service of BOAC; the Dutch breakfasts, Holland gin, and apple-cheeked stewardesses of KLM.

Fares are fixed according to the destination, whatever line you take. To Shannon it's $317 one-way, $570.60 round trip. London fares are $350 one way, $630 round trip; Paris $370 and $666—which is enough to give you an idea of the general level. From this you'll see that air fares are somewhat more than the minimum first-class fares on the bigger ships—one way—but round trips by air are cheaper, since steamship round-trip fares are twice the one-way rates.

Another important point—there's no *fifteen per cent* federal transportation tax on steamship or air fares to Europe, such as you have to pay on all domestic travel and on Central American and Caribbean trips as far down as the mainland of South America.

Once you're abroad you'll find that things are far better than you'd think from listening to some of the calamity howlers back home who expect Europe to collapse any day now, as they have for the past thirty-five years.

Look at France, for example. With production about ten per cent more than the prewar figure, France is doing all right—though naturally it takes some time to replace all the goods lost during

Continued on page 148

25%
Reduction
IN TOUR FARES
For Americans Visiting
The BRITISH ISLES

When planning your British Isles holiday, make a list of all the places you want to see in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. Your Travel Agent will be glad to help you prepare your complete individual itinerary. That way you'll effect substantial savings on planned tour tickets offered by British Railways.

See More in Britain!

Naturally, you'll visit our great cities, our world-famous historic and scenic shrines (all within a day's train trip from London) . . . but with more time you can enjoy so many equally memorable travel experiences in our less-publicized byways. So plan to stay longer—discover for yourself the charm of our villages, countryside and rugged coastline.

Travel means BRITISH RAILWAYS

TRAINS . . . Swift, comfortable transportation to every corner of the British Isles;

HOTELS . . . 46 hotels associated with British Railways, strategically situated for your tour or business trip;

CROSS-CHANNEL FACILITIES . . . Railway-operated steamer services over a wide variety of routes to Ireland and the Continent.

AIRWAYS . . . British Railways are official agents for air tickets on British European Airways Corporation routes in the British Isles.

Depend on the all-inclusive travel services of British Railways for every phase of your tour of the British Isles. We suggest you secure your rail transportation, as well as Pullman, cross-channel steamer and hotel reservations before you leave.

Write for British Railways new and amusing booklet, "WHAT, NO ICE?"—written especially for Americans planning to visit us; as well as the full-color map folder, "THE BRITISH ISLES"—both free upon request to Dept. 40 at any of the offices shown below.

For tickets, reservations and authoritative travel information on the British Isles

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENT
or any British Railways office:

NEW YORK 20, N. Y., 9 Rockefeller Pl.
CHICAGO 3, ILL., 39 So. LaSalle St
LOS ANGELES 14, CAL., 510 W. 6th St.
TORONTO, ONT., 69 Yonge Street

BRITISH RAILWAYS

SMOKE **Weber** PIPES
NONE BETTER

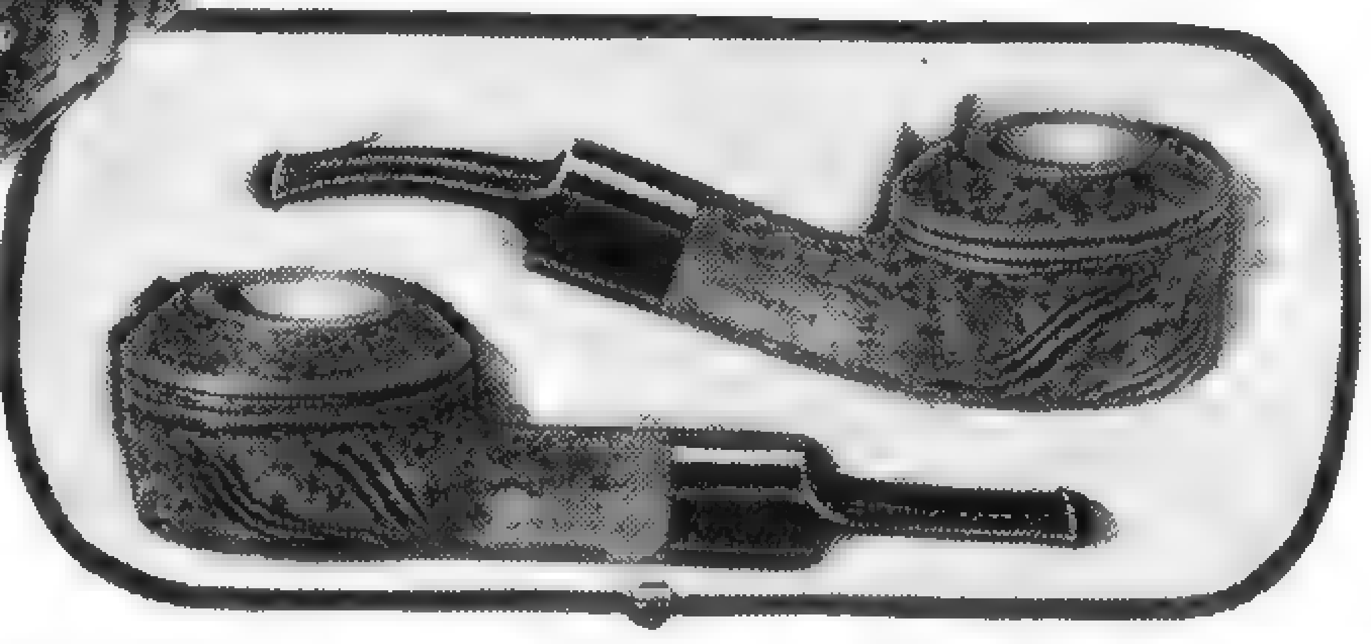
For Father's Day

A Weber original that Dad will be proud to own. He'll like its warm, comfortable feeling . . . the friendly way it fits in his hand. It's sure to become his favorite. Straight or curved design. Other Weber briars, $2.50 to $15. At better dealers.

PROCESSED FOR INSTANT SWEET SMOKING

Thick-walled, sweet smoking bowl. Massive in appearance, light in weight. Richly hand carved from fine imported briar.

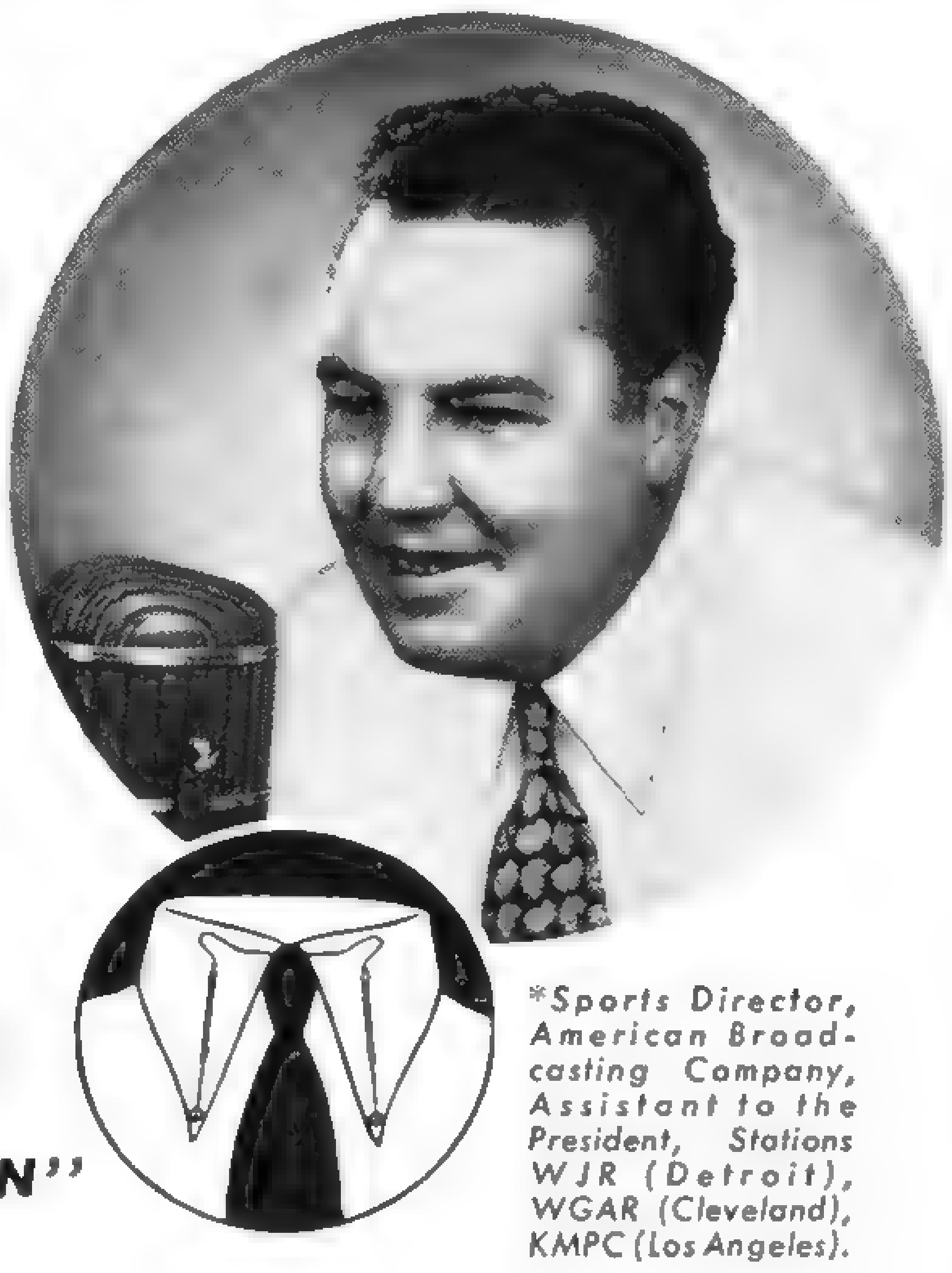
Scoop $5



Scoop DUETS
Rare editions. Beautiful velvet-lined case. . . . **$12.50**
An ideal Father's Day gift.

Send for Free Booklet "Facts about **IMPORTED BRIAR PIPES"**

WEBER BRIARS, INC., *Manufacturers*
140 Cator Ave., Jersey City 5, N. J. Showroom: 535 Fifth Ave., New York City



ACE SPORTSCASTER

Harry Wismer*

BELONGS TO THE

Spiffy

Secret Circle

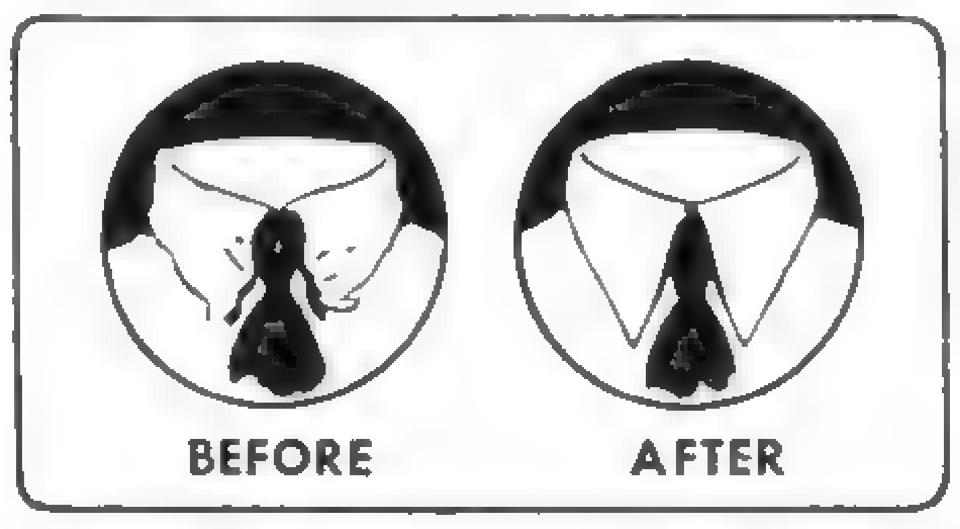
OF COLLAR "STAY-DOWN" SMARTNESS

*Sports Director, American Broadcasting Company, Assistant to the President, Stations WJR (Detroit), WGAR (Cleveland), KMPC (Los Angeles).

CALLING the play for millions is a collar-wilting task . . . but not for ABC'S HARRY WISMER! He knows the secret that *keeps collar points down* and wrinkle-free all day long. It's SPIFFY!

Though no one sees your Spiffy Invisible Collar "Stay-Down" once you slip it on . . . what a difference the world sees in smart, *points-down* neatness. It's featherweight for soft-collar comfort.

Join Harry Wismer and other members of the "Spiffy Secret Circle." Share their secret of that successful look—slip on a Spiffy!



Self-adjustable to all collar lengths. Standard model **25c** . . . deluxe 24 kt. electro **gold** plated Spiffy. **50c.**

Spiffy INVISIBLE COLLAR "STAY-DOWN"

At men's wear, department, drug, cigar and variety stores everywhere.
CREST SPECIALTY, 663 W. Washington St., Chicago 6

Return to Europe

Continued from page 147

six years of war and occupation. But the French people are getting more and more consumer goods, they're eating and drinking better and enjoying life more—more, in fact, than many Americans.

That's one thing, certainly, that can be learned from a trip to France—how to enjoy the uncluttered life. Does Jean Dupont worry and beat his brains out because his neighbor's television set has a fifteen-inch screen, while he's still dragging along on the old ten-inch job? There probably isn't a television set in the whole town, but that doesn't trouble Jean. He's satisfied with more basic things in life, like a bottle of good wine, a well-cooked dinner, his little friend, who is *bien amiable* and *complaisante*. Simple pleasures, but satisfying, very satisfying.

Such divertisements are available to the visiting American—the wine and good cooking, certainly. The rest of it is up to him.

Picking the daily double at Hialeah six times in a row is far easier than trying to dope out French politics but—as of a half-hour ago—things seemed relatively quiet along the Quai d'Orsay. Even so, French governments have been tottering and crashing ever since Napoleon was a corporal, without disturbing so much as the pile of saucers in front of a tourist in a café on the Boulevard des Italiens. And the *pompiers* rushing to put out a fifty-franc fire in the Flea Market probably make more racket than would a major *coup d'état*, so take it easy, monsieur, *faites le doucement*!

Italy, too, is coming back fast. Some recent visitors rate it as one of the best tourist countries in western Europe. As in France, the exchange rate makes room, meals and most purchases very cheap for the dollar-bearing American. Rome and Florence are as lovely as ever, the gondoliers in Venice have failed to learn any new songs, but Naples is far different from the way it was when mothers pulled their daughters into the house when Americans or Canadians roamed the Via Roma.

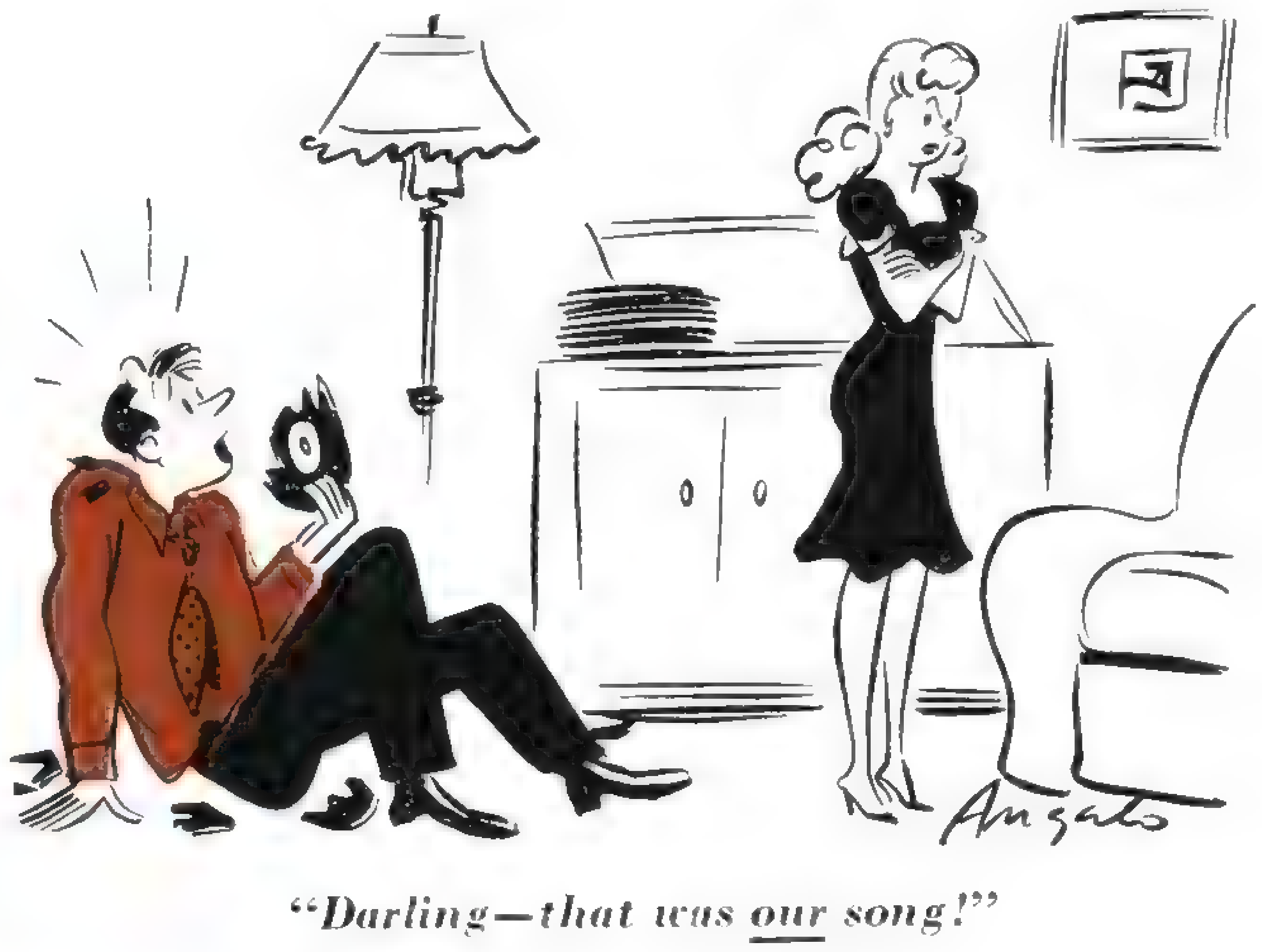
For many Americans, Switzerland has everything. Magnificent scenery, good food, reasonable prices, trains that run on time, excellent hotels, a calm and intelligent people who recognize the tourist business as one of their major industries, and go about running it in a businesslike manner. For downright sight-seeing—the strain-your-neck and snap-the-picture variety—Switzerland has more feature attractions per mile than any other country in the world. And now that you're allowed to bring $400 worth of goods back home with you duty-free, you can line your arms with wrist watches until you look like a Ubangi devil-dancer.

While the Benelux Association of Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg is intended primarily as a customs union, they couldn't have done a better job of it from a tourist standpoint, since the countries complement each other perfectly.

Luxembourg is a tiny gem of a country, the sort of picturesque place where you can revel in its littleness—and have yourself a time picking up odd bits of information, since the country still is somewhat off the usual tourist beat. As in most small places, the residents treat practically every visitor as a celebrity. Add to that American prestige is as high here as it is anywhere, and you'll see why you're assured of wonderful hospitality.

What's more, almost everybody will take the afternoon off for the opportunity of giving their English a workout. They get so bored just speaking the three languages of the country—French, German and Luxembourgish, which is a Germanic dialect, with some words of Spanish and English—that they welcome the chance to vary the monotony once in awhile. You'll leave the country loving the Luxembourgers—all 296,913 of them.

Holland is very much for the sight-seer. The canals and the windmills, the little boys with the balloon pants, the girls with the lace caps and the wooden shoes—they're all there waiting for you to take their picture. (In the villages and small towns, of course; Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Eind-



"Darling—that was our song!"

hoven, The Hague are all modern cities.) The Dutch are like the British in that they have planned their war recovery carefully, sacrificing present needs for future benefits. The policy has paid off, as you'll realize when you see this clean, bustling and well-ordered land which suffered more devastation by the Germans than almost any other in western Europe.

All this sight-seeing, though, calls for a change, and that's provided by Brussels. Some visitors have called it "Little Paris," but those who know it don't call it little anything. It's Brussels, and for many Americans, Brussels has been the livest town in Europe.

Not that it doesn't have more than its share of statues, churches and medieval landmarks, but Brussels, you'll find, is really jumping. Its cafés are probably the best west of the waltz and beer belt, since the Belgians like music with their food, drink and talk. You'll hear good jazz in Brussels, too, jazz piped up by American Negro musicians who have found a home here, just as others settled down in Paris after the First World War. And if you can sit in a Brussels café more than an hour without finding yourself with a little friend, you're just plain misanthropic.

There's nothing austere about the tourist's visit to Great Britain these days. The food is ample, and by eating in different restaurants the tourist escapes the monotony which is the principal weakness of the Englishman's diet. British travel authorities are wooing the American visitor with special gasoline rations and the easing of a number of the other restrictions of their recovery program. Nor does this preferential treatment outrage the British sense of fair play, since they realize that tourist dollars are important in their economic planning. So you can forget those conscience pangs over buying rationed goods, etc.

All of Great Britain is waiting for your rediscovery this year—all the history and tradition of London, the rugged hills of Scotland, the beauty of the lake country, the soft green land of Ireland. And for white beaches and the sea-skirting villages that look as though they came right out of the pages of your grade-school Robin Hood, there's Devon and Cornwall, Penzance and Land's End. Time and again you'll get the feeling that you've been here before, even though it's your first trip to Britain. And at the end of it you'll either believe in reincarnation, or you'll know that you've been dreaming of these places all your life.

Continued from page 72

FRENCH SHRINER & URNER
COOL imported WHITE BUCK
Extra Quality
ALSO MADE WITH "TWIN-GRIP" SPIKE GOLF SOLE

GENUINE WHITE BUCK . . . featured in a handsome, all-white wing-tip to ease your cleaning problems. Glove-soft, porous. The perfect leather for cool, summer comfort.

STORES, DEPARTMENTS and DEALERS COAST TO COAST
FACTORY and EXECUTIVE OFFICES 443 Albany Street, Boston

Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

A list of what, where, and how for all of June's 30 sun days

For the Man With a Long Stride

CHILE—Just about when the last good ski snow is melting from the slopes of Mt. Hood and Tuckerman's Ravine is the time that the ski season begins in earnest in the Chilean Andes. Through June, July and mid-August you schuss down miles of deep, light and very dry winter snow. Spring skiing from mid-August to mid-October. Most popular Chileno ski resort is Portillo, 9300 feet up in the heart of the Andes near the Chile-Argentina frontier. An easy train ride from Santiago. Other favorite snow spots are Farellones, Lagunillas—both near Santiago—and Villarica and Osorno volcanoes, down south in the famed Chilean lake country. Contact nearest Chilean consulate or office of Panagra or Pan American World Airways, Peruvian International Airways, Grace Line, or see your local travel agent.

SCANDINAVIA—Want to play golf at midnight, or sun tan on the beach at four in the morning? Summer in Scandinavia is for you if you do. It's continuous daylight for many summer weeks throughout the area, and constant sunlight up in the northern parts of the Scandinavian peninsula to the land of the midnight sun. Oslo in Norway will be the scene of the European Amateur Boxing Championships held outdoors June 13 through June 18. June 6 is Swedish National Day, with the Royal Family attending the ceremonies in the Stockholm stadium. Big doings celebrate the King's birthday June 16. And anytime's the right time to enjoy life among the hospitable Danes, especially in Copenhagen. Check with Danish Information Office, 15 Moore St., New York 4; Norwegian Travel Information Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, or Swedish Travel Information Bureau, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20. Or nearest consulates of the three countries, American Overseas Airlines, Scandinavian Airlines, Swedish-American Line, American Scantic Line, Gdynia America Line, Norwegian American Line, or your local travel agent.

For the Man Who Dislikes Details

(Packaged tours range from the escorted jobs which decide for you pretty much where you'll go when, to tours you take on your own—with only transportation and hotel accommodations arranged for you. Some tours save you money through wholesale buying of accommodations, etc. Others cost a

Continued on page 150

UNIVERSAL GENÈVE

One drop of water can ruin a watch

These water-resistant, 17-jewel UNIVERSAL GENÈVE watches safeguard your accurate time against the constant risks of raindrops, absent-minded dunkings and perspiration.

(*Top*)—**The Outdoorsman** water-resistant sport watch, radium dial, stainless steel, $48*

(*Left*)—**The Automatic** water-resistant, self-winder, stainless steel, $71.50*

(*Right*)—**A Classic** water-resistant watch for all occasions, 14-Kt. gold, $165*

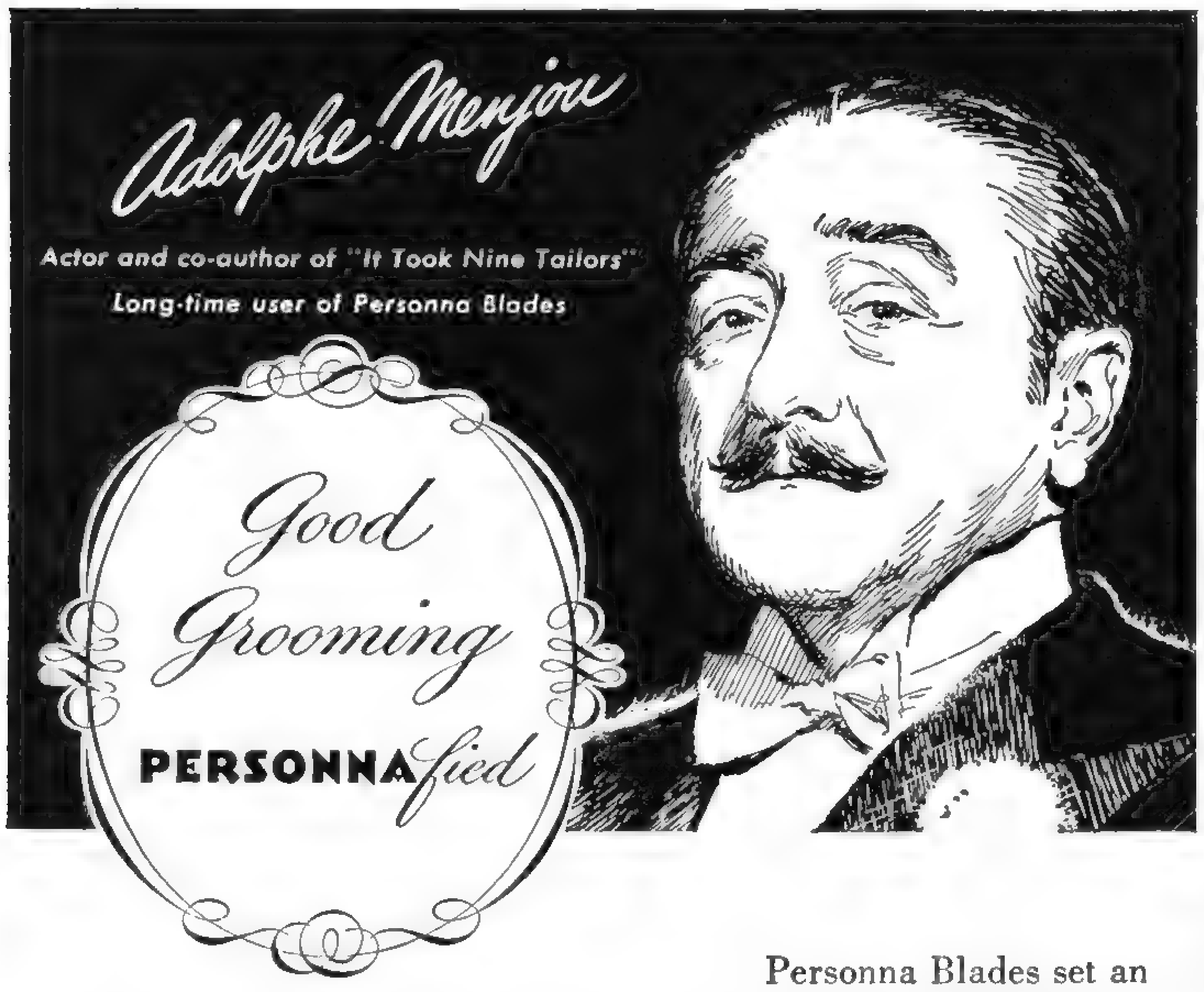
**Federal Tax Included*

At Leading Jewelers

Invest in *protected* Good Watchmaking

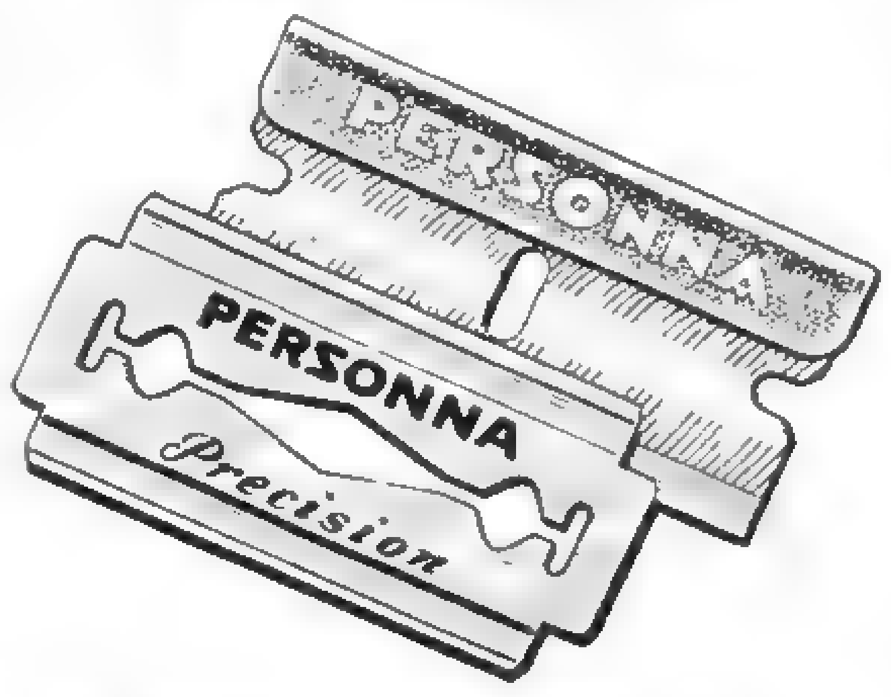
THE HENRI STERN WATCH AGENCY, INC., 587 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17 ©1949

Prairie QUALITY
ATTAINED BY
OVER 55 YEARS
OF
SKILLED
CRAFTSMANSHIP
FOR
SPORT
BUSINESS
DRESS
Prairie Presents
The Belt of Distinction
The Patrician
In the Richness of
Molded Saddle Leather
and Solid Bronze
$1.50
• SUPERIOR MATERIALS
• MASTERFUL WORKMANSHIP
• TALENTED STYLING
• BUILT FOR DURABLE COMFORT
$1 and UP AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE
Around well dressed men
Prairie
Belts Braces Garters
THE REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF
MUTUAL SUSPENDER & BELT CO.
ESTABLISHED 1894
YONKERS 2, NEW YORK


Adolphe Menjou
Actor and co-author of "It Took Nine Tailors"
Long-time user of Personna Blades
Good Grooming
PERSONNAfied

Personna Blades set an absolutely new standard of shaving smoothness and luxury. Hollow-ground, rust-resistant and "fine as a rare jewel" . . . Personna Blades are not for everybody . . . just for the man who values his face. Try Personnas today!

PERSONNA
Precision Blades
fine as a rare jewel


PERSONNA
PERSONNA
Precision

10 FOR $1 • 5 FOR 50¢
Double Edge or Single Edge

Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

Continued from page 149

bit more than a trip you might be able to set up yourself, but elimination of the business of studying timetables and booking reservations is generally well worth the extra expense. It's impossible to give a complete listing of all trips available as itineraries change, schedules are altered, some tours are taken off and new trips are added. The following, though, should give you a good idea of where you can go for how much. And your local travel agent will have all the latest data.)

ALASKA:

Since the Alaska Highway has been opened to unrestricted traffic, you have a choice of land, sea or air travel to our last great frontier. At press time completed plans for the 1949 Alaska season had not been announced, but the following tours are based on the last available estimate of the situation. One 16-day itinerary leaves from Edmonton, Alberta, proceeding by train to Dawson Creek, then by bus to Fort Nelson and Whitehorse, train to Skagway and Cardross, then a boat trip on Lake Tagish, a bus to Fairbanks and plane to Seattle. Price of the tour is $545 plus $52.95 transportation tax. And that includes meals, rooms and all, except personal expenses and tips.

There's a 9-day trip from Seattle, most of the time spent cruising. The tour visits Victoria, Prince Rupert, Ketchikan and Ocean Falls, returning to Vancouver after a cruise of over 1300 miles. All-expense price $159.84, plus $15.67 transportation tax.

An 11-day air tour from Seattle takes you to Ketchikan, Juneau, Sitka, Cordova, Anchorage, Mt. McKinley, Fairbanks, Whitehorse and back to Seattle for $450, plus $46.82 transportation tax. That covers transportation, hotels, sight-seeing and some of your meals. And there are side trips available at added expense, crossing the Arctic Circle, visiting Kotzebue and Nome and sighting Siberia.

The granddaddy of all Alaska excursions, though, is a 55-day escorted junket by air, land and water. You'll know Alaska so well at the end of the trip that you can grow a beard and lecture to women's clubs. Seattle to Seattle, it's $2050, plus $145.20 transportation tax. That includes everything except souvenirs, liquor and tips.

MEXICO:

South-of-the-border tours include everything from a 14-day bus job for $137.50 plus tax to a month-long vacation for $702 plus tax—both figured from Chicago.

An excellent three-week itinerary leaves Chicago by train for Mexico City and includes the Pyramids, Guadalupe, Puebla, Fortin, Cordoba, Orizaba, Tehuacan, Xochimilco, Cuernavaca, Taxco, Acapulco, Toluco and San José de Purua. Cost of the tour from Chi-

with this coupon

Learn tempting ways to enjoy delicious DuBouchett Fruit Flavored Brandies—Apricot, Peach, Cherry or the ever popular Blackberry—and the other choice DuBouchett products:
J. BAVET BRANDY. 84 PROOF.
DU BOUCHETT APRICOT, PEACH, CHERRY, and GINGER FLAVORED BRANDIES. 70 PROOF.
Help for Hosts! Ideas for entertaining—at your liquor dealer's—or mail this coupon.

70 PROOF
DuBOUCHETT
Many, Blanc

Many, Blanc & Co., Inc.
Dept. 2-H
520 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send, without obligation to me, the famous DuBouchett Recipe Book.

Name..
Street..
City...State..............................

MANY, BLANC & CO., INC., CHICAGO

NOW PLAYING
LAS VEGAS
NEVADA

Famous entertainers, gay night life and fun around the clock awaits you in Las Vegas. Find a new lease on life in this unmatched desert playland.

You'll go Western in the daytime . . . ride, swim, hunt, fish or take in the glorious scenery of nearby Lake Mead, Hoover (Boulder) Dam or Death Valley.

See your travel agent for accommodations to fit your budget.

Send coupon for free folder to:
The Hired Hand, Box 6
Chamber of Commerce
LAS VEGAS
Nevada

Name
Address
City Zone State

A word to the wives

GORDON likes solid colors . . .
and the best I find
are SUPERBA'S

Sheila MacRae

Gordon MacRae . . . *Singing Host of the ABC network program,* "THE RAILROAD HOUR."

For instance, the Royal RANGER, the famous crushless tie. 100% virgin wool, in 24 solid colors. Superbly cut, superbly tailored. $1.50. Other Superba ties $1.00 to $5.00.

SUPERBA
CRAVATS
Rochester, N. Y.

These cut men's toe nails, too...

WISS

NAIL SCISSORS

With the greatest of ease, Wiss Nail Scissors cut the toughest toenails . . . the kind that ordinary nail scissors can't cope with. Powerful, curved Wiss blades cut smoothly . . . leave no ragged edges, no sharp corners. Wiss pedicure equipment is made by the world's largest manufacturer of fine scissors and shears . . . famous for quality for more than a century.

Nail Scissors	**from $2.25**
Nail Nippers	**from $4.95**

WISS *Quality for more than a Century*

J. WISS & SONS CO., Newark 7, N. J.

cago, figuring one person in a lower berth, is $598, plus $34.51 tax. It's about the same price via air.

A two-week plane trip to Mexico leaves Chicago every Sunday throughout the year, visiting Mexico City, the Pyramids, Guadalupe, Puebla, Tehuacan, Orizaba, Fortin, Cordoba, Cholula, Xochimilco, Acapulco, Taxco and Cuernavaca. Rate from Chicago is $426.30 plus $35.90 tax, and includes practically everything.

GUATEMALA:

You can really do Guatemala on a two-week vacation for $363 from New Orleans or $394.05 from Miami, including tax. The all-expense tours are unescorted, groups are limited to eleven persons, and all travel within Guatemala is in five- or seven-passenger cars. Itinerary covers Guatemala City, Chimaltenango, Lake Atitlán, Santiago, San Francisco El Alto, Chiche, Chichicastenango, Antigua, Palin and Lake Amatitlán.

HAWAII:

A 16-day air trip from New York to the Hawaiian islands, including stopovers in San Francisco and Los Angeles, can be yours for $1325 up, plus $134.80 tax. Strictly independent travel, and you can leave any day. Price includes transportation, hotel, most meals, and sight-seeing. Itinerary allows two days in San Francisco, a day in Los Angeles, two days and four nights in Honolulu and Oahu and a five-day air tour of the islands of Molokai, Maui, Hawaii and Kauai.

SEE AMERICA FIRST:

For a really grand tour of the West, there's a 24-day trip out of Chicago which takes you to the Grand Canyon, Riverside, California, Los Angeles, Yosemite, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Lake Louise and Banff. You travel by Pullman train all the way, except for a 5-day motor tour from Los Angeles to San Francisco and a cruise across Puget Sound from Seattle to Victoria and Vancouver. Price of the 7000-mile round trip from Chicago is $660, plus $40.39 tax, and it includes everything except personal items.

A shorter and not quite so luxe version of the grand tour covering about the same mileage in two weeks includes visits to Colorado Springs, Santa Fe, the Grand Canyon, Los Angeles, the redwood forests, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, Banff and Lake Louise. For Pullman accommodations comparable to the three-week tour (single occupancy of a lower berth) the round trip from Chicago is $342, plus $24.91 tax. Both trips are escorted.

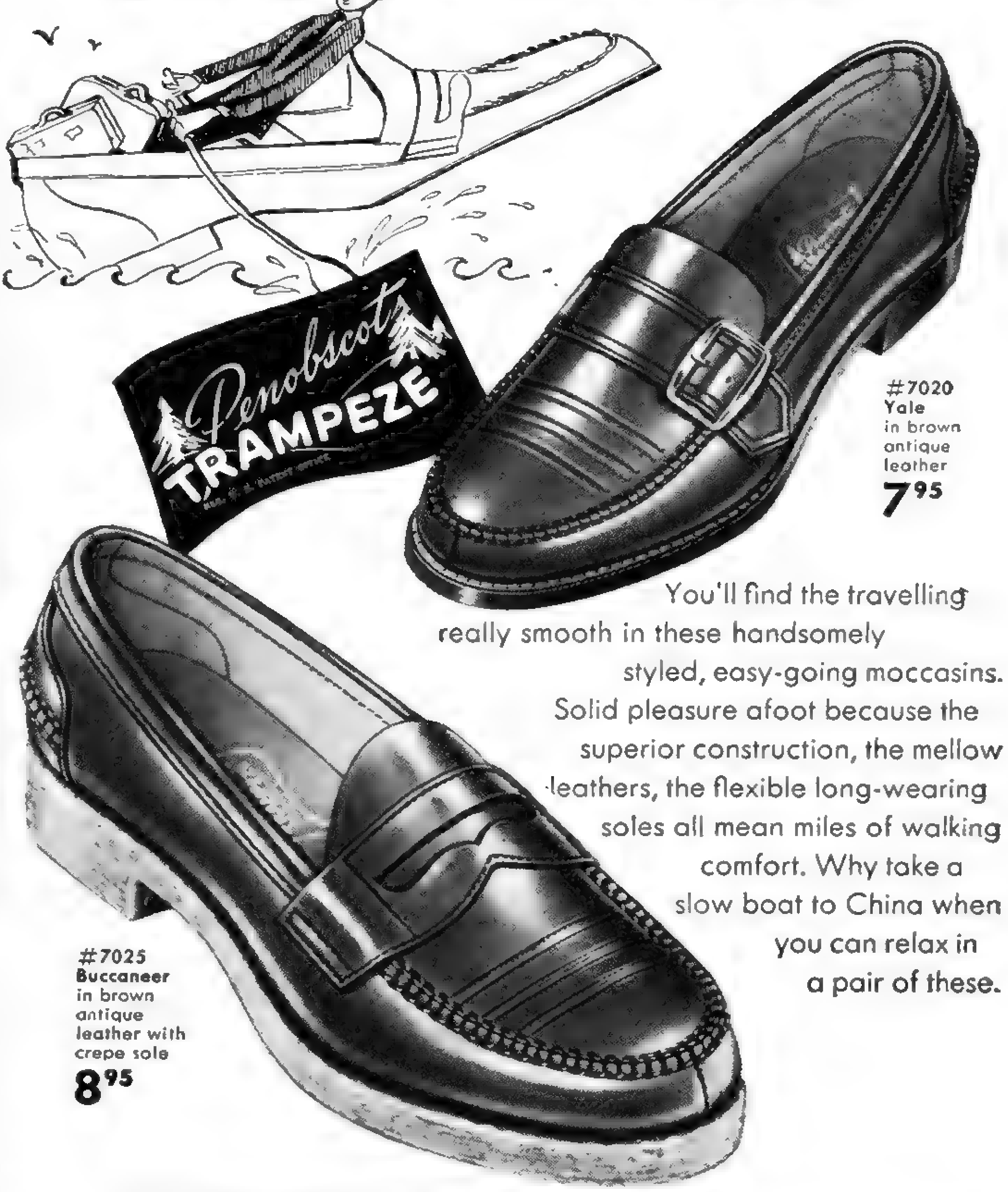
For the Carefree Cruiser

MEDITERRANEAN AND NEAR EAST:

American Export Lines—*Excalibur, Exochorda, Exeter* and *Excambion*, the new "Four Aces" ships, from New York to Marseilles, Naples, Leghorn, Genoa, Piraeus, Alexandria, Beirut. 44-day de luxe Yankee Cruises, minimum $850.

Continued on page 152

going somewhere?

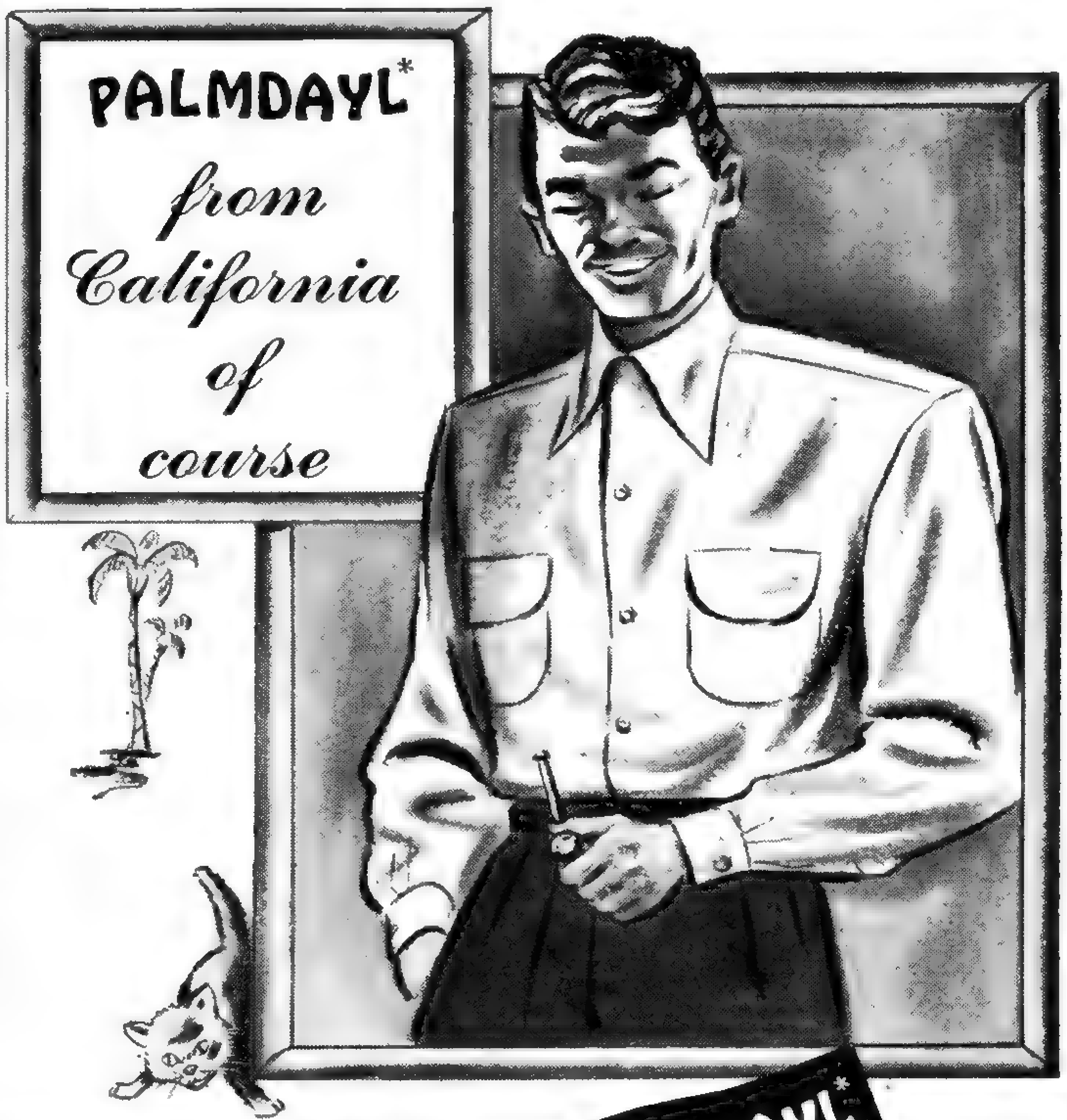


#7020
Yale
in brown antique leather
7⁹⁵

You'll find the travelling really smooth in these handsomely styled, easy-going moccasins. Solid pleasure afoot because the superior construction, the mellow leathers, the flexible long-wearing soles all mean miles of walking comfort. Why take a slow boat to China when you can relax in a pair of these.

#7025
Buccaneer
in brown antique leather with crepe sole
8⁹⁵

at better stores everywhere. For source nearest you write:
PENOBSCOT SHOE COMPANY, Dept. E-6, 179 Lincoln St., **Boston 11, Mass.**
Factories in Old Town, Maine



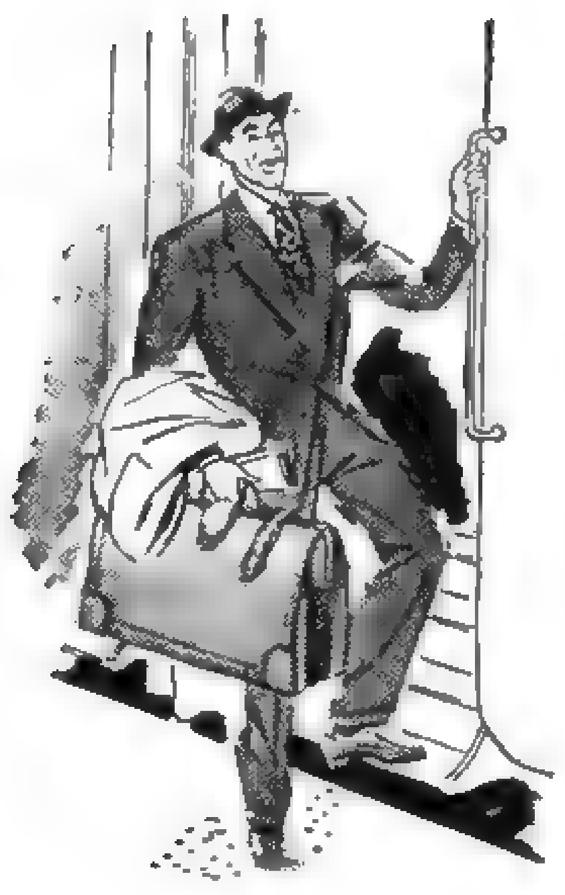
Soft as a kitten's ear . . . "Fawn Sheen" (soft finish) Rayon Gabardine, in Beautiful California colors . . . two rounded pockets . . . to retail at about $6.95. *®

PALMDAYL* SPORTSWEAR FROM CALIFORNIA

Write for name of your nearest retailer.

PALMDAYL 525 E. 12th St., Los Angeles 15, Calif.

Why have Dad take two when one will do?



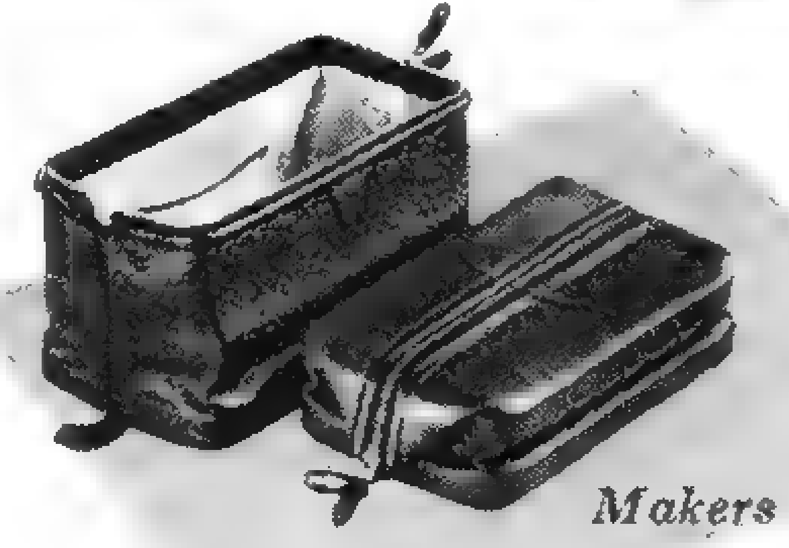
His lightweight, dual-purpose business companion —Brief-Master! Holds *one suit* and complete change of clothes—with room to spare for contents of your brief bag, yet weighs less than the average two-suiter!

Outside drop front compartment holds suit *without wrinkling*, also ties, handkerchiefs. Two inside compartments: One for portfolio, samples, etc., the other for shirts, Dopp-Kit, and personals. Rugged steel-frame construction. Handsome top grain leathers. Size 22" long, 14" high, 8" wide.

THE AMAZING

BRIEF-MASTER

COMBINATION ONE-SUITER AND BRIEF BAG



DOPP-KIT TOILET CASE

Opens wide for easy use—closes snug and flat. Holds surprising amount of toiletries, accessories, dress items. Choice leathers. Look for the *"Dopp-Kit"* trade-mark, your guarantee of the finest kit made.

Makers also of popular Dopp-Bilt business cases

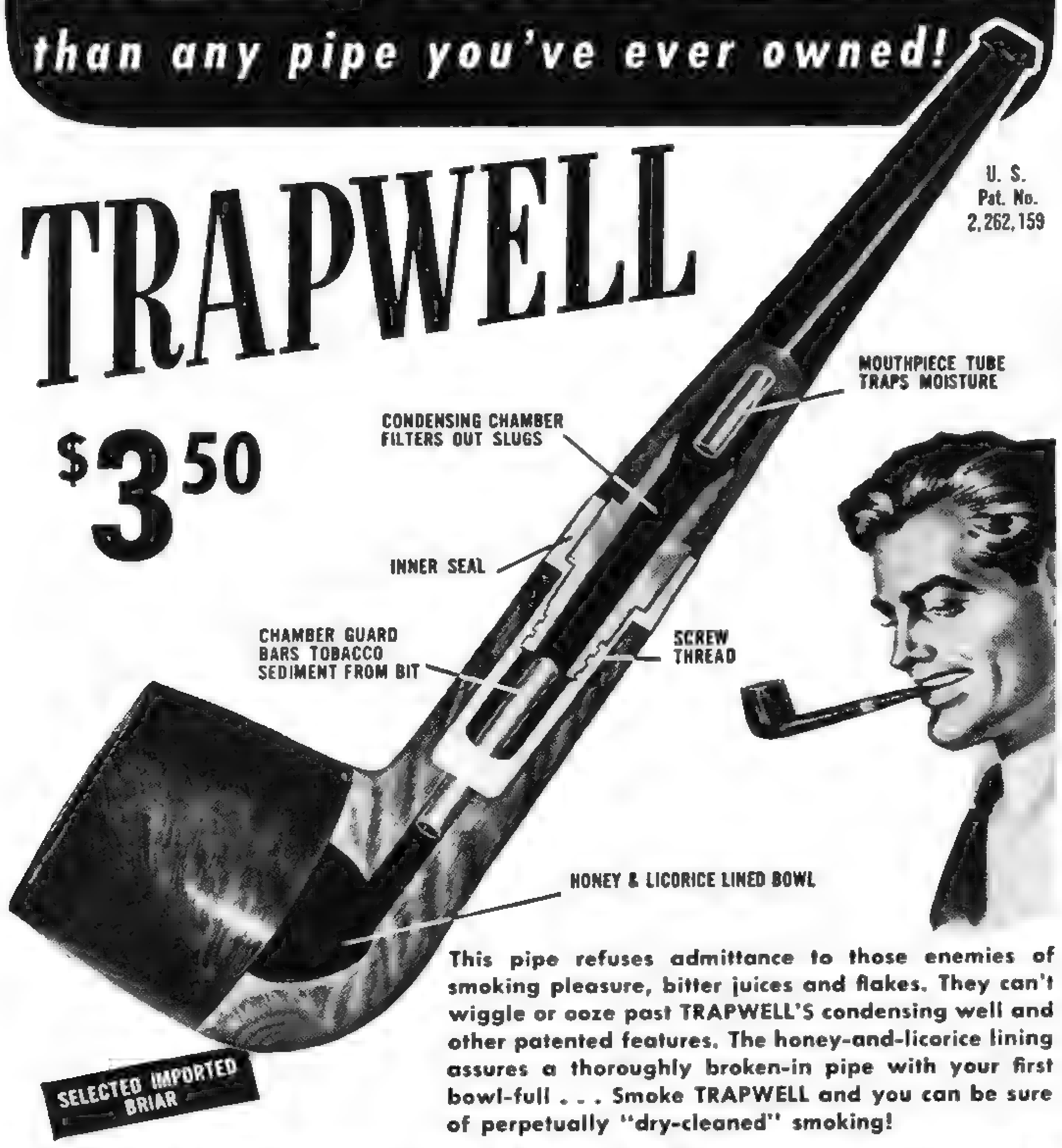
CHARLES DOPPELT & CO., INC., Dept. E 2024 S. WABASH AVE., CHICAGO 16

At better stores, or write for name of nearest dealer.

6 Exclusive Features . . . to Give you SWEETER, COOLER SMOKING than any pipe you've ever owned!

TRAPWELL

$3.50


U. S. Pat. No. 2,262,159
MOUTHPIECE TUBE TRAPS MOISTURE
CONDENSING CHAMBER FILTERS OUT SLUGS
INNER SEAL
CHAMBER GUARD BARS TOBACCO SEDIMENT FROM BIT
SCREW THREAD
HONEY & LICORICE LINED BOWL
SELECTED IMPORTED BRIAR

This pipe refuses admittance to those enemies of smoking pleasure, bitter juices and flakes. They can't wiggle or ooze past TRAPWELL'S condensing well and other patented features. The honey-and-licorice lining assures a thoroughly broken-in pipe with your first bowl-full . . . Smoke TRAPWELL and you can be sure of perpetually "dry-cleaned" smoking!

SPARTA PIPE COMPANY • SPARTA, NORTH CAROLINA

Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

Continued from page 151

ORIENT:

American President Lines—*President Cleveland* and *President Wilson* from San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila, Iloilo, Guam. 39-day cruise, two classes, rates $1415 to $3368.

ROUND THE WORLD:

American President Lines—*President Polk* and *President Monroe* from New York or San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Bombay, Suez, Port Said, Alexandria, Naples, Genoa, Marseilles, Havana and Canal Zone. 110-day cruise, single class, rates from New York to New York $2716 to $3200; from San Francisco to New York, $2216 to $2568.

SOUTH AMERICA:

Moore McCormack Lines—*Argentina, Brazil* and *Uruguay*, celebrated sister ships, 33,000 tons, New York to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires and Trinidad. The first two carry 519 passengers; the *Uruguay* 477. 38-day cruises, $1110 minimum, first class; $710 minimum, cabin class.

Delta Line—*Del Sud, Del Norte*, and *Del Mar*, luxurious postwar cruise ships, New Orleans to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. 47-day cruise, $900 to $1701.

CARIBBEAN:

Porto Rico Line—*Borinquen* from New York to Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic. 11-day continuous round trip, one-class $189 to $351.

Alcoa Steamship Co.—*Alcoa Cavalier, Alcoa Clipper* and *Alcoa Corsair*, new luxury cruise ships New Orleans to Jamaica, Curaçao, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, Guanta, Trinidad and Dominican Republic. 17-day cruise, one class, $545 minimum.

Canadian National Steamship Line—*Lady Rodney*, 11,000 tons, one class, and *Lady Nelson*, 12,100 tons, two classes, Boston to Bermuda, St. Kitts, Antigua, Montserrat, Dominica, St. Lucia, Barbados, St. Vincent, Grenada, Trinidad and British Guiana. 34-day "round voyage," $513 minimum.

Grace Line—*Santa Rosa* and *Santa Paula*, celebrated cruise ships, New York to Curaçao, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, Cartagena, 12-day cruise, $435 to $870.

Santa Monica, Santa Clara and *Santa Sofia*, 52-passenger cargo ships, New York to Cartagena, Barranquilla and Maracaibo, 18-day "casual cruises," (with schedules somewhat dependent on freight demands) $435 to $460.

Panama Line—*Ancon, Panama* and *Cristobal*, 14,000-ton sister ships, each accommodating about 200 passengers, New York to Cristobal. 14-day cruise, minimum $288. (Four days in Panama must be spent at own expense.)

Standard Fruit and Steamship

KESTENMADE

Fine Watch Bands

Styled to the Minute

PRICED TO YOUR PURSE

Expansion in all models

At Your Jewelers

KESTENMAN BROS. MFG. CO.

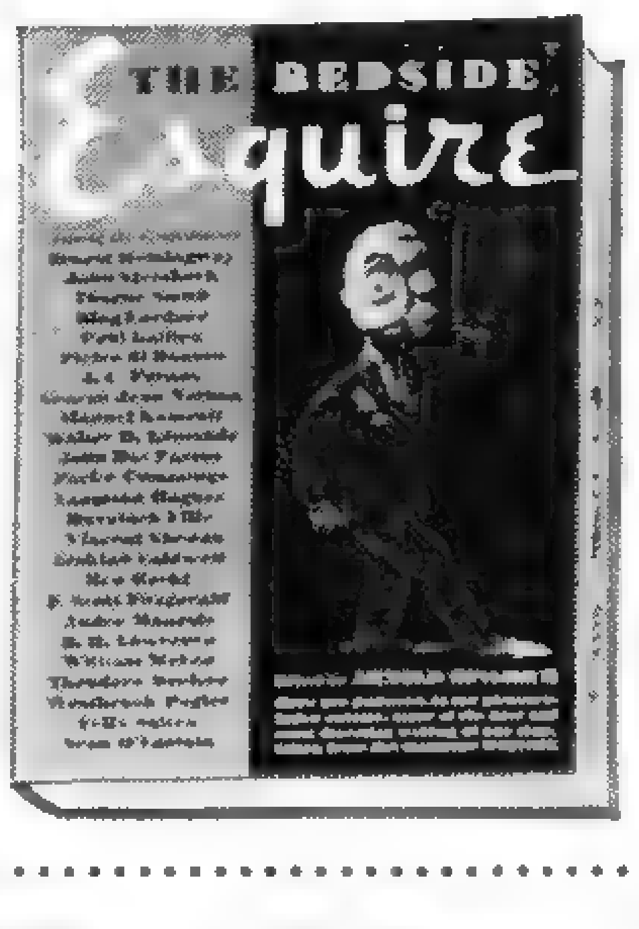
Providence 3, R. I.

Gentlemen, Your Pleasure!

THE Bedside Esquire

From Hemingway to Thorne Smith, more than 700 pages of fascinating short stories to suit your every mood. Over half a million copies sold! You'll find the best from Esquire in the Bedside Esquire!

ORDER YOURS TODAY! ONLY $1.98



ESQUIRE, Box 1719, Chicago 1, Illinois

Here is my check or money order for $______

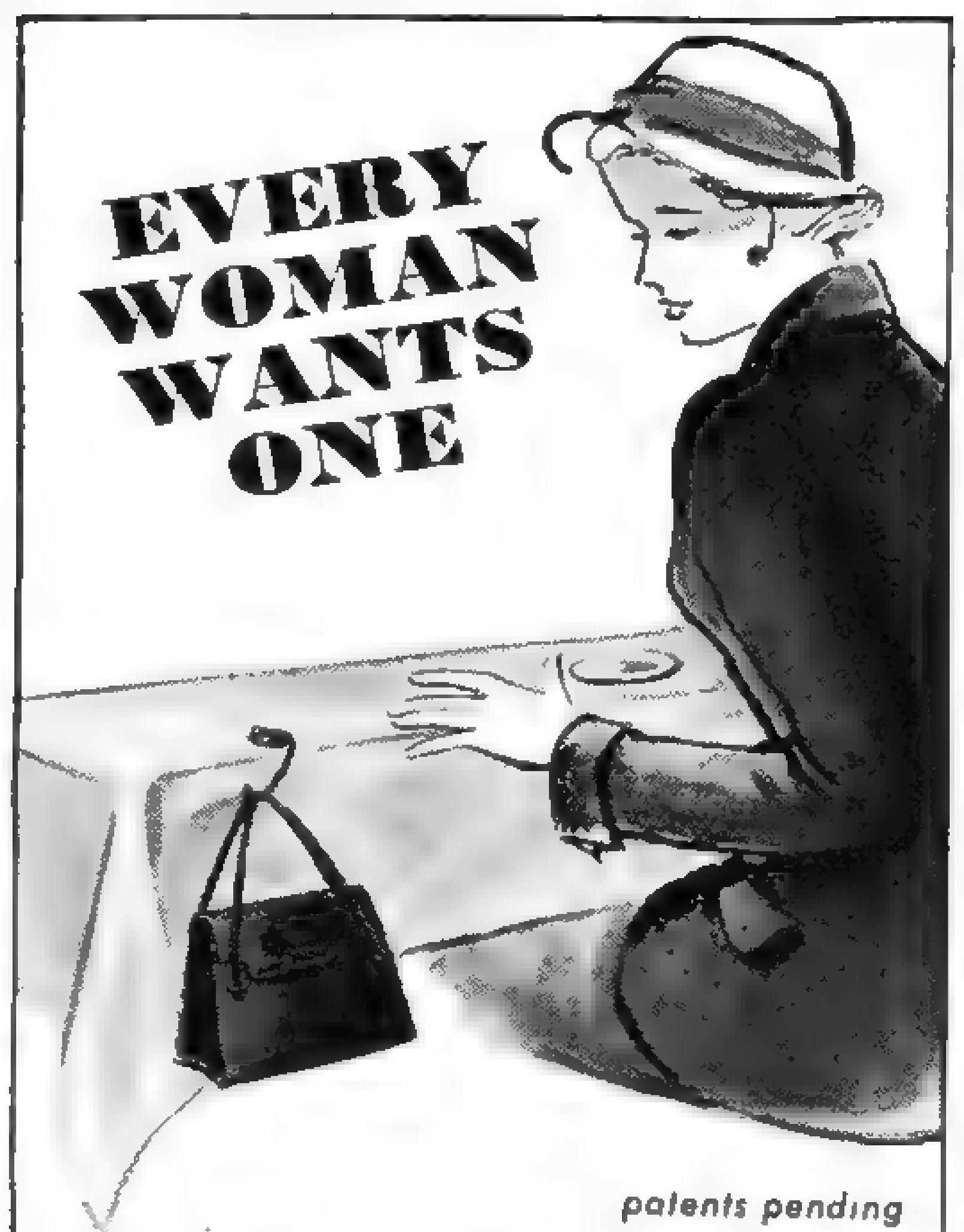
Please send me ______ copies of the Bedside Esquire, at $1.98 each.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City & Zone____________________

State____________________



patents pending

Gift Your Girl With A "Holderette"

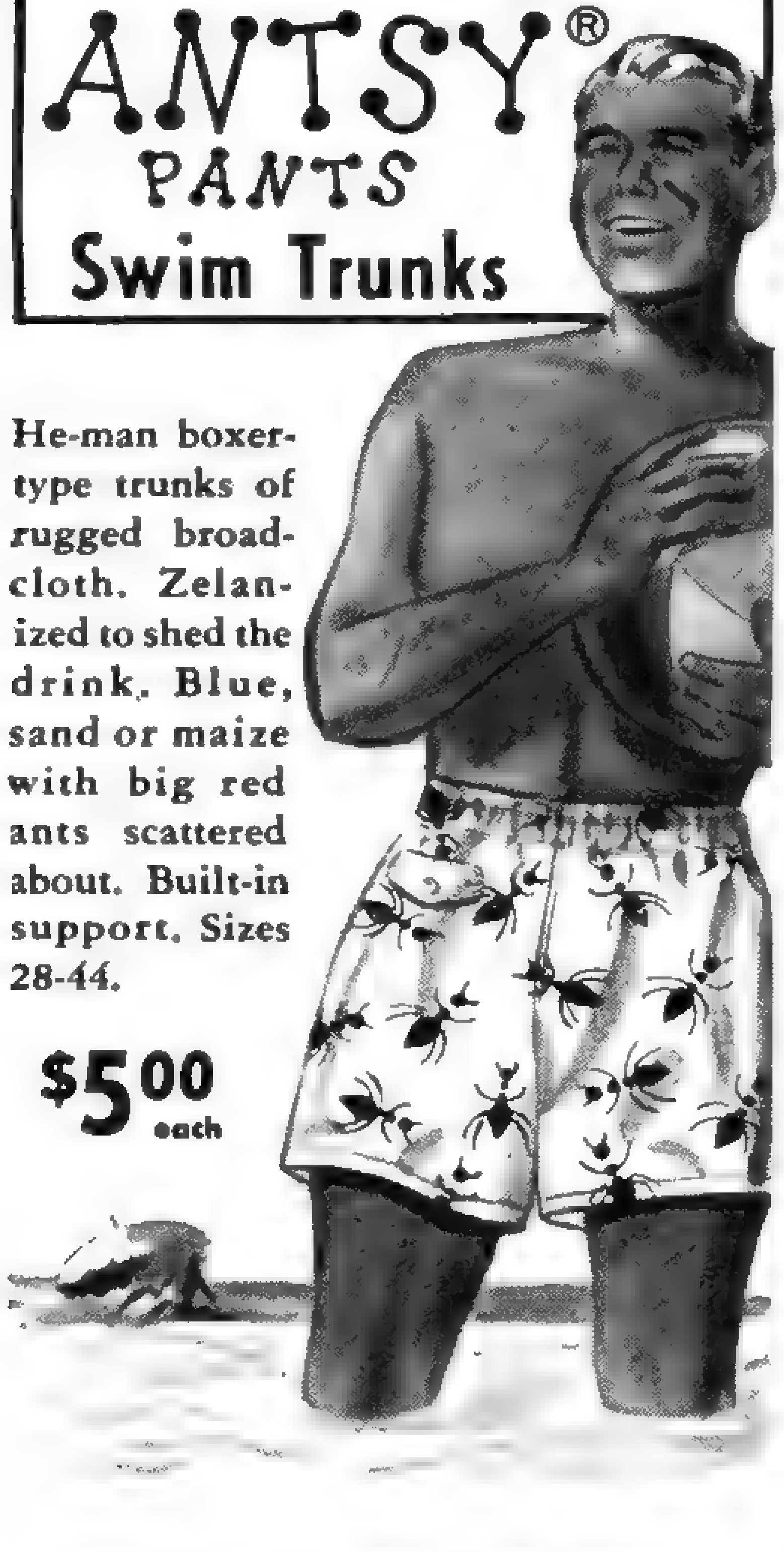
fashion's newest contribution to convenience

. . . jewel-like accessory that clings to the table edge and takes her handbag out of her lap and off the floor . . . perfect at dining, cards and for traveling . . .

Holderette Standard with Beautiful Gold Plating . . $1.50
Other Models from $1.00 to $12.50

Ask for "Holderette" at leading department, gift and specialty stores.

Manufactured by : Montvel Corporation
509 Madison Ave., N. Y., N. Y.


THE LIFE OF THE Beach PARTY!
ANTSY® PANTS Swim Trunks

He-man boxer-type trunks of rugged broadcloth. Zelanized to shed the drink. Blue, sand or maize with big red ants scattered about. Built-in support. Sizes 28-44.

$5.00 each

ORDER NOW for Father's Day Delivery
SEE YOUR DEALER OR
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
The Mister Short Co., Inc., 869B Merchandise Mart, Dept. E1, Chicago, Ill.
Send me......pr. ANTSY PANTS SWIM TRUNKS
Size........Color...........Amount Enclosed...........
(Add 10c postage) Check or money order.
NAME.......................................
ADDRESS.......................................
CITY....................ZONE........STATE...........

Co.—*Contessa* and *Cefalu* one-class cruise ships, 65 passengers, New Orleans to Havana and Honduras. 10-day cruises, $200 up.

United Fruit Co.—*Jamaica, Talamanca* and *Veragua*, each accommodating 99 passengers, New York to Havana and Puerto Barrios. 17-day cruise, minimum $415, 24 days (including Guatamala tour), $520 minimum.

Quirigua, Chiriqui, modern one-class ships, New Orleans to Havana and Puerto Barrios, 11-day cruise $230 minimum.

Antigua, sister ship, sails from New Orleans to Canal Zone and Puerto Barrios, same rates.

For the Sailor Who Hates the Sea

(Inland cruises offer many of the same attractions of shipboard life as ocean sailings, without the occasional rough weather that delights real salts but dismays those of faint stomachs. The Great Lakes do act up occasionally, true, but very rarely in the summer.)

ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI:

Greene Line, Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio—*Delta Queen*, new riverboat, combines romantic lines of old river packets with modern comforts. Cincinnati to New Orleans, with three-day layover, and stops at Louisville, Paducah, Natchez, Baton Rouge, Memphis, Cairo, Evansville and Madison, Indiana. 20-day cruise, $225 up.

Gordon C. Greene leaves St. Louis on varied itineraries including an 11-day trip along the Mississippi, Ohio, Tennessee rivers to Chattanooga for $120 up, 8 days to Muscle Shoals for $75 up, 11 days to St. Paul for $120 up.

GREAT LAKES:

Georgian Bay Line—*North American* and *South American* on two itineraries, one from Chicago to Mackinac Island, Georgian Bay, Parry Sound, St. Clair River, Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo; the other from Buffalo to Cleveland, Detroit, St. Mary's River, the Soo Locks, Houghton, Port Arthur and Duluth. You board the ships at any port, debark at the same port a week later. $109.50 and up, plus tax, including all expenses except meals at larger ports.

ST. LAWRENCE:

Canada Steamship Lines—*S.S. Richelieu*, 6 days along the St. Lawrence and Saguenay rivers from Montreal to Quebec, Murray Bay, Tadoussac, Chicoutimi and return to Montreal, $86.50 and up, plus tax, for all-expense cruise and shore sight-seeing.

For the Canny Vacationist

NATIONAL PARKS—Best bet for the budgeteer, since Uncle Sam picks up part of the tab and assures you of reasonable rates at hotels, lodges and camps. Twenty-six national parks from California to Maine. Write National Park Service, Washington, D. C. ###

(If you wish further details or other information relative to travel, your inquiries will be welcome. Just send queries and stamped, self-addressed envelope to Travel Editor, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17.)

PLAID GINGHAMS from California
Hendan shirts

Brilliant, bold plaids in cotton gingham. Washable, fast color, preshrunk. Great for vacations, sports, or square dancing.

a California Creation

His HENDAN Sport Shirt with 4½ inch tu-way collar, two plain pockets, matching buttons, long sleeves. Predominating color: blue or red or brown. Sizes S-M-L-XL. Style 1/119 at $6.50. Same in short sleeves, style 1/118 at $5.95.

Hers HENDAN Mannish Shirt with convertible collar, pocket with flap, matching buttons, short sleeves. Predominating color: blue, red or brown. Sizes 32 to 38. Style 2/606 at $4.95.

At better stores, naturally • If unavailable, write
BROWNSTEIN-LOUIS COMPANY • SINCE 1895 • LOS ANGELES 15

Here's to DAD!

With a bright, right array of blendable

RIBS
CLOCKS
ARGYLES
STRIPES

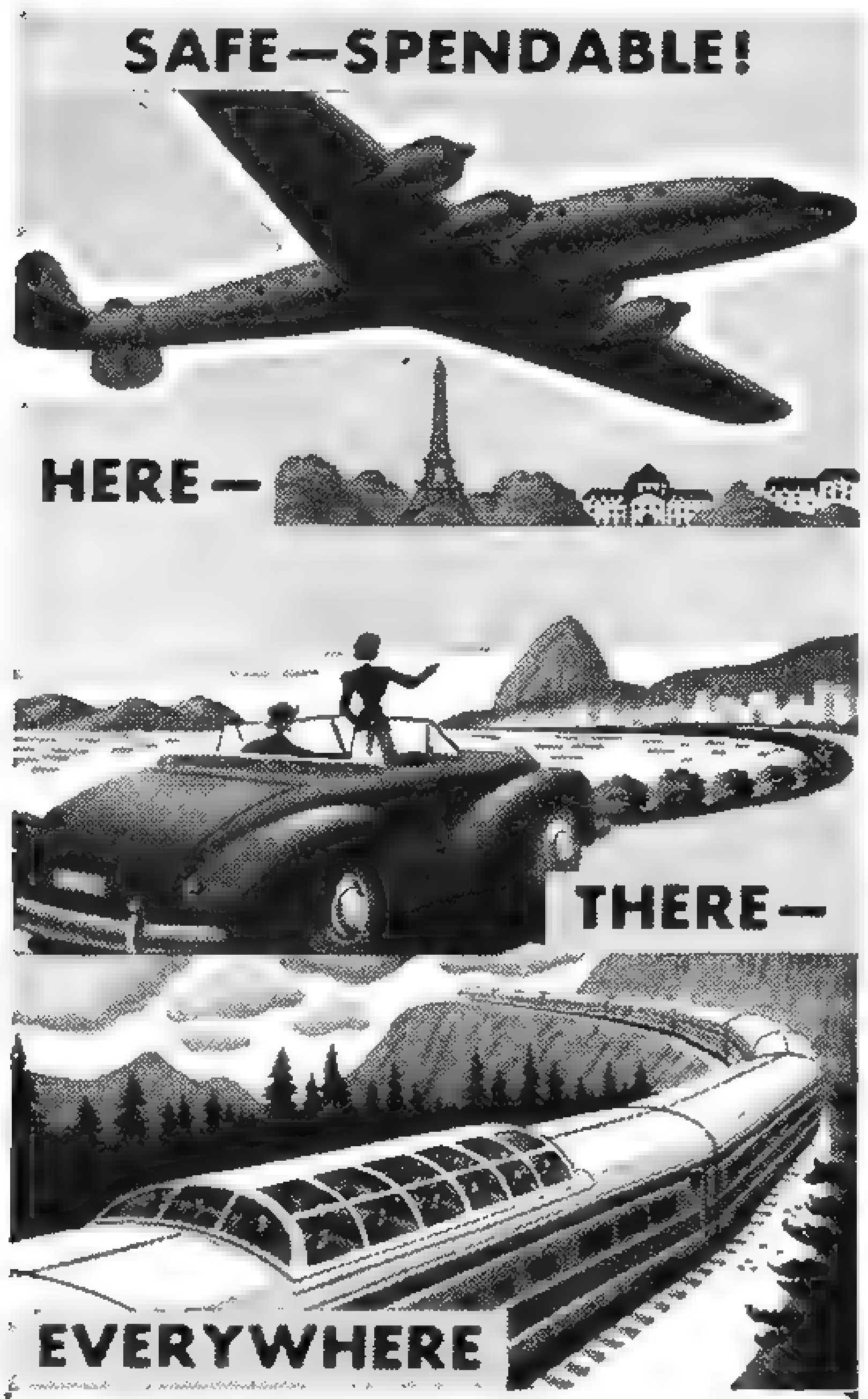
Jerks Socks®
WITH ELASTIC TOPS

Give Dad the socks he'd choose himself, for their famous good looks and trim fit. See the grand new Spring and Summer collection at his favorite men's shop or department store today . . . see how beautifully they "go with" everything he owns!

55c to $3.50

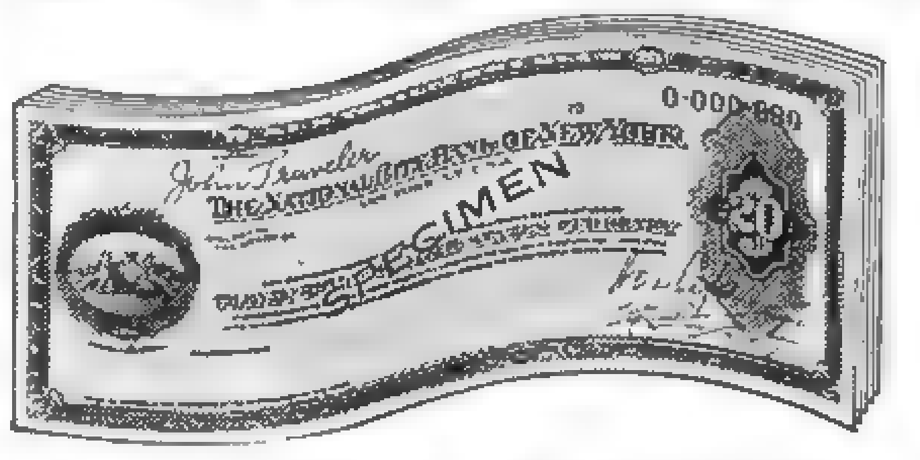
Jerks Socks, Inc. 128-130 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio

SAFE—SPENDABLE!

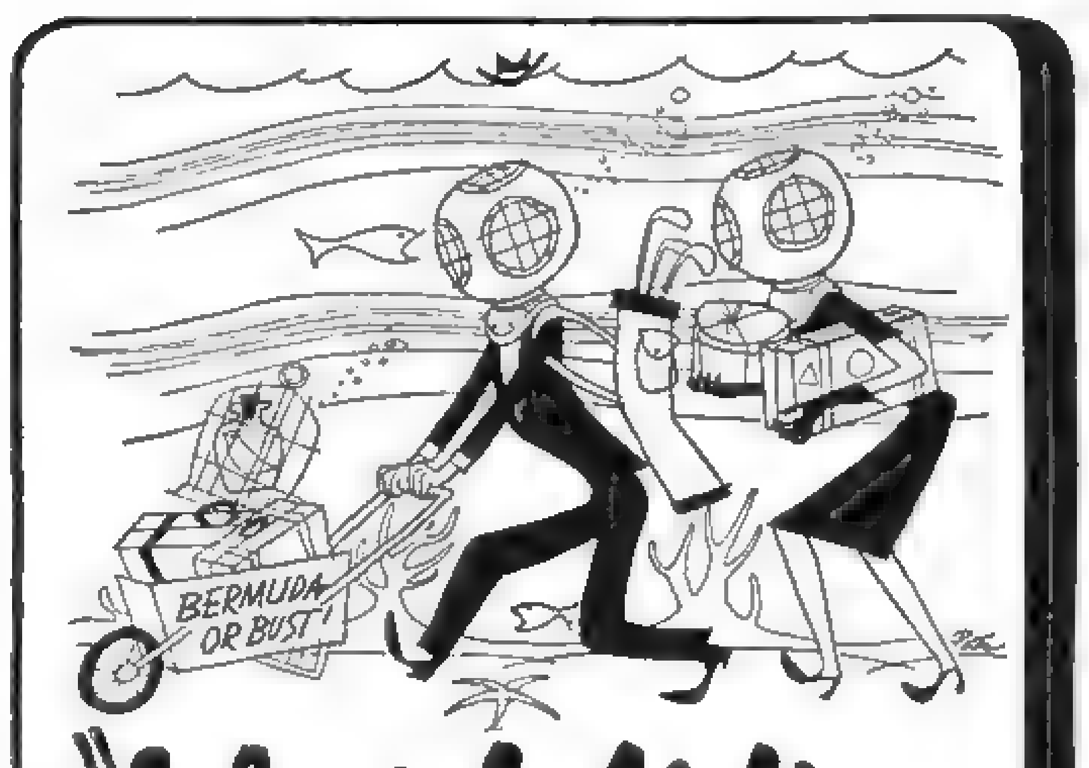

HERE—
THERE—
EVERYWHERE

So carry National City Bank Travelers Checks. Cost 75¢ per $100! Buy them at your bank.

NCB
TRAVELERS CHECKS



BACKED BY THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK
First in World Wide Banking
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation



"Colonial Airlines is an easier way"

It's 250 leagues under the sea to Bermuda from New York . . . but only a few short hours by luxurious Colonial Skycruiser! You'll arrive in this mid-Atlantic garden paradise fresh and eager for fun or relaxation . . . and if marine life interests you, Bermuda is a veritable aquarium!

For more Information SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET—Then consult your travel agent. (That's Free, too.)

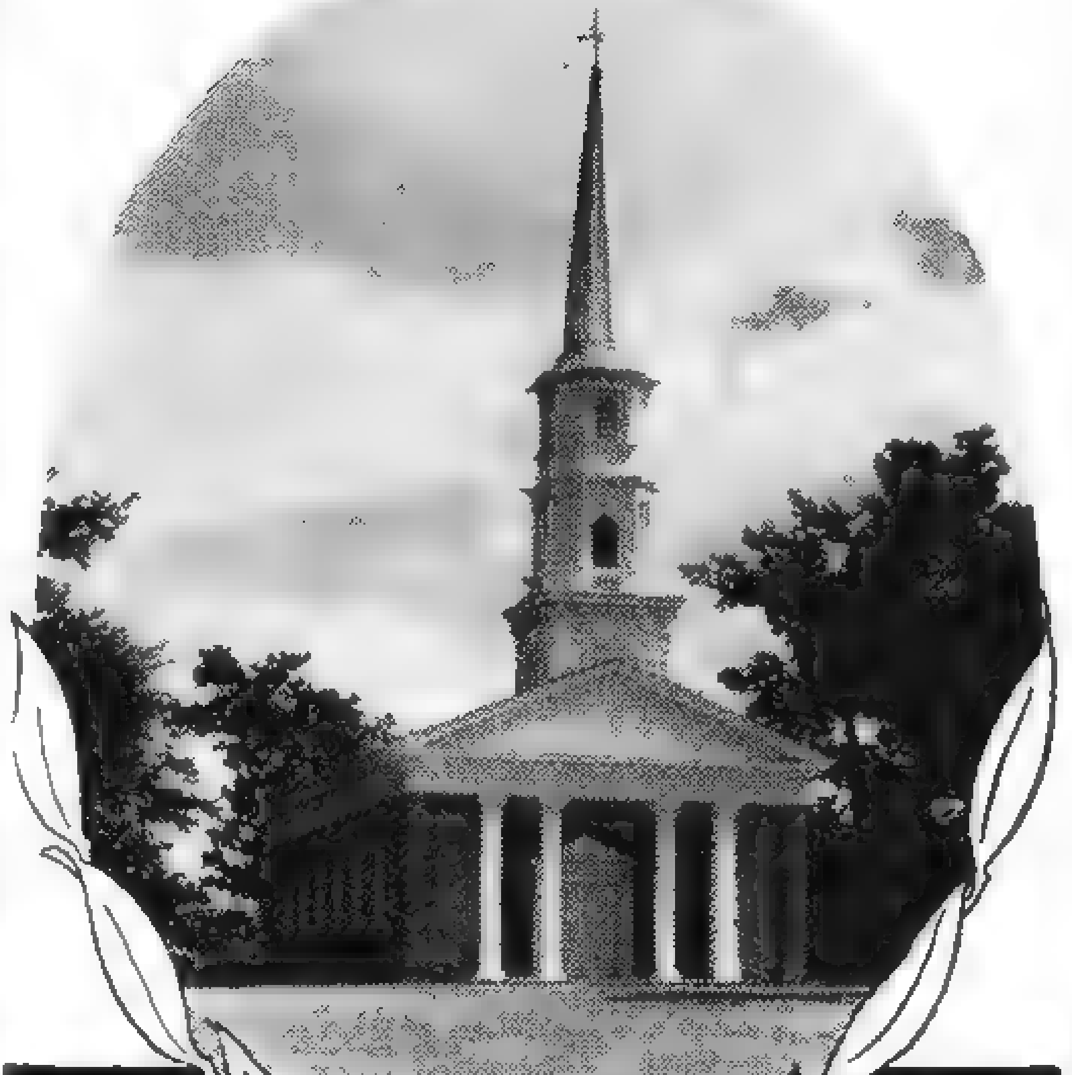
Skycruisers to Bermuda
COLONIAL AIRLINES

COLONIAL AIRLINES
Dept. 41
630 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 20

Please send me your FREE booklet "Skycruisers to Bermuda."

Name..
Address..
City.................... State....................

COLONIAL AIRLINES



Traditional Beauty

Lovely rings styled and hand-crafted in the sincere tradition of the nuptial vows. Sold by better jewelers everywhere.

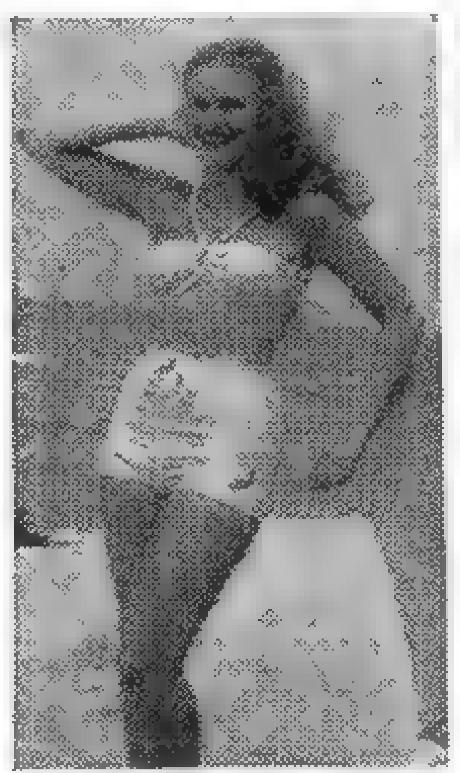
Engagement rings $50 to $5000
Wedding rings $10 to $1000
Write for free "Traditions" booklet

Genuine *Orange Blossom*
ENGAGEMENT & WEDDING RINGS
TRAUB MFG. CO., 1936 McGraw, Detroit 8

Always
the SMARTEST Show
the DANCIEST Music
the FINEST Food
In Town!

MONTE PROSER'S
COPACABANA
10 EAST 60th ST. • NEW YORK
Plaza 8-0949
DINNER $2.50

Travel Made Easy



With LEAHY'S 1949 HOTEL GUIDE *and* TRAVEL ATLAS

Business Bound? Vacation trip? Know where to stay, the best way to go—**before you leave!** Leahy's complete Hotel Guide and Travel Atlas lists over 21,000 Hotels and Motor courts in the United States, Canada and Mexico, gives number of rooms and rates. Includes large railway maps of each state, showing routes and mileage between towns. Has two-color, double-page Rand McNally highway maps of each state, Canada and Mexico. Gives latest airline and busline routes, including names of operating lines. Convenient page size—11¾x15¾ inches. A "must" for every office. A valuable addition to the home library!

74th Edition — Use coupon below to order
248 Pages — $5.00 *PREPAID*

American Hotel Register Co., Publishers
Leahy Bldg., Chicago 10, Illinois
Gentlemen:
Rush a copy of the 1949 edition of Leahy's Hotel Guide and Travel Atlas. Check enclosed for $5.00.

Name____________________
Address____________________

GOING PLACES

Getting Away From It All

PARIS:—It is as though a beautiful woman had gone through a long and wasting illness, emerging—by some miracle—even lovelier and more magnificent than ever. That's the happy story we have to tell this month, gentlemen. Paris is as Paris was back in '37 — for the visiting American, at least. No man can ask for more.

ONCE AGAIN sunshine on a Sunday on the Champs Elysees is ample reason for a presentation of one of the greatest shows on earth, the French people going about their business of enjoying life — a métier at which they are more expert, perhaps, than any other nation since the ancient Greeks. The people you'll see then are well-dressed, the kids are having a good time in the least barbarous manner of any children on earth, and young lovers proceed to make all the love they please in the sunshine without the necessity of ducking into the back row of a movie.

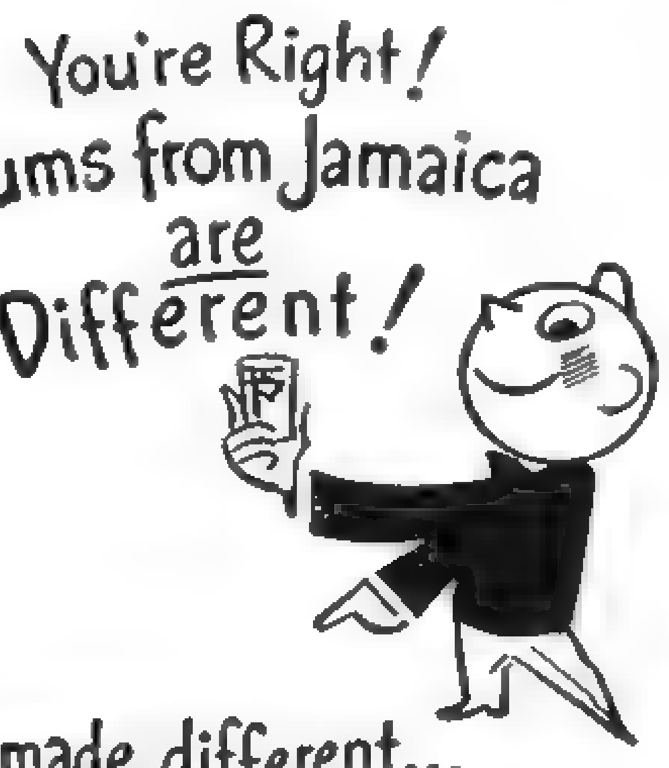
THINGS STARTED to be good shortly after the takeoff when our Air France hostess, as attractive an airborne dish as ever pressurized a cabin, smiled at us and said, "Of winds it would appear that we have only the most favorable. Our flight plan is for the non-stop to Paris. You would like, perhaps, a drink?"

THE DUBONNET WAS no more than well-downed when the steward presented us with a tray of salmon in aspic, roast veal, artichokes, potatoes, salad, cheese, fruit and ice cream, and a bottle of Mumm's dry champagne.

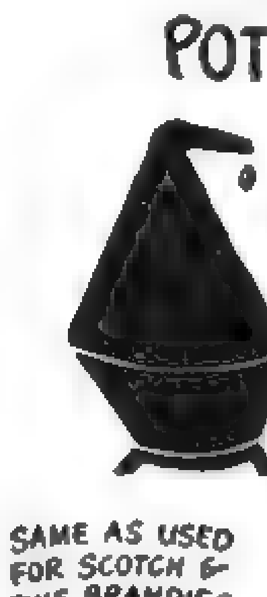
WE MUST have fallen asleep after that, because the first thing we knew, the tray had disappeared, the crumbs were gone from our chest, and the steward was asking if we wouldn't like an aperitif before dinner. Came then a cold buffet featuring pate de foie gras and a bottle of Bordeaux, white. After dinner we settled down to a good evening's reading. The husband in the story was just deciding whether his wife's nagging could be stopped only by pushing her off a cliff, when the hostess tapped our arm. We set our teeth in what we hoped would be a smile of invitation. "Your belt," she said. "It is that we are over Paris."

TURNING OUR thoughts to home again, we suddenly realize that the greens and fairways of the two golf courses at Equinox House, Manchester, Vt., must be rounding out into perfect condition just about now. We think of the wooded riding trails surrounding Equinox, and the white pillars of old New England buildings facing quiet, elm-lined streets, and the rounded shoulders of the Green Mountains throwing their shadows over cool Vermont lakes. These thoughts come to us—about three thousand miles away. Such are the ways of nostalgia.

If you wish further details or other information relating to travel, your inquiries will be welcome. Just send queries and stamped, self-addressed envelope to Travel Editor, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, 17, N. Y.


You're Right! Rums from Jamaica are Different!

They're made different... mostly by the ancient POT STILL process

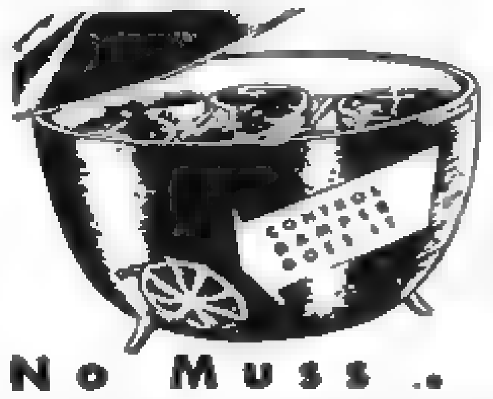


SAME AS USED FOR SCOTCH & FINE BRANDIES

So when your thoughts turn to Rum, be sure they turn to JAMAICA RUM

SINCE 1661, ALL BRANDS OF JAMAICA RUM HAVE BEEN MANUFACTURED UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION TO ASSURE HIGHEST STANDARDS OF QUALITY.

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD., KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.



MEN!
The ideal way to cook out doors, eliminating the misses . . . and the Mrs.!

No Muss . . . No Fuss
2,000-year-old broiling method sears, seals, saves delicious natural juices of all meats, fowl, game, fish, lobster by positive control of flame, heat, smoke. Makes every tenderfoot a chef. Complete with Cook 'N' Instructions, recipes, prepaid anywhere in U. S., $38.75. Write for free Cook 'N' Folder B-149.

At better stores catering to better cooking or order direct from —

COOK 'N' TOOLS
INCORPORATED
Box E949 Tulsa 1, Okla.

RUTH WALLIS

RHUMBA PARTY—Includes: "The Fishing Song", "Jose Is Living The Life Of Reilly", "Down In The Indies", etc.*
De L 23 3-10" records **$3.15**

SUNNY SKYLAR

NURSERY RHYMES—but not for children Includes: "She Don't Wanna", "Who Paid The Rent For Mrs. Rip Van Winkle", "The Tattooed Lady", etc.*
M A 14 3-10" records **$3.15**

*Plus 25c for packing. Shipped Express Collect.
Write for FREE Catalog of Party Records.

RABSONS 111 West 52nd Street
Dept.53, New York 19

WITH ESQUIRE

Painting the Town

IT IS WELL to remember that Manhattan has other restaurants besides such celebrated establishments as the Colony and the Stork and Pavillon and Passy and Voisin and all the others. It is well to remember that these are not the only fine eating places in the city and that there are any number of lesser-known restaurants which maintain pretty high standards too. Such a restaurant is Danny's Hide-a-Way. Located at 151 East 45th Street, this is one of the more persuasive landmarks along the block known as Restaurant Row. We feel quite strongly about it and think that you should investigate it without further delay. Danny's Hide-a-Way is a bustling sanctum which serves portions of irreproachable quality and stupendous quantity. We think you will find such items as the brandied lobster (with good, good brandy too!) absolutely magnificent, but our own favorite of the whole extensive menu is the baked potato—which is served complete with a sticker announcing: "You may eat my jacket. I have been rubbed, tubbed, and scrubbed." This sort of thing is usually a little too coy, a little too precious, for your reserved taste, but we're inclined to forgive it in this instance. For the important thing is that this potato is a minor masterpiece. As for the rest of the menu, that, as an entity, must be regarded as a major masterpiece. The food at the Hide-a-Way is, in short, awfully, awfully good. And so is the atmosphere too—which is not at all chi-chi. As for the prices, they are not at all cheap by prevailing standards. But in view of the quantity and quality of the servings, we think they're reasonable. This is a good restaurant, this Danny's Hide-a-Way, and Restaurant Row has reason to be proud of its presence.

ANOTHER PLACE that isn't so well-known as it deserves to be is the one called Arnold Jr., which is on Lexington Avenue near 57th Street. The cooking here is less fancy—if that is the proper word — than at the Hide-a-Way, but it is, after its own fashion, every bit as successful. One of the more engaging things about this restaurant is that it manages to whip up practically anything your taste dictates at even the most un-Godly hour of the morning. Thus, you can—at, say, 4 A.M. — get a broiled sirloin steak sandwich or Mexican tamales or Jersey pork chops or any number of other succulences. The prices are right too. The pork chops, for example, cost $2.00; the tamales, $1.30; the steak sandwich, $3.00. In case you haven't been in a New York restaurant lately, we assure you that these prices are extremely cheap. You should also know that Arnold Jr., which is open from noon until 5:00 A.M., maintains a highly proficient delivery service. When you order a piping hot dish, it arrives in your home piping hot. We consider that a real recommendation.

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs,
write "Esquire About Town," 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

"Your Castle By the Sea"

The TRAYMORE
ATLANTIC CITY

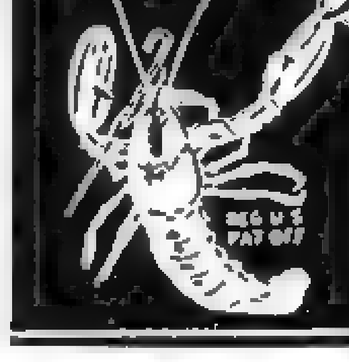
KENNETH W. BAKER
General Manager
LEONARD G. RUNDSTROM
Resident Manager

Telephone ATLANTIC CITY 4-3021

BY APPOINTMENT · GIN DISTILLERS TO
H. M. KING GEORGE VI · BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.

BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS
Imported from England
—the world's finest DRY GIN

Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • 86 Proof
PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York


Expressed Alive Daily
Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

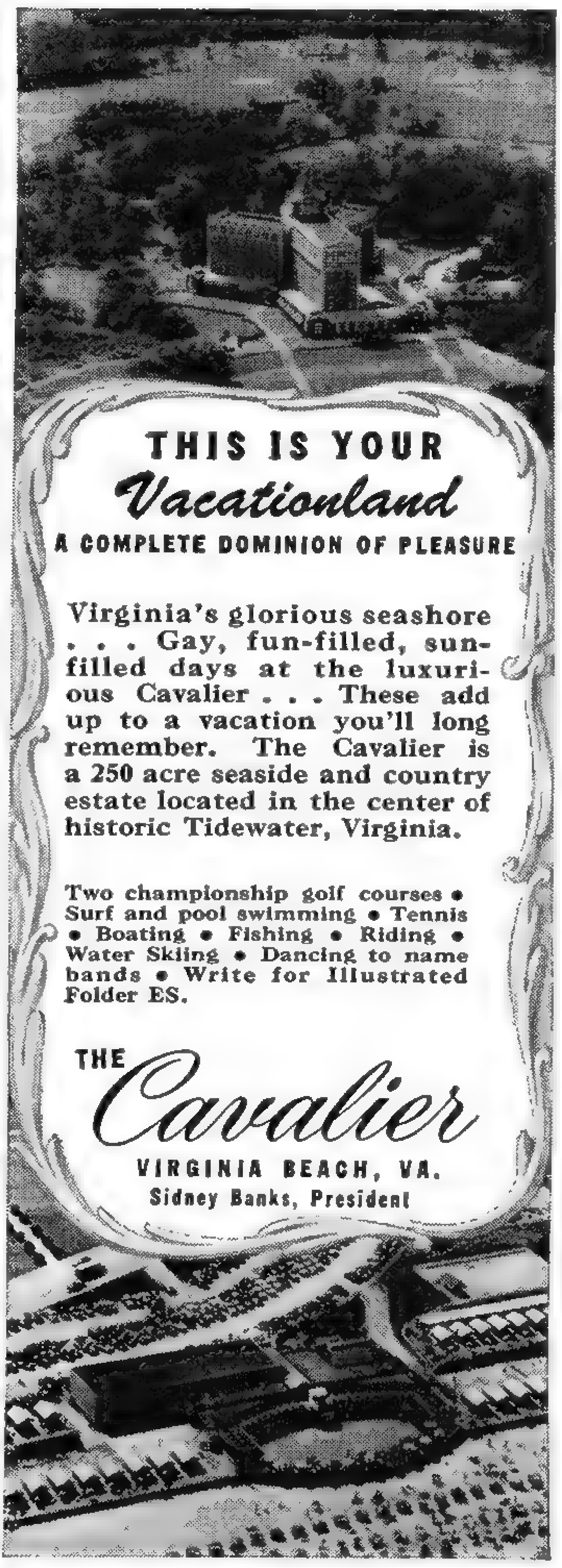
Into the Kitchen MEN
YOU'RE A BETTER COOK THAN YOUR WIFE

The cook book—by men, for men. Our wives, bless 'em, have shoved us out of the kitchen . . . handed us the line about the woman's touch in cooking . . . once too often!
Now . . . with FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAMOUS MEN by Roy Ald we can be on an equal (even superior) plane—in front of the kitchen range. The best eaters in the country, top entertainers of stage, screen and radio (see partial list below) contribute 100 recipes to FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAMOUS MEN. Every one a gem to astound wives and guests alike. Now, at last, a man can eat what he likes—if he makes it himself.
Roy Ald has prepared a man's book . . . a volume for sheer enjoyment . . . man-chosen dishes with complete, easy-to-follow recipes pepped up with some of the liveliest cartoons you've ever seen . . . A foreword by Eddie Cantor that you'll read aloud to everyone you meet. Only $2.50

Men! You can make these favorite dishes
Frank Sinatra.................... Lasagne
Cary Grant..................Oysters Rockefeller
Benny Goodman, Fluffy Omelet with Smoked Herring
Basil Rathbone.......................India Curry
Sherman Billingsley
Chicken Hamburger, Jacqueline
Jimmy Stewart.......................Shoo-Fly Pie
Gene Krupa ....Polish Golabki
Jean Pierre Aumont, Melon Soaked in Port Wine
Jan Peerce......................Shashlik, Caucasian
John Payne..............Lamb Stew with Port Wine
Bud Abbott ....Abbott's Spaghetti Sauce
Barry Sullivan..................Missouri Baked Ham
Ole Olsen.................Ole Olsen's Thumb Bits
Joseph Cotton...............Waffles and Chipped Beef
Dick Powell...........................Beef Stroganoff
Robert Ryan.............Gefulite Fish (Stuffed Fish)
Donald O'Connor....O'Connor's Hot Ham Sandwich
Fred Astaire.......................Maryland Chicken

100 delectable, delicious recipes in all in FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAMOUS MEN by Roy Ald.
Money back guarantee.
If you don't find this the perfect cook book for you . . . return it in 5 days and get your $2.50 back. We pay postage.

Ziff-Davis, Men's Cook Book Dept. E
185 No. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
Here's my $2.50 for a copy of FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAMOUS MEN. If I am not satisfied I'll return the book within five days.
Name...
Address..
City.......................Zone .... State ....


THIS IS YOUR Vacationland
A COMPLETE DOMINION OF PLEASURE

Virginia's glorious seashore . . . Gay, fun-filled, sun-filled days at the luxurious Cavalier . . . These add up to a vacation you'll long remember. The Cavalier is a 250 acre seaside and country estate located in the center of historic Tidewater, Virginia.

Two championship golf courses • Surf and pool swimming • Tennis • Boating • Fishing • Riding • Water Skiing • Dancing to name bands • Write for Illustrated Folder ES.

THE Cavalier
VIRGINIA BEACH, VA.
Sidney Banks, President

In Hollywood... It's The Kings
Hillside 8303
The Only Bona Fide Eastern Seafood and Steak House on the Pacific Coast. Sea Foods Flown in from all parts of the U.S.A. via the American Air Lines.
8153 SANTA MONICA BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD 46, CALIFORNIA

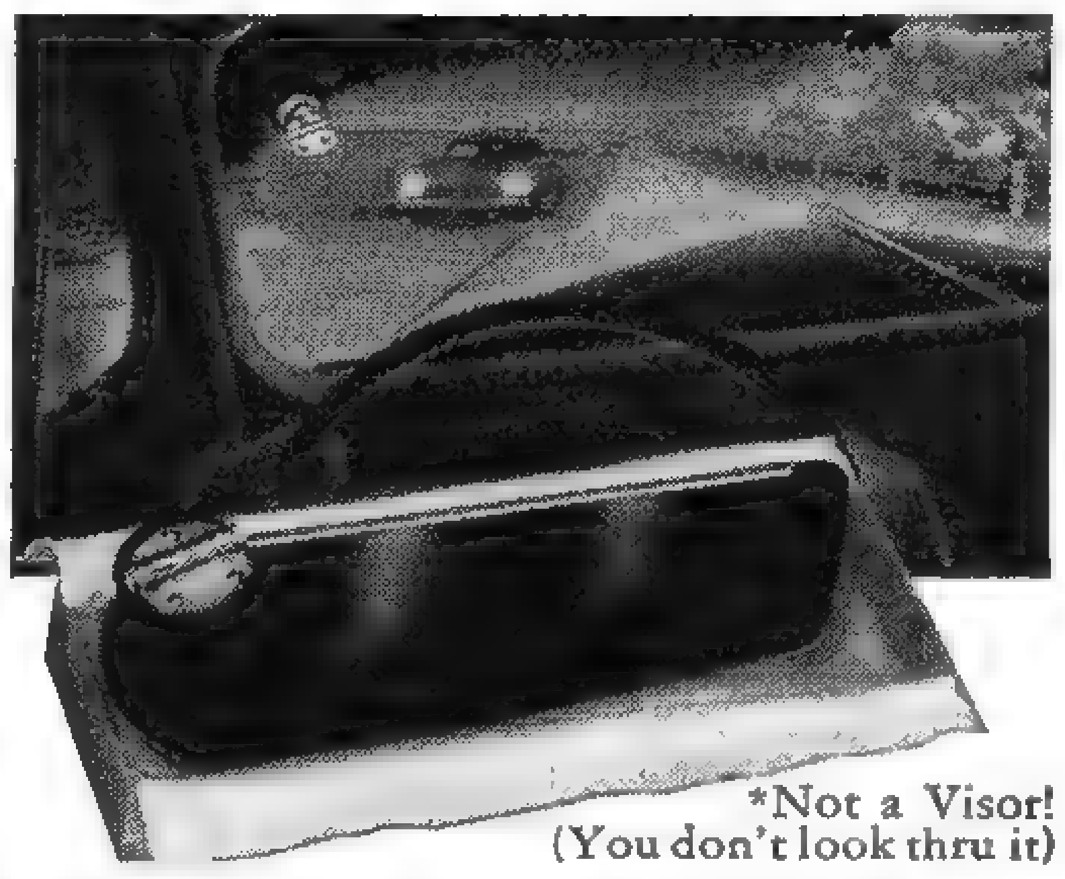
KNOW PLACES AND PRICES
Get the GIMLET
MAGAZINE OF RESORT-VACATION TRAVEL
For 21 years travel wise travelers guide.
"200 Fascinating Pages. Illustrated. Pocket-size." CANADA thru FLORIDA. West Indies. Includes N.Y.City, Wash., D.C., etc. Recommended hotels, restaurants, prices. Hiway Data, maps. Resorts, Cruises. NOW ONLY 50c at Doubleday's, Brentano's or order direct fromThe GIMLET, Dept.E1,551 Fifth Ave.,N.Y.C. Add 25c cover mail. charges. Year's Sub. (2 issues) $1 postpaid.

SIZE 3"x4½"x1"
Travel-Pak
Compact! — Complete! — Distinctive! Pocket-size, zippered kit includes nylon shaving brush, soap stick, Gillette razor, two blades, toothbrush, toothpaste, lotion, talc, comb and nail file. Price $12.50 tax incl. For badger brush instead of nylon, add $1.00. Money-back guaranteed.
If your dealer doesn't have it, send money order or check. No C.O.D.
DAVID GRIMES MFG. CO.
55 West 42nd Street • New York 18, N. Y.

AMAZING BUT TRUE
FLOAT-EES SWIM TRUNKS
WON'T TIP YOU UPSIDE DOWN*
(Inside out view)
When worn pontoons are INVISIBLE
THEY FLOAT YOU
*U.S. Gov't, Army, Navy,—Swimming Coaches, Champs proved this in Scientific Test.
FLOAT-EES: Smartly Styled Boxer Trunks, concealed pockets with plastic pontoons can be inflated in or out of the water. With these trunks beginners LEARN to SWIM RAPIDLY, swimmers can relax, have Fun and swim Distances with EASE.
Royal - Sky Blue - Tan - Maize - Maroon
Men's sizes . . 30 to 44 at $6.95 each
Boy's sizes . . 6 to 16 at $5.95 each

FLOAT-EES Company Dept. E
1745 B'way, N.Y. 19, N.Y. CO 5-3150
Check ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D. ☐
Size Color 2nd Choice
MAIL ORDER

"60% of Night Driving Accidents are Caused by Blinding Headlights"—Nat'l Safety Council



At Last! Positive Glare Protection
To Make Night Driving SAFER and More Comfortable
The New SAF-T-AID* Glare Filter
STOPS HEADLIGHT GLARE!
- Dims lights of approaching car
- Prevents temporary blindness
- Reduces eye strain and fatigue
- Makes road visible at all times

This amazing new safety aid for motorists offers so far the only practical means of combating menace of headlight glare. Simple to use and to install -- fits any car -- no tools needed. Endorsed by leading safety and traffic officials. Money back guarantee. Only $2, postpaid. Also Saf-T-Aid, Jr. for rear view mirror--$1.25 postpaid and by return mail. For extra speed add 25c Spec. Del., or 30c Air Mail.

*Not a Visor! (You don't look thru it)

THE EDRO CORPORATION
Dept. 13 New Britain, Conn.

PIPE stuff for PA

You'll be giving the guy an unbreakable break with any of these smart smoker's accessories!

Cartoon Ashtray—Steig's subtle ironies immortalized in high-fired enamel on copper Black on chartreuse, turquoise or red. 5"... $3.50 ea • 6"..$2.00 ea

Unique Pipe Rest—efficiently holds pipe between puffs, or after smoking 'til cool enough to stow .keeps hot ashes off rugs and tables! Solid brass wrapped with genuine leather... $3.00 ea

Handsome Ashtray—of highly burnished solid brass—strictly masculine and individually his! ...$3.75 ea.

Mail orders filled. Enclose check or money order. Free Catalog on request. Retail outlets invited.

bernäd creations 39 Main Street • Yonkers-on-the-Hudson, New York

HOME FOOD SLICER for Appetizing Sandwiches

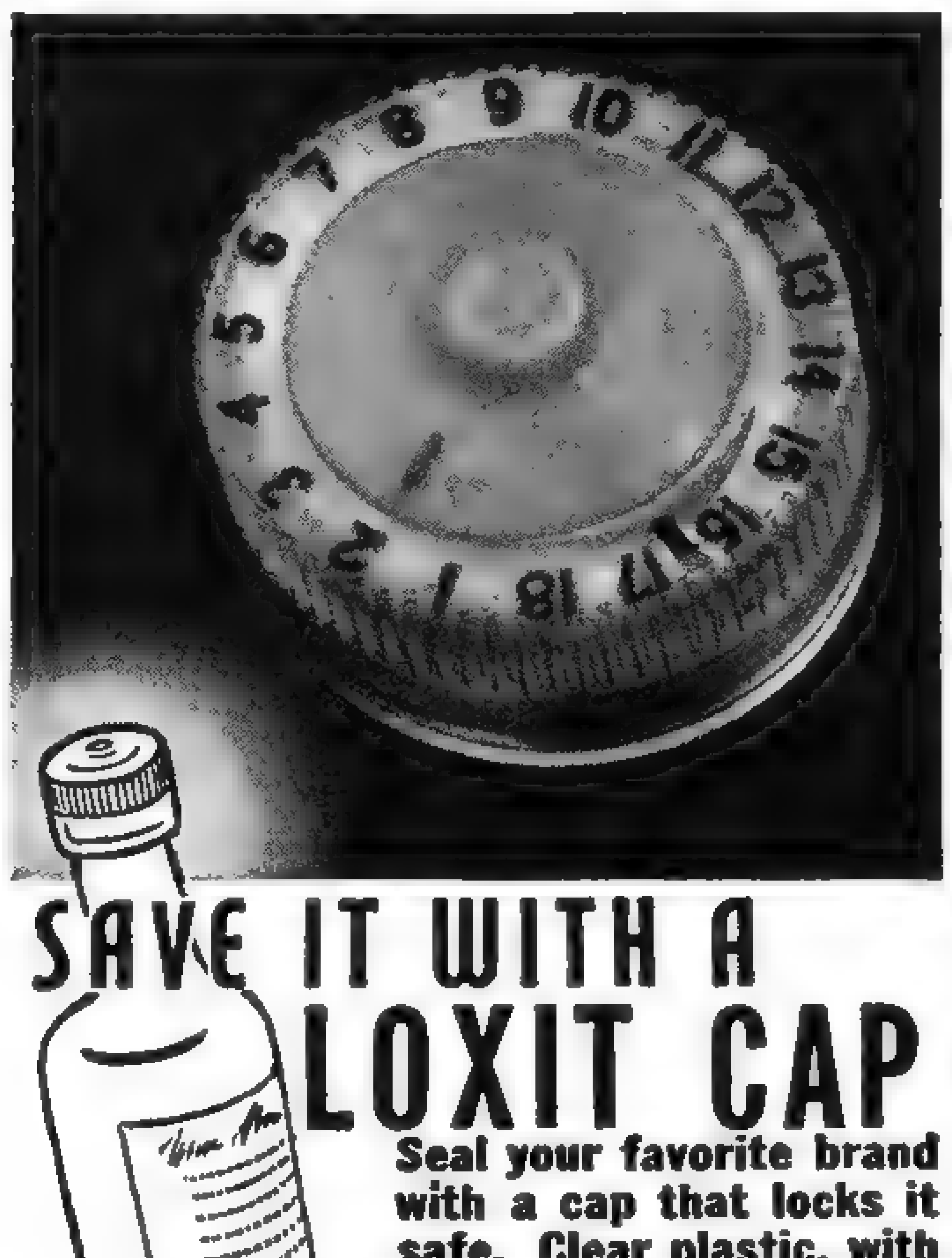
Replacement or refund of money
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
if not as advertised therein

...A glistening all-chrome kitchen rotary slicer to make sandwiches more appealing...tastier

Ideal for many other home slicing needs. Buy food in bulk...save money...slice FRESH from loaf. Slices wafer thin to ¾ inch thick. Simple to assemble and use. At leading stores, or send check to:

CHROME DELUXE $19.95 ($20.95 West of Miss.
SAME MACHINE WHITE ENAMEL $12.95 ($13.95 West of Miss)

General Slicing Machine Co. Inc., Div. 101, Walden, New York



SAVE IT WITH A LOXIT CAP

Seal your favorite brand with a cap that locks it safe. Clear plastic, with a combination that's as personal as your wallet, it fits all screw top beverage bottles. The Loxit Cap makes a novel, personal gift to that friend with the home bar. Clip and mail the coupon printed below, together with $1.00, to Loxit Cap Corporation, 36 Fifth Street, N. W., Atlanta, Georgia.

EACH $1.

23,000 Combinations

MAIL ME TODAY!!

LOXIT CAP CORPORATION,
36-5th ST., N.W., ATLANTA, GA.

Enclosed find $____for____Loxit Caps
Name________
Street & No.________
City______Zone____State____

An Excellent Gift *for* Father's Day

Your Family COAT of ARMS
University or Fraternity Seals

Hand carved in gold or Stone Seal Rings
Cuff Link, tie clasp, Jewelry and silver.
Let our genealogical department assist you to locate or create your crest.

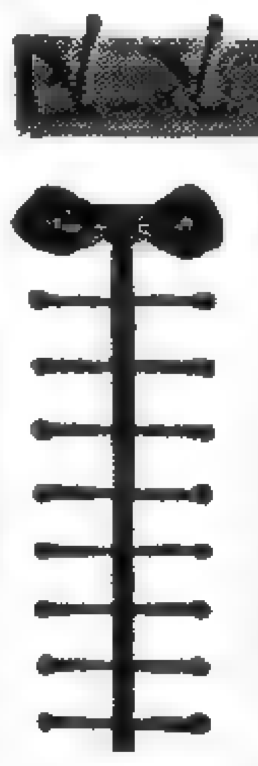
Write for Further Information

Fine Watch Repairing
Clive Service Guaranteed

You can depend on Clive for Quality

CLIVE JEWELERS 323 MADISON AVE. Near 43rd Street
MAIL ORDERS FILLED—Murray Hill 2-0383

ORION
BELT AND TIE RACKS



A belt and utility rack...light weight plastic, 6 pegs—holds belts, robes, pajamas, bow ties and suspenders...79c each or set of three $2.95 P. P.

Orion tie rack...holds 32 ties... knobs keep ties in place...light weight mahogany plastic... will last forever...$1 each or set of three $2.35 P. P.

At stores everywhere, or order by mail

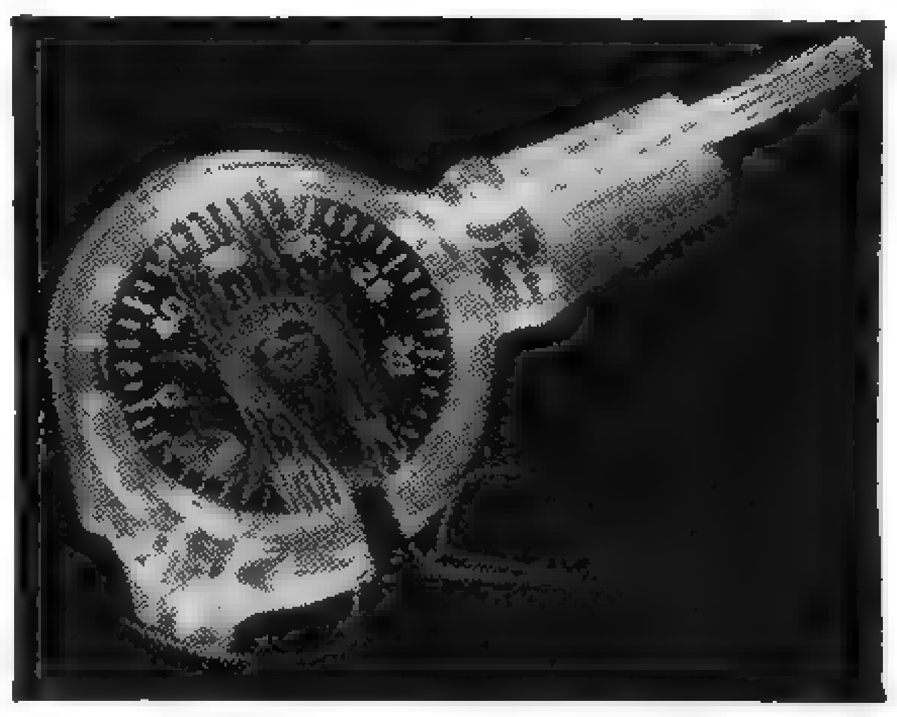
ORION SPECIALTIES
119 Green Street, Newark 5, New Jersey

Put a *Thrill* in your view ...Wherever you go!

With a Commander Telescope at your automobile window miles become inches, specks become people, wild life goes fascinatingly about its business. At home, put a Commander in your view window. Fits any standard panhead camera tripod. Commander Twentypower, 2½ times as powerful as finest binoculars, costs but $35; car window mount $8.50. Made by the West's largest manufacturer of observatory telescopes. *Send for free booklet.*

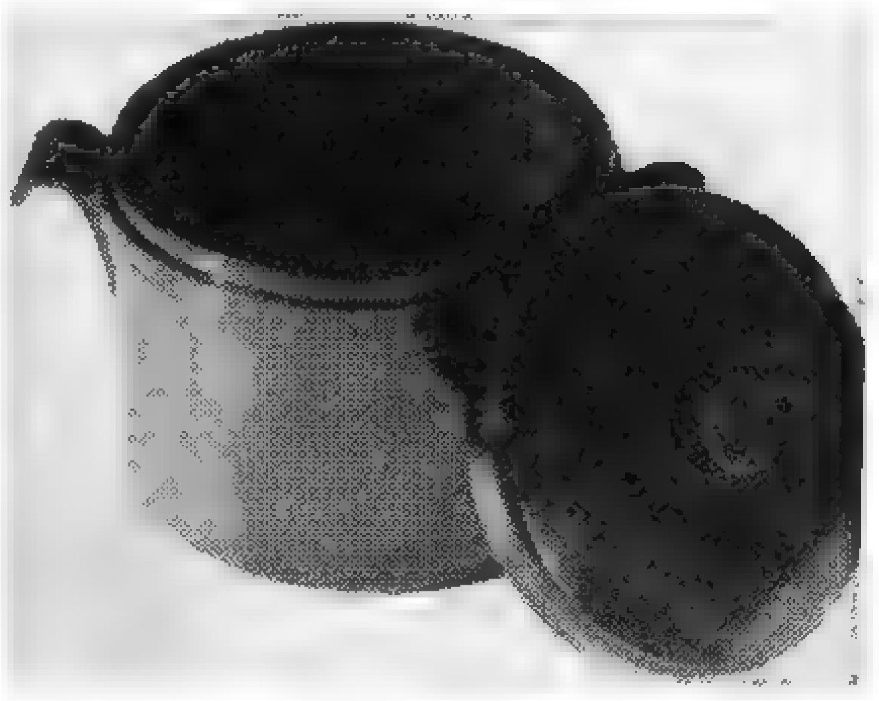
TINSLEY Laboratories, 152 Tinsley Bldg., Berkeley, Calif.

TALKING SHOP



WITHOUT SPILLING it pours just the amount you want, and the meter keeps continuous inventory. It replaces the cork in the open bottles of your liquor supply; the seals prevent any tampering with the pourer. Unbreakable plastic, the measuring pourer comes either with or without the meter.

PRESS THE BUTTON. An unpretentious-looking aluminum metal coaster has a built-in ash tray that springs open for service when you press a tiny button. Complete with highball glass, this double-duty coaster is a great convenience especially for someone who works at an overcrowded desk or table.

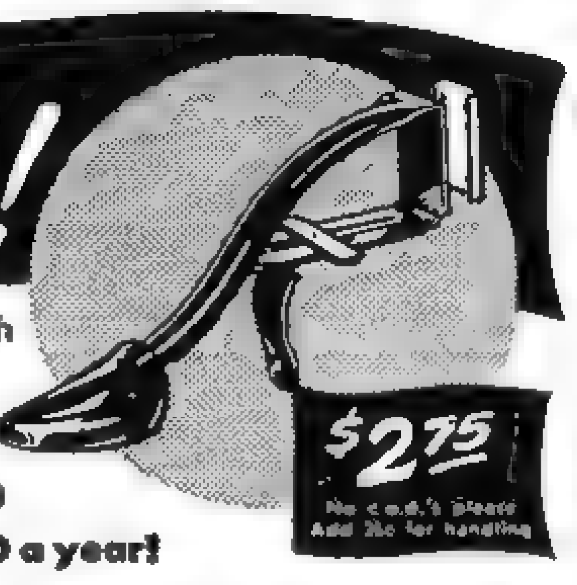


MUCH LESS in price than a vacuum-lined ice bucket, this double-walled plastic ice bowl is remarkably effective. Insulation is due to the Polystyrene plastic and to the air space between the double walls. Lightweight and hard to break; in colors, metallic tints and especially good in mahogany brown.

NOT ON YOUR LAP. To balance coffee and refreshments on your lap or hold a drink and ash tray all evening is a nuisance. A small table, 13"x16", contributes to greater comfort. When not in use these four individual tables fold up, hang on a rack and fit into any small corner. Hardwood, in walnut or natural finish.

For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address

Save $50!



- Shine shoes **at home** with SHINE BOY... professional shines every time! Thousands of satisfied owners report **savings up to $50 a year!**

$2.75 No c.o.d.'s please Add 15c for handling

- SHINE BOY fits men's, women's and children's shoes.
- Sturdy steel construction holds shoes firmly for easy cleaning and polishing.
- Removes from bracket when not in use.

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED Dealer's Inquiries welcome

B./E. COMPANY
5829 Ocean View Drive, Oakland 18, California DEPT. E6

JODHPURS FOR SMART MEN

Our most popular import from Expert Bootmakers in Mexico. Made of—finest leather; Superably finished. Designed for smartness and comfort. Styled in Cordovan Brown Send size for immediate shipment.

$17.50 Postpaid

Rafael R. Garcia Importer and Exporter
Church St. P. O. Drawer 428 Eagle Pass, Texas

REFLECTED NAME DESIGN TIE

Any name hand-painted in two shades on all silk.

Tie Colors:
Brown
Green
Powder Blue
Royal Blue
Navy Blue
Copper
Maroon
Gold
Gray
Red

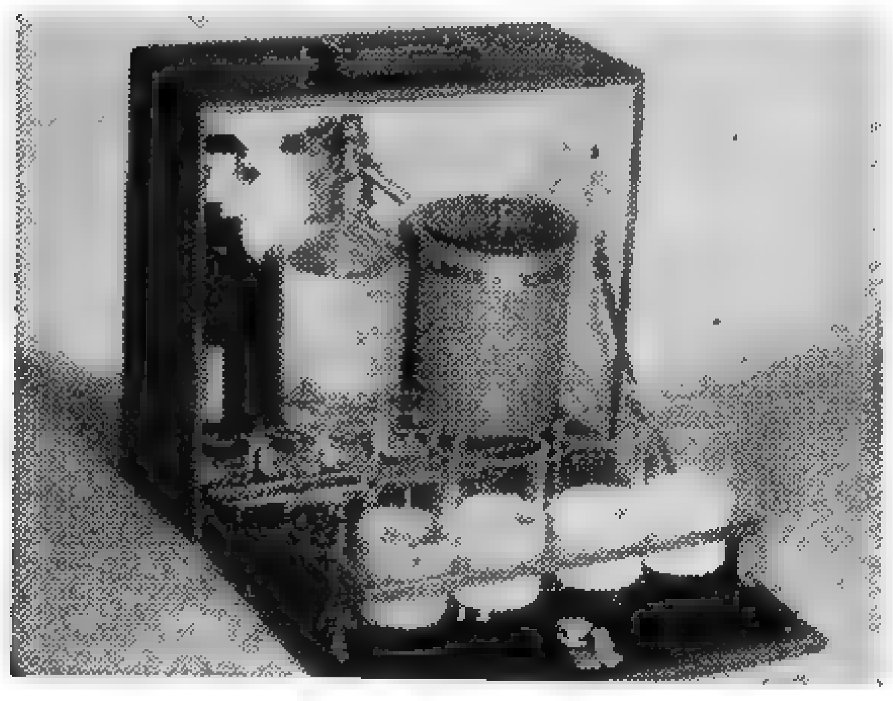
$7.50 *(Prepaid)*
(No C.O.D's, please)

CALIFORNIA ARTS & CRAFTS
10230 PESCADERO AVENUE
SOUTH GATE, CALIFORNIA

WITH ESQUIRE

NO ORDINARY BASKET this one is insulated and waterproof with a Fiberglas interlining and top electronically sealed in Vinylite plastic. It has plenty of room for bottled drinks, food, ice cubes, sandwiches or a hot casserole. Excellent for storing ice cubes for a party, for picnics or for camping equipment.

PAPER PLATES are no longer limited to serving sandwiches, cake and other such cold foods. When plastic surfaced, they are equally useful for roast meats, or hot foods of any kind. Very low in cost, plastic knives, forks and spoons are additional work-savers at country cottages and in the heat of summer.



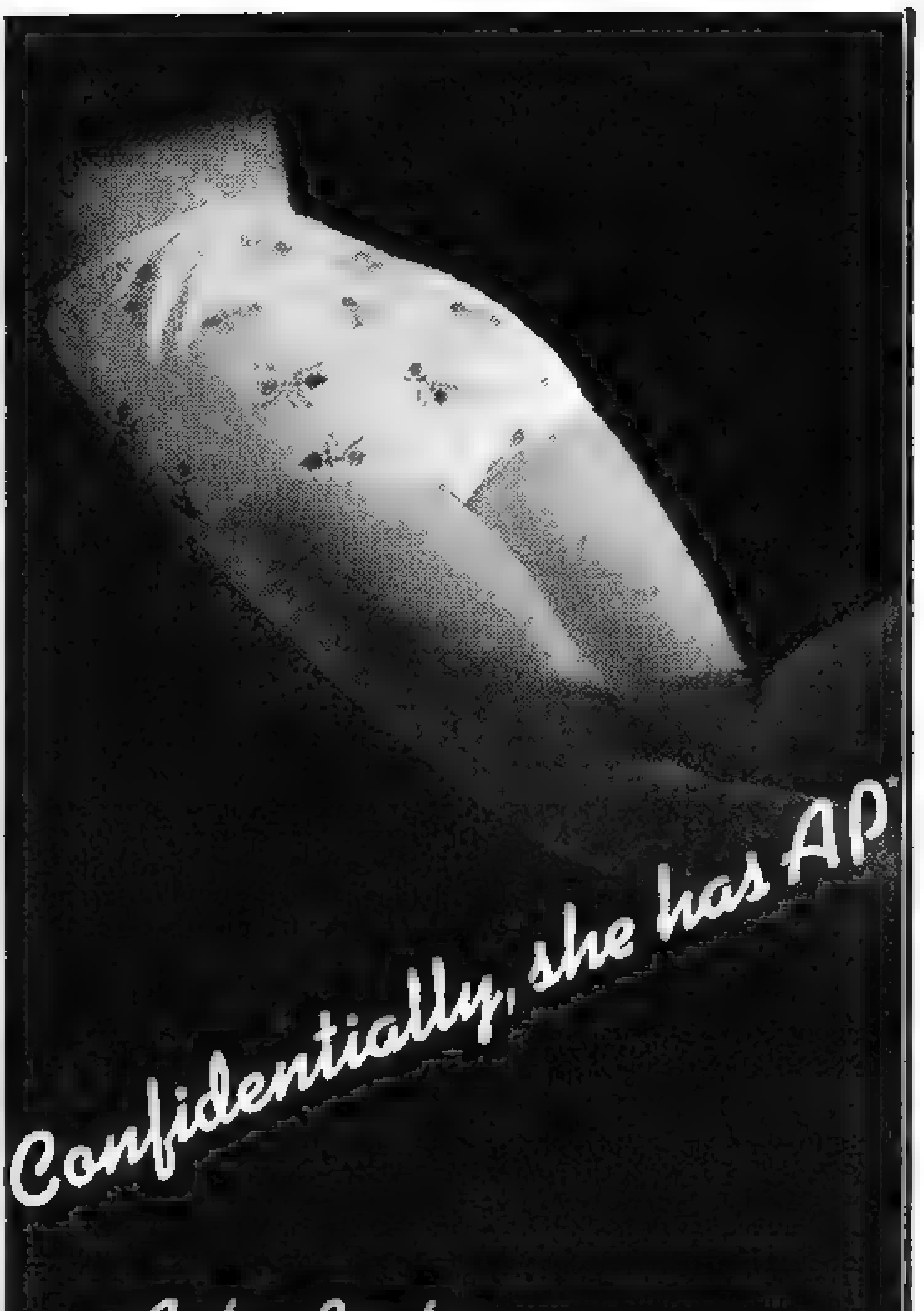
TO TAKE ALONG on trips or summer outings a small portable bar complete with insulated, cork ice bucket, 4 whiskey glasses, 4 highball glasses, coasters, room for two quarts (one of soda, if you like) and an opener that serves also as a recapper. Waterproof, washable leatherette and insured with lock and key.

UNBREAKABLE. Shatter-proof tumblers with still another special characteristic to recommend them: Drinks remain cold much longer than in glass or metal tumblers and yet the outside remains close to room temperature. In the same way, a hot drink is never to hot to hold. In solid or mixed jewel-toned colors.

---

to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y. — Ranger

---



*Antsy Pants** have switched the itch to the gals — big Arizona red ants cavorting on white, blue, pink or yellow rayon knit briefs, waist sizes 22 to 30, 1.50

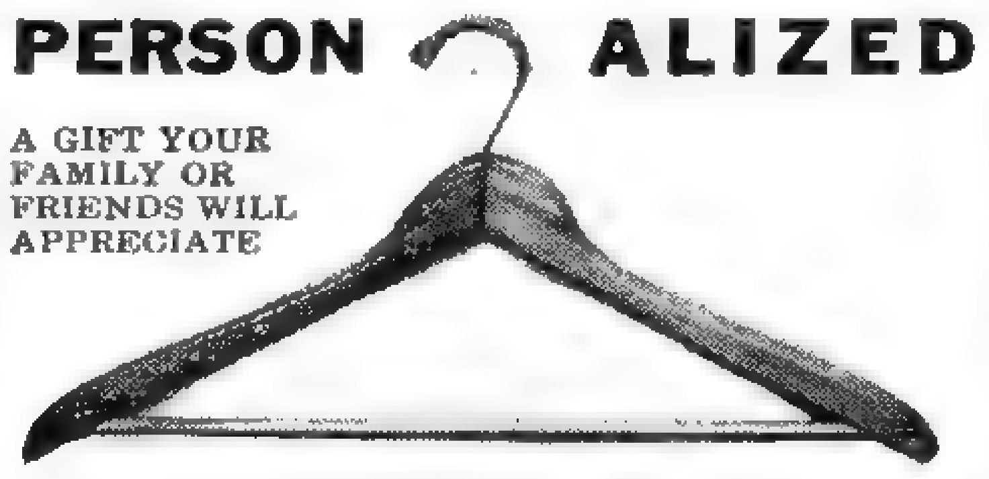
Goldwaters

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

*T.M. Reg.

PERSON ALIZED

A GIFT YOUR FAMILY OR FRIENDS WILL APPRECIATE



Your name printed on hardwood shoulder shape hanger—finished with multi coats of high gloss clear lacquer (Varnish). Set of 20—19" (for suit size 40" and up), $12.00; or set of 10—$7.00. Set of 10 medium men's, boys and ladies—$5.50. Postpaid.

Send check or money order. No C.O.D.

PACIFIC COAT HANGER MFG. CO.
6710 Avalon Blvd. Los Angeles 3, Cal. or Portland, Pa.
Mfrs. of all types wooden hangers

KEEP 'EM LAFFING!

Be Witty!

We put out a series of original gag sheets written by a top gag man. Perfect for speakers, salesmen, etc. and those who like to be the life of the party. Send only $1.00 for over 500 hilarious, up-to-date wisecracks.

LAUGHS UNLIMITED
276 W. 43 St., New York City

Custom-styled
White cotton broadcloth shirts
ONLY 3.95
Button Spread
Regular
Spread
3 letter monogram $1

Fine, white cotton broadcloth, sanforized to resist shrinkage. French cuffs, pearl buttons, stays in the collars except for the button-down style.

ORDER BY MAIL—send for our catalog

John Blye

565 5th Ave., N. Y. 17
Dept. ES 69

Enclosed find check ☐
or money order ☐
for______shirts.

Sizes:

14	14½	15
15½	16	16½
17	17½	

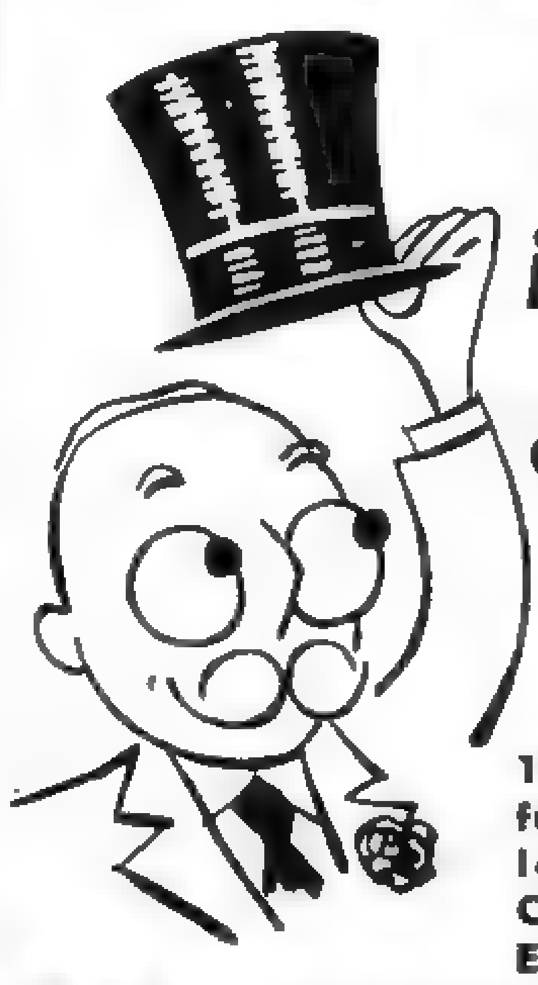
Monogram ☐

Collar Style:
Regular Collar
Button Spread
Spread Collar

Sleeve	32	33	34	35	36

Name______
Address______
City______Zone___State______

Add 2% Sales tax in New York City



Tops

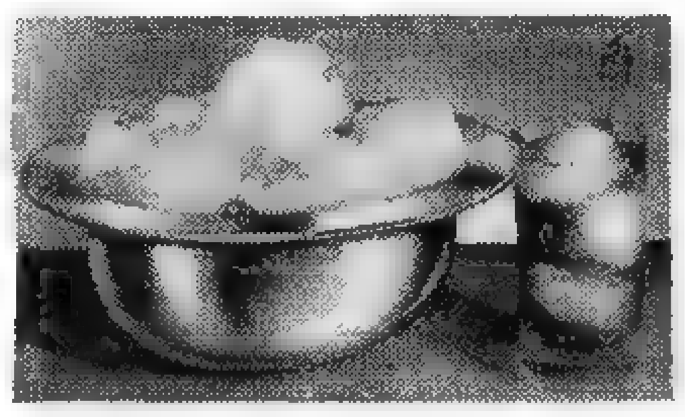
in the field

Esquire CALENDARS with your business imprint

1950 line is now ready. For full details, write, on your letterhead, to ESQUIRE CALENDAR DIVISION, Esquire Bldg., Chicago 1, Ill.

---

guests go wild about DERBY



New, practical, multi-purpose DERBY Ice Dispenser fits perfectly into refreshment service. Guests get enthusiastic about clever, authentic design. Perfect for ice cubes, potato chips, pretzels, etc. Distinctive butter server or flower pot. Rim serves as handle. Highly polished aluminum, easy to clean. Strong, 10½" x 9". Weighs 11 oz. Remit with order, return if not enthusiastic.

No C. O. D. $3.75

DERBY ICE BUCKET CO. 545 N. Cicero Ave. CHICAGO 44

CHARCOAL STEAKS

without the charcoal fire!

A fellow we know figured a way of seasoning meats to make 'em taste like charcoal broiled, but without the bother of the charcoal gadgets. Now, you too can prepare your meats in the ORDINARY way seasoned with CHARCOSALT and amaze your guests with the pungent, aromatic "charcoal broiled" flavor. Send $1.00 and we'll send postpaid enough for over 100 servings. • NATIONAL MARKETING CO., Box 3612-E, Portland 8, Oregon.

Save on CIGARETTES

$1.58 Carton of 10 packs

Chesterfield, Lucky Strike, Old Gold, Camel, Phillip Morris, Tareyton, Raleigh, Kools, etc. **All postage and insurance PAID** to any point in the U. S. on 5 cartons or more. Send remittance with order. Write for complete list.

JOE SMITH SALES COMPANY
P. O. Box 1066 Department E-6 Joplin, Mo.

Esquire Supplements Available

These famous Esquire supplements, The Esquire Guide For The Bridegroom, The Esquire Liquor Intelligencer, and Esquire's Guide To Good Hunting, are now available. 50c each. Write Esquire Reader's Service, Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Illinois.

You'll Use Your Small Boat

MORE OFTEN MORE EASILY MORE HAPPILY with a TEE-NEE BOAT TRAILER

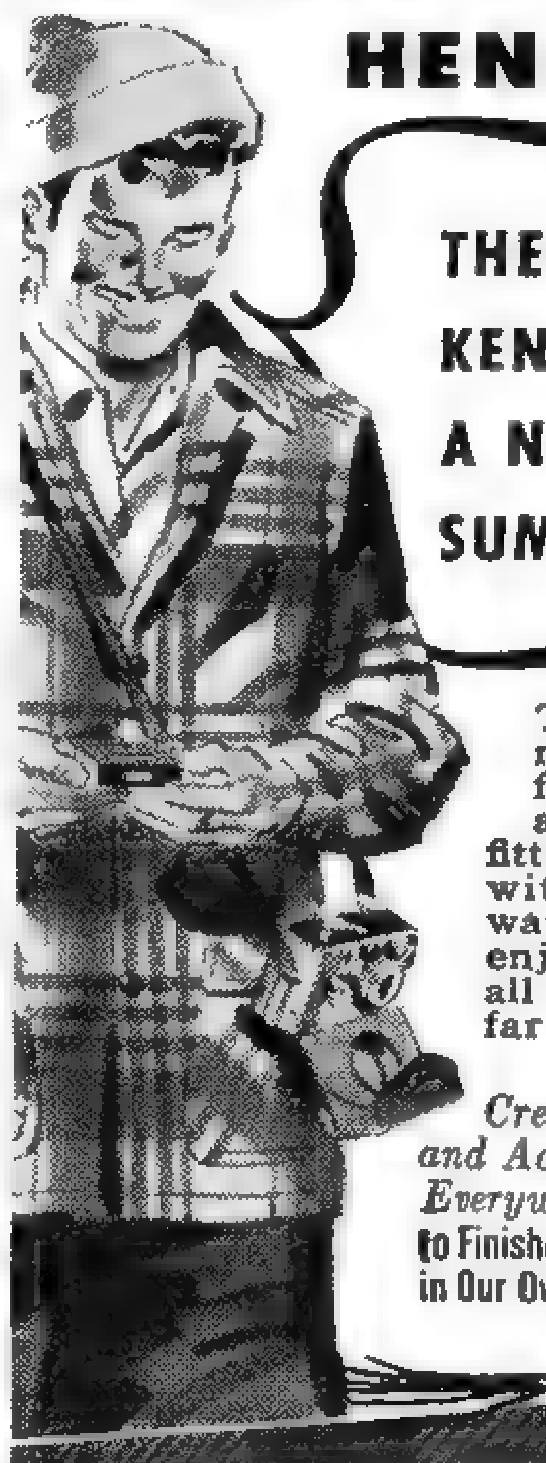
No work to load your boat on a Tee-Nee Trailer . . . or to transport, raise up and down embankments, launch. Has powerful geared winch, built-on track rollers. Supports and protects keel, trails perfectly.

At your dealer's or write for literature

Patented

TEE-NEE TRAILER CO.
221 E. INDIANOLA AVE.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

HENRI SAYS:



THEES CHIPPEWA KENT EES LIKE A NORTHWOODS SUMMER!

The summer plaids of the new Kent are like a breeze from the Northwoods. It's a handsome, manly, easy-fitting outdoor coat. Unlined with a 100% light wool warmth. It's a coat you'll enjoy cool days and nights all through the summer and far into fall.

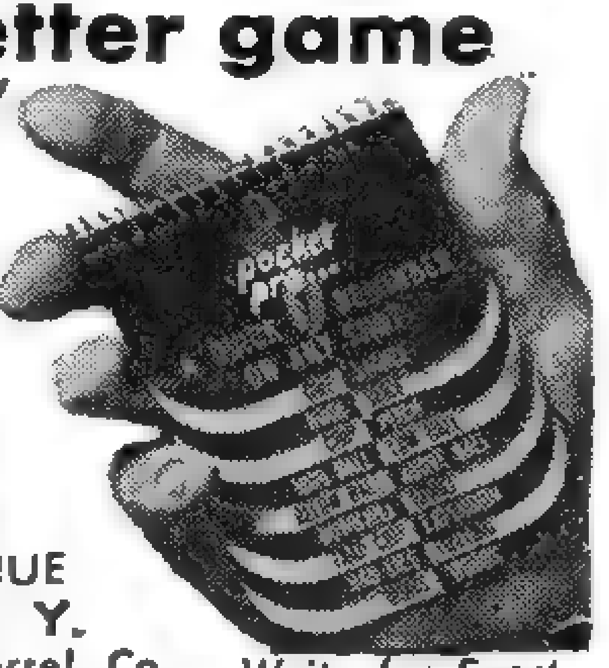
Created in the Great Northwoods and Accepted by Outdoorsmen Everywhere. From Raw Wool to Finished Garments in Our Own Mill.

CHIPPEWA WOOLENS
SHIRTS • JACS • PARKAS • PANTS
CHIPPEWA FALLS WOOLEN MILL CO.
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

POCKET PRO

Golfer's handy guide to a better game

for Fathers Day!



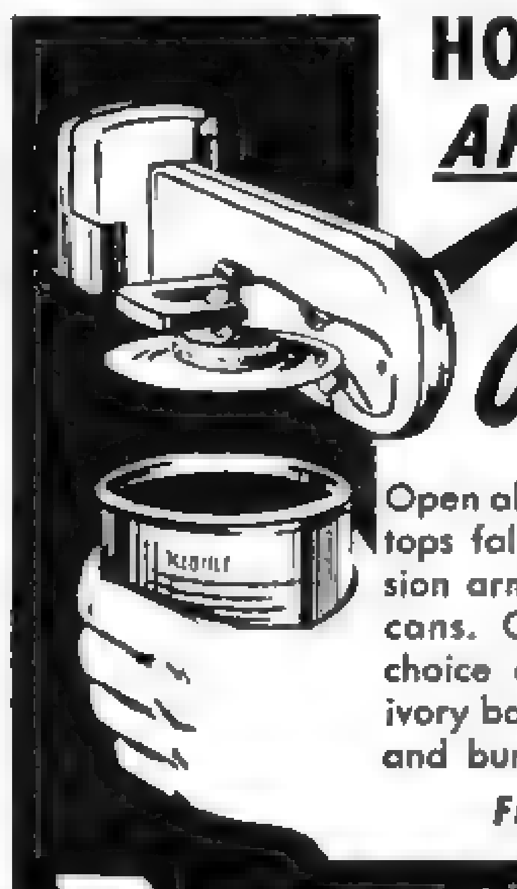
Instant, correct advice on the professional way to play!

SEND $1.00 TO SPORTS CENTER
561 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dealers contact Norsel Co.
2 E. 46th St., N. Y. C.

Write for Sport Center Catalogue

HOLDS CAN TOPS *AFTER* OPENING!



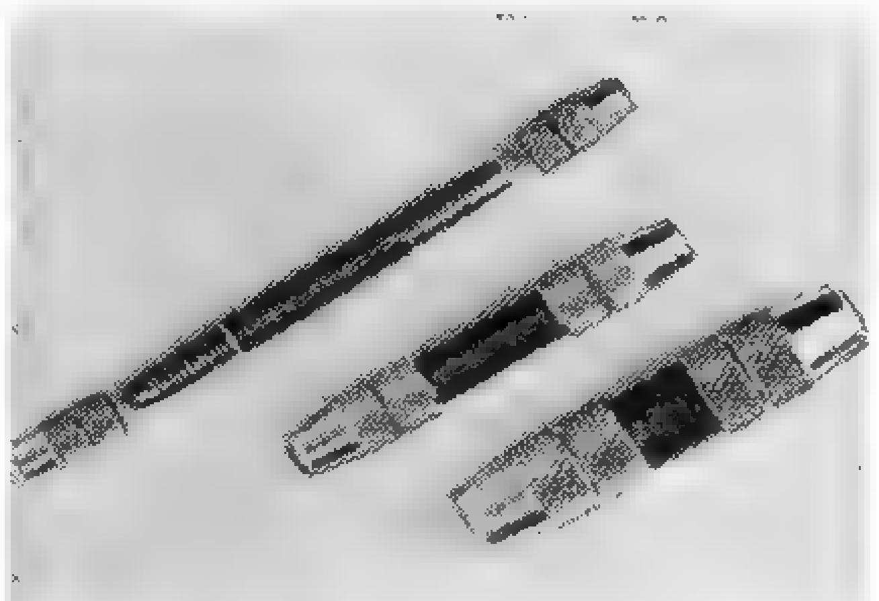
CAN-O-MAT with *MAGNET*

Open all cans quickly without having the tops fall in. Can-O-Mat magnet extension arm firmly holds lids from opened cans. Gleaming chrome finish with choice of snow white, red, green, or ivory baked enamel with matching knob and bumper. **$5.98** postpaid.

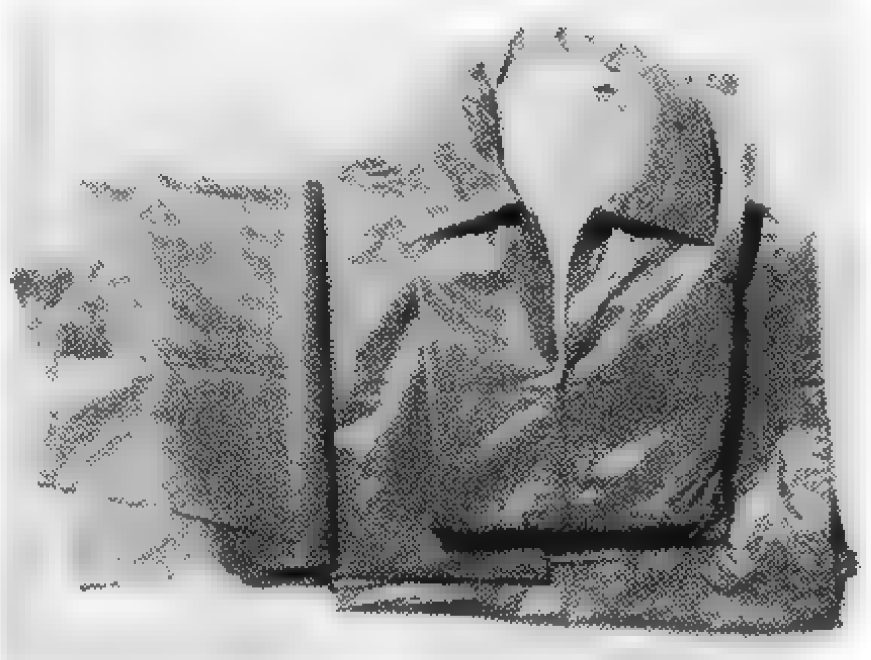
Free Catalog on Request

Dorset 400 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago 11, Illinois

TALKING SHOP

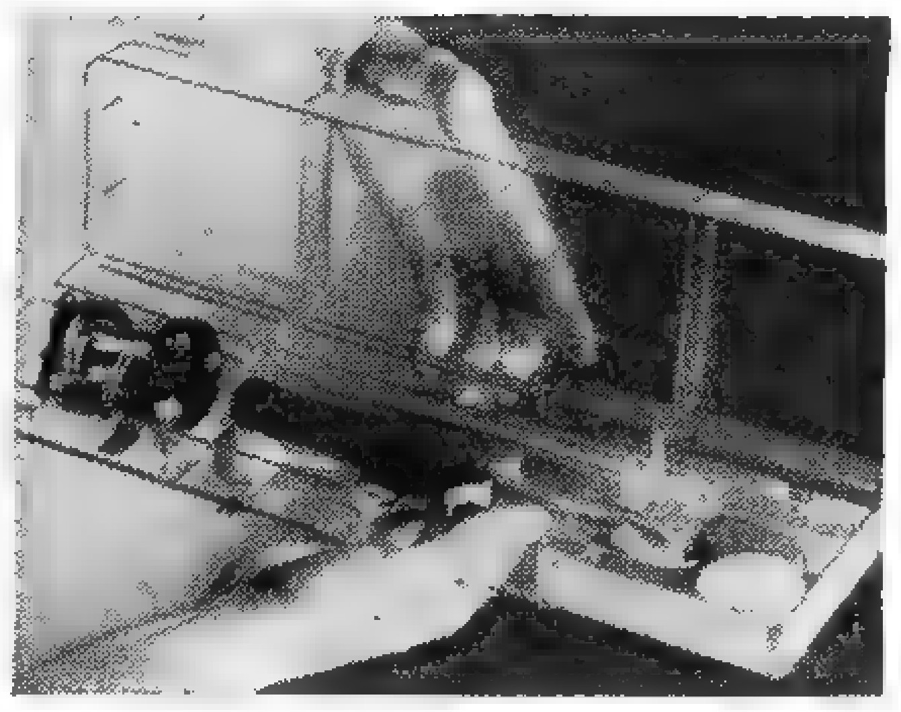


ON THE SPOT and in less than 20 seconds you can repair a broken fishing rod with an adjustable ferrule. Stainless aluminum, rust-resisting and non-corroding, each ferrule is 2″ long and weighs less than 1/300 of an ounce. With instructions in packages of three—3/16″, ¼″ and ⅜″ in diameter.



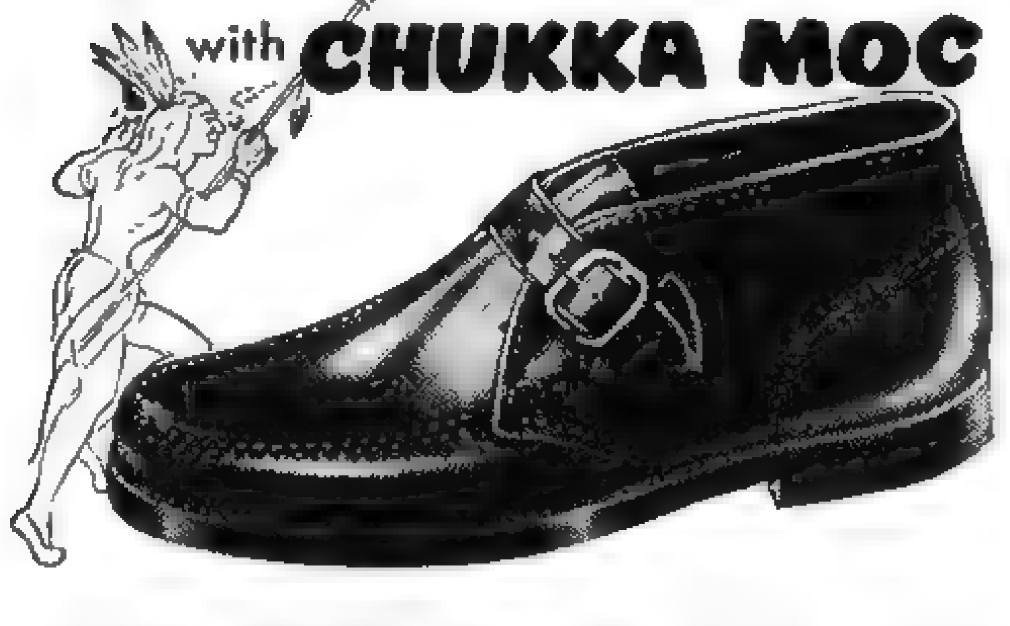
FOR FISHING or yachting, comfortable, lightweight, waterproof clothes are a help. In rubberized Nylon, sea green or putty colored, the jacket is designed with a new swing sleeve that allows for complete freedom of action. Pants and jacket are available separately in sizes small, medium and large.

WINDPROOF and reliable, a lighter that requires infrequent refilling, weighs only 3 ozs. and has a built-in 24″ spring steel ruler. This is a compact unit for the sportsman, salesman, engineer, draftsman, architect, mechanic and anyone else who needs both a lighter and an accurate measuring rule.



A TACKLE BOX made of tough shatterproof Tenite does not corrode or mildew or deteriorate from weather exposure. Fishing-rod segments, reel, handle and other accessories fit neatly into compartments and are plainly visible through the clear plastic. The lid is removable. In both 16″ and 20″ lengths.

For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address



HOLIDAY for ACTIVE Feet with CHUKKA MOC

Ankle-High Genuine Moccasin

Wait till you try a footful of CHUKKA MOC'S true Indian-comfort!

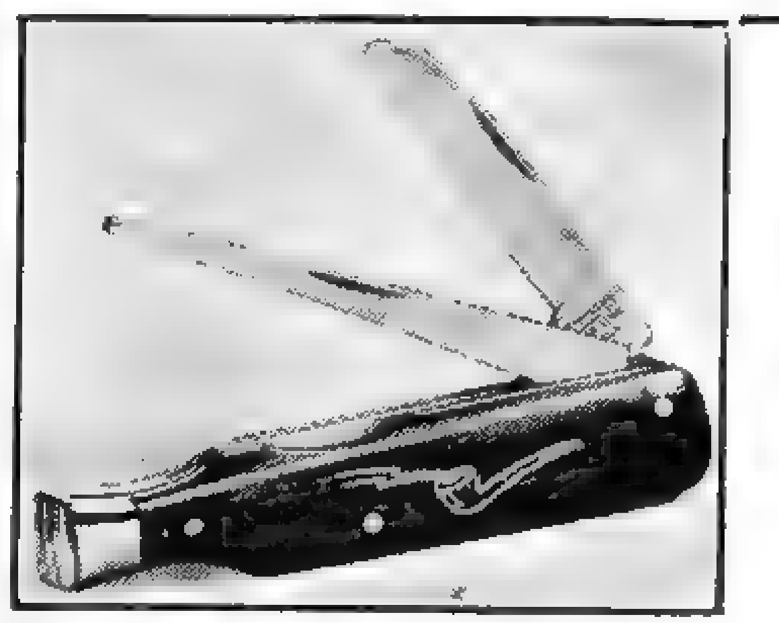
Hand lasted and hand-sewn from one piece of rich, burnished brown leather, CHUKKA MOC gives you *natural* foot freedom with no restricting innersole. Hugs the whole foot snugly like a soft glove. Sturdy double leather sole. *OR with plantation crepe sole.*

If you have a flair for the debonair, wear CHUKKA MOC with tweeds, shetlands, odd jackets. Ideal for country or garden, for strolling or informal entertaining.

***ORDER BY MAIL.** No trick to fit—just send exact shoe size. Add 25¢ for mailing. AA to E, 5 to 12. $14.95

SEND FOR FREE MOCCASIN CATALOG.

Dept. EJ
Fellman, Ltd.
GENUINE MOCCASIN HEADQUARTERS OF AMERICA
*855 BROAD ST., NEWARK 2, N. J.
NEW YORK: 6 East 46 ST. - 41 West 43 ST.



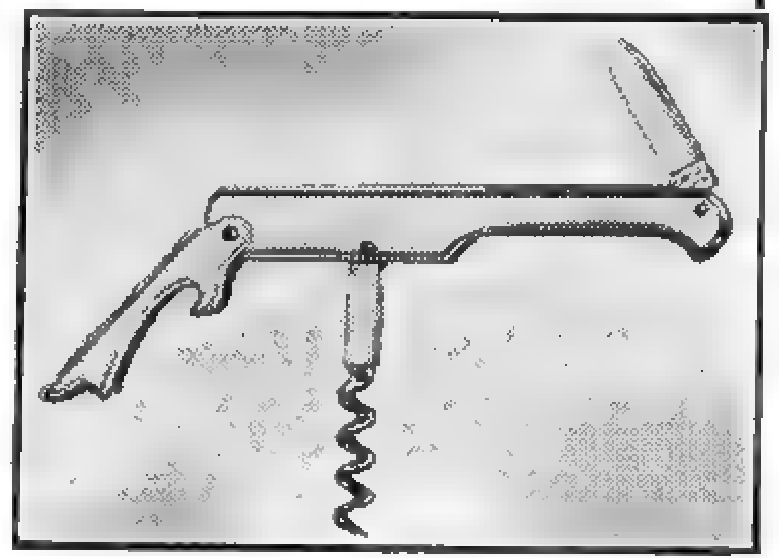
No. 212
Pipe Knife
$3.95
postpaid
2⅛″ long closed

Cleans, tamps, scrapes. Custom-made steel blades. Rosewood handle. Nickel silver trim. In gift box.

For FATHER'S DAY

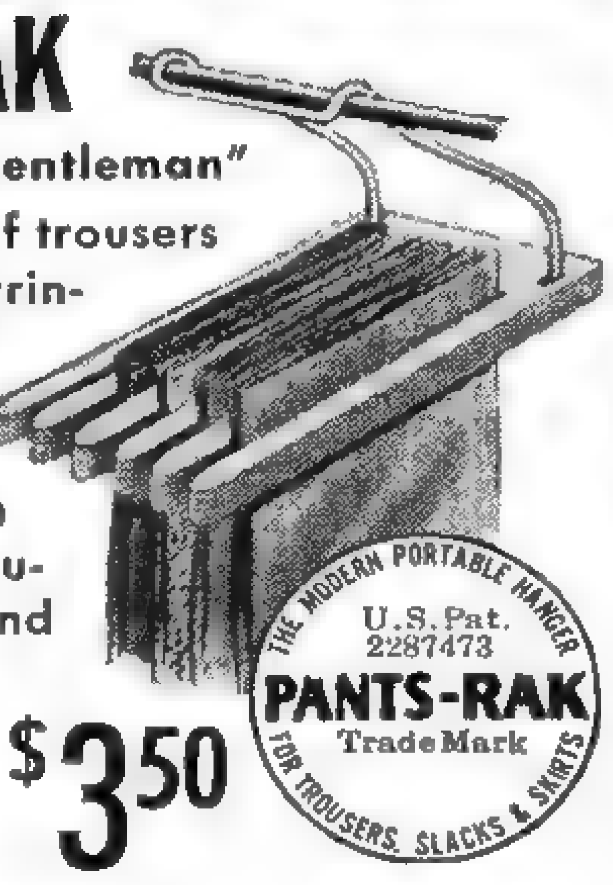
No bar complete without one. Has corkscrew with lever to aid drawing cork, cap lifter and tough steel knife blade. Chrome plated finish.

No. 6327
Bar Knife
$3.95
postpaid
4⅝″ long closed



At your dealer or send check or money order to

CAMILLUS has the edge!
CAMILLUS CUTLERY COMPANY
Lincoln Building
New York 17, N. Y.



PANTS-RAK

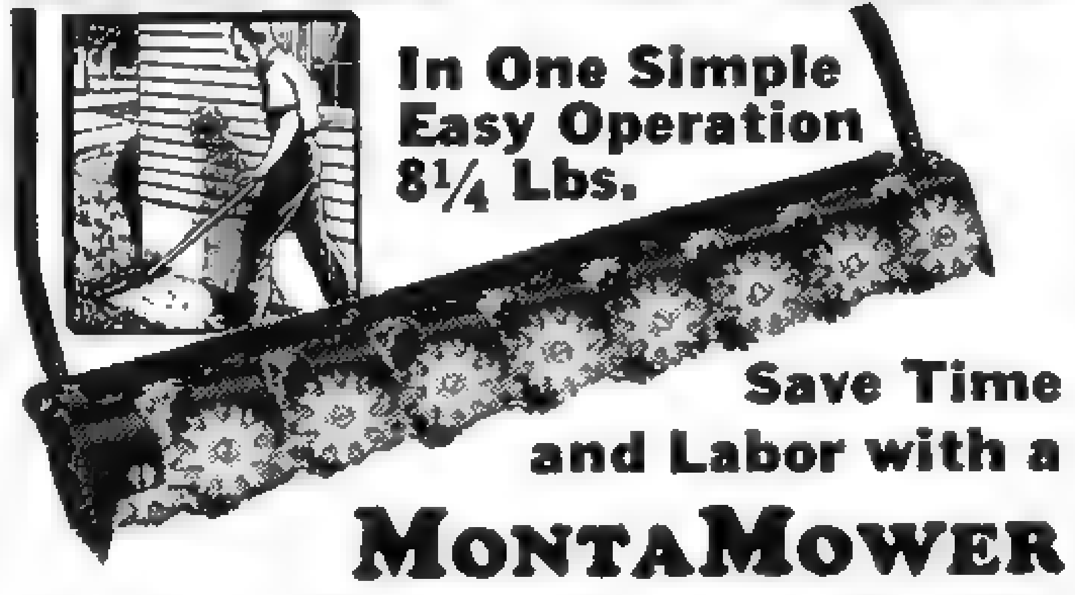
"A Gentleman's Gentleman"

Keeps $100 worth of trousers free of unwanted wrinkles. Uses only 6″ of closet space. Selected hardwood. Chrome arm folds for travel. Trousers slide easily in and out of snagproof slots. For slacks and skirts too. $3.50

The perfect gift.

At your favorite dealer or write:

GLINES CO. GLENBROOK, CONN.



Mows and Trims Lawns

In One Simple Easy Operation 8¼ Lbs.

Save Time and Labor with a MONTAMOWER

New model. New type metal handle has special device to adjust cutting height. Drive shaft now mounted on free rolling, factory lubricated, sealed ball bearings. No tired backs or aching arms. 8¼ lbs. live precision made mechanism that first gathers, then cuts smoothly a clean 16″ swath through grass, dandelions, spike grass, lawn weeds. No noise or clatter. As modern and efficient as your electric razor. Cuts right up to walls, fences, trees or posts; leaves no fringes to be trimmed by hand. Cutters self-sharpening. Built to last many years. Many thousands in use. Sold direct from factory for 26 years. Costs little. Write at once for trial on your own lawn "approval offer," guarantee information and literature.

MONTAMOWER DISTRIBUTING CO.
236 Keeler Bldg. GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICH.

Long or short sleeves

2 or 3 letter monogram 75c

El Raucho 6.50

the year-round all-round sports shirt

The shirt that's beautifully made of sueded Interlock cotton for long wear, with notched collar, cuffs and a waistband that really stays under your belt. Hand washable and shrink resistant.

ORDER BY MAIL—send for catalog

Small —☐
Medium—☐
Large —☐
Ex. Lg. —☐
Long Sleeve ☐
Short Sleeve ☐

Monogram ☐

Body	Stripe	
Navy____	Lt. Grey	☐
Lt. Grey_	Navy	☐
Brown____	Beige	☐
Black____	Powder	☐
Green____	White	☐
White____	Navy	☐
Beige____	Brown	☐
Maroon__	Lt. Grey	☐
Navy____	Maroon	☐
White____	Maroon	☐
Powder__	Navy	☐
Lime____	Dk. Green	☐
Maize____	Navy	☐

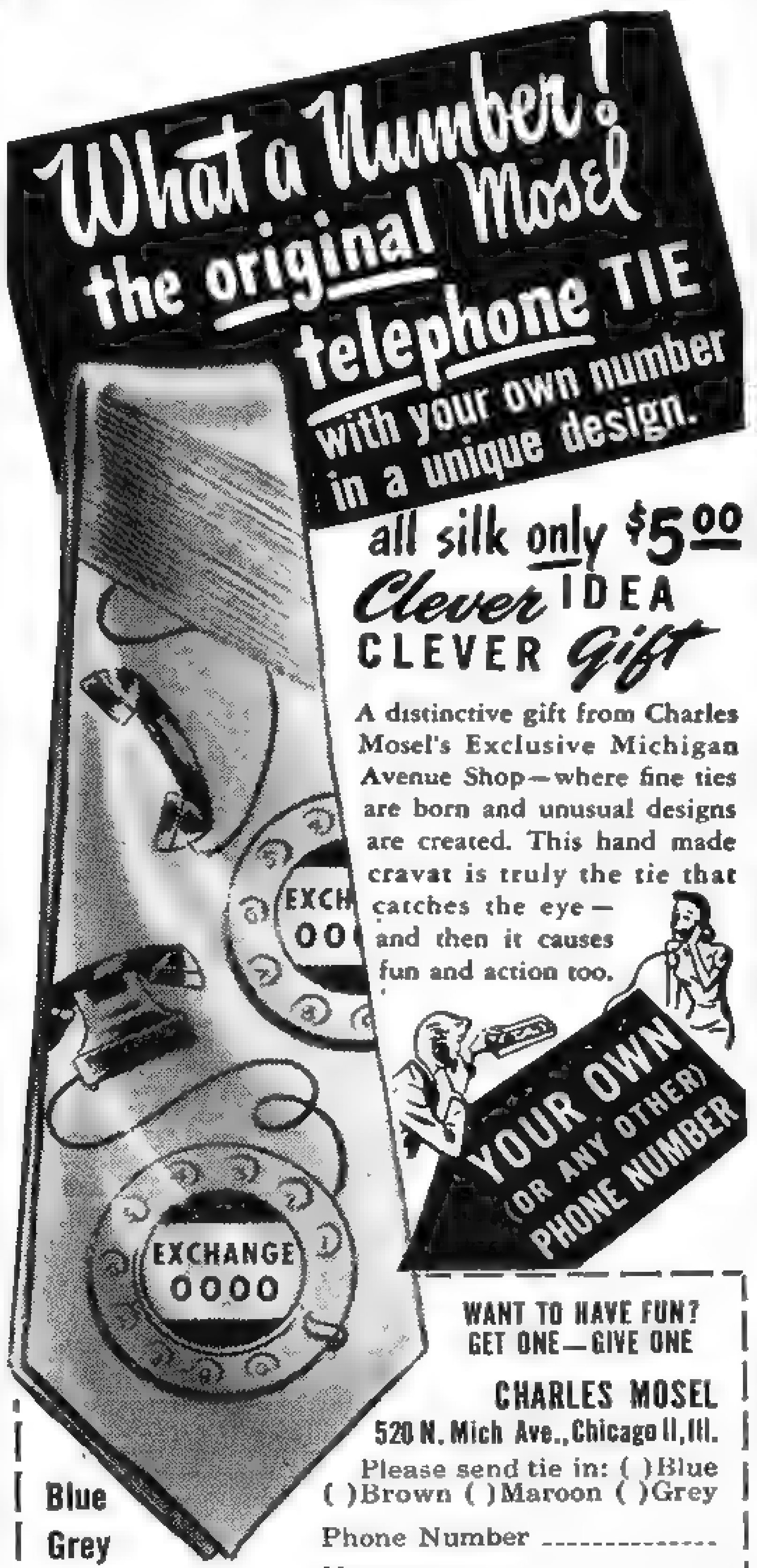
John Blye
565 5th Ave., N. Y. 17
Dept. ES69

Enclosed find check ☐ money order ☐ for ____ Gaucho Shirts in sizes and colors checked.

Name____________________

Address____________________

Add 2% Sales Tax in N. Y. C.



EXCHANGE
0000
EXCH
000
YOUR OWN (OR ANY OTHER) PHONE NUMBER

What a Number! the original Mosel telephone TIE with your own number in a unique design.

all silk only $5.00

Clever IDEA CLEVER Gift

A distinctive gift from Charles Mosel's Exclusive Michigan Avenue Shop—where fine ties are born and unusual designs are created. This hand made cravat is truly the tie that catches the eye—and then it causes fun and action too.

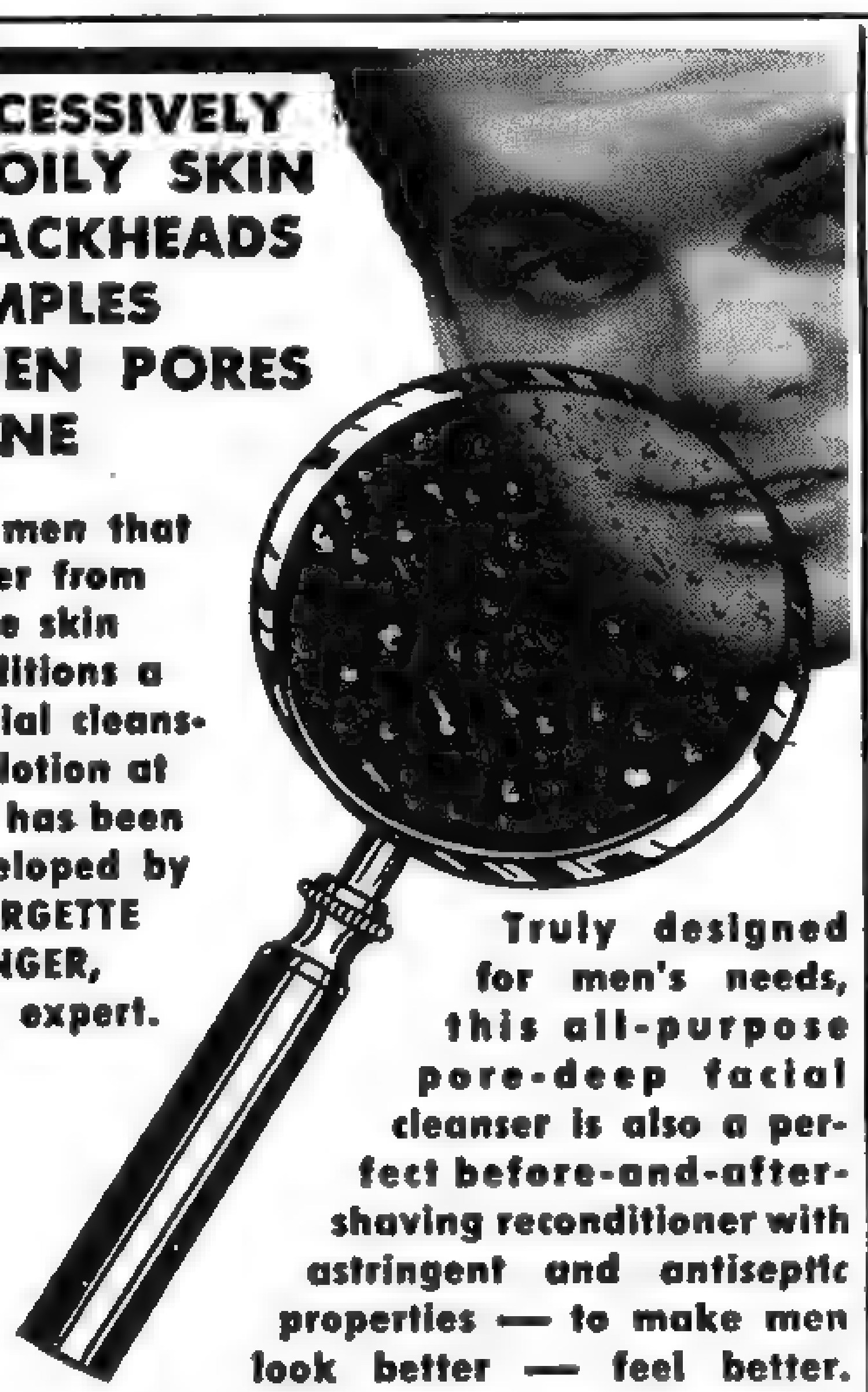
WANT TO HAVE FUN? GET ONE—GIVE ONE

CHARLES MOSEL
520 N. Mich Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

Blue
Grey
Brown
Maroon

Please send tie in: ( )Blue ( )Brown ( )Maroon ( )Grey
Phone Number ______________
Name ______________
Address ______________
City __________ State ________

PERFECT GIFT FOR DAD'S DAY



EXCESSIVELY OILY SKIN BLACKHEADS PIMPLES OPEN PORES ACNE

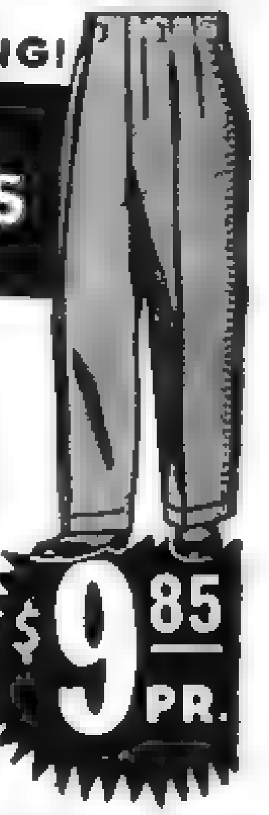
For men that suffer from these skin conditions a special cleansing lotion at last has been developed by GEORGETTE KLINGER, skin expert.

Truly designed for men's needs, this all-purpose pore-deep facial cleanser is also a perfect before-and-after-shaving reconditioner with astringent and antiseptic properties — to make men look better — feel better.

So — men get wise —

Order a trial bottle today. Comes in two sizes, 4 oz. $2.00 or the big 8 oz. bottle $3.75, plus 20% Federal tax.

GEORGETTE KLINGER
Dept. E-6, 509 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N.Y.



Newest Styling at BIG SAVING!

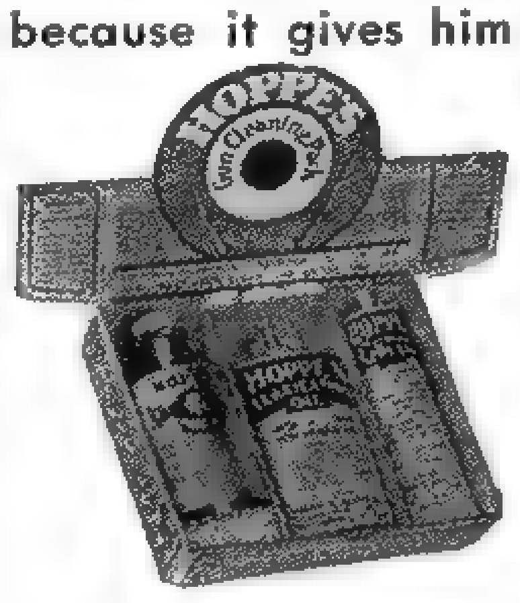
Smart California-type **GABARDINE SLACKS** with the "Bold Look"

$15 VALUE New! Snappy! Elegant!...at Real Saving! Very latest styling . . . full drape, deep-pleats, dropped belt loops, welt seam, saddled stitching. Zipper front, dot fasteners. Roomy pockets. Genuine virgin-wool and fine-spun rayon blended. Expert fashion tailored for superb fit and appearance. Spring and Summer weight. Ideal for business, dress or school. Exceptional value. Your money back in 10 days if not pleased.

$9.85 PR.

Send Only $1 with name, waist size (28 to 42 pleated), 1st and 2nd color choice (Blue, Brown, Tan or Gray.) Pay postman balance plus C. O. D. charge. Or send full price, we pay postage.

LINCOLN TAILORS Dept. ES-6 Lincoln, Nebr.

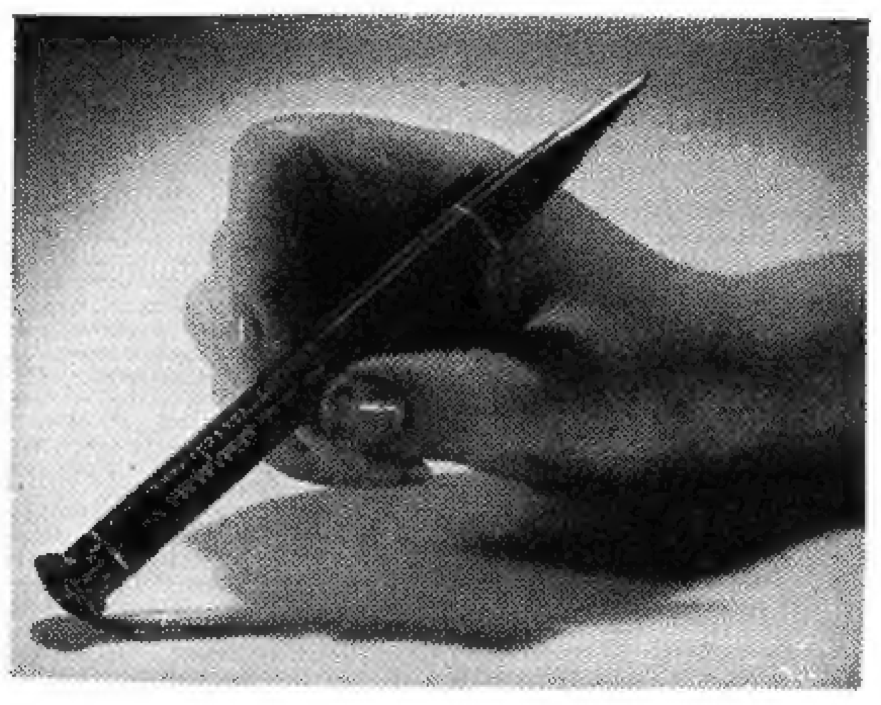


THE Fathers' Day Gift FOR A SHOOTER A HOPPE GUN CLEANING PACK

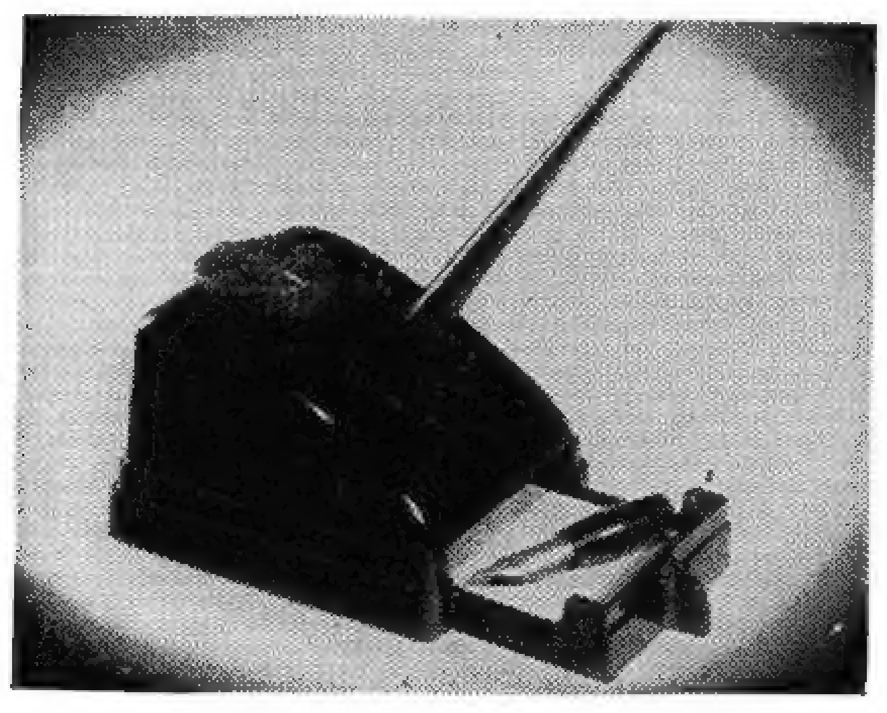
He'll welcome and prize this handy little kit because it gives him all that he needs for the proper cleaning, care and protection of his guns. It's a thoughtful—not a casual—selection. Gun dealers sell it or send one dollar to

FRANK A. HOPPE, Inc.
2311 North 8th Street
Philadelphia 33, Pa.

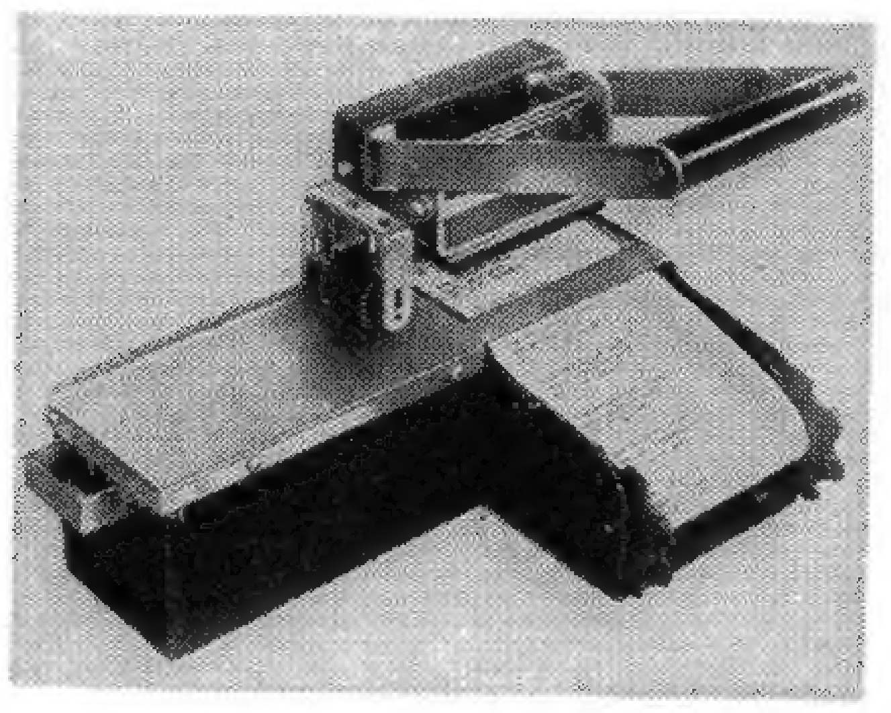
WITH ESQUIRE



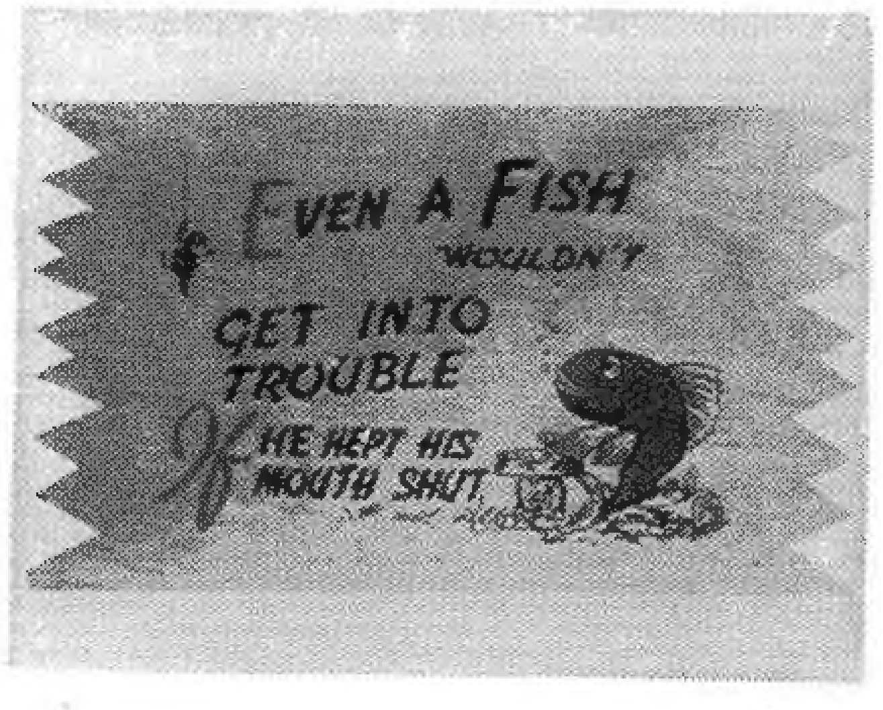
BOTH ENDS serve a purpose: one end an automatic fine lead pencil, the other a roller rule. You roll it over whatever you want to measure and the number of inches is indicated on the side. It does equally well on curves or straightaways, on soft or hard surfaces. Black with gold detail and pocket clip.



A PLAYFUL CHILD or mischievous kitten makes no mess by knocking over this ink stand and pen. Unbreakable, it does not leak or drip even if turned upside down and ink in it never gets stale or dried up. In the drawer there is an extra fine-point nib and space for stamps. Black, white and colors.



OFFICERS OF CLUBS, business men or anyone who uses moderate-sized mailing lists will find this low cost addressing machine really valuable. It does 20 addresses per minute. Each master tape lists 500 and can be used up to 100 times. With 10 master lists, it stores in a small 12" x 9" box.



REMINDER. One of the more useful facts of life painted on a wooden wall plaque points out that "Even a fish wouldn't get into trouble if he kept his mouth shut." The portrait of the fish may perhaps be a little limited but the advice is quite admirable and pertinent. This plaque is an interesting decoration for rumpus room.

---

to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Ranger

NAUSEA

14

If you suffer discomfort from morning nausea, or when traveling by air, sea or on land—try

Mothersills

Used for over a third of a century as a valuable aid in preventing and relieving all forms of nausea. A trial will prove its effectiveness and reliability. At druggists.

MOTHERSILL'S, 430 Lafayette St., New York, 3, N. Y.

"ZIP"—They're Pressed!

PANTS • TIES • LAPELS $1.95

SAVE TIME AND MONEY. Plug in AC or DC socket and you're ready to go—no wet cloth, no board, no bother. Two nickel-plated pressing sides do the job. Use at home, office, when traveling. Free circular. Empire Products, Inc., 820 Main St., Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

Presser opens with a flick of the thumb

A fine gift. Women like it for skirts and slacks

At stores $1.95 or $2.00 postpaid
Satisfaction Guaranteed

Empire PRESSER

MAKE A WILL

Find out the proper way by referring to the New book Only $1.00

"HOW TO MAKE A WILL SIMPLIFIED"

by a lawer, Parnell Callahan, 96 pages--covers the law in 48 states. Mail $1.00 today and book will be sent postpaid. (Also publishers of Law of Real Estate--$1.00).

OCEANA PUBLICATIONS, DEPT. 428
461 W. 18th Street, New York 11, N.Y.

LOOK TALLER INSTANTLY!

WEAR HITE-BUILDERS IN YOUR OWN SHOES

Want more respect? . . . more opportunity? Then increase your height INSTANTLY with Davis Hite-Builders. Slip them inside your own shoes. Invisible, comfortable, easy to wear. Made to last years. Amazingly low-priced!

SEND NO MONEY

Rush name, address, and shoe size today. Pay postman only $1.95 plus few cents postage for your pair of Hite-Builders, mailed in plain package. If not delighted with immediate result, just return them and we'll refund your money at once. Or send $1.95 now & save postage. Same guarantee, of course. Order today, look *taller* next week!

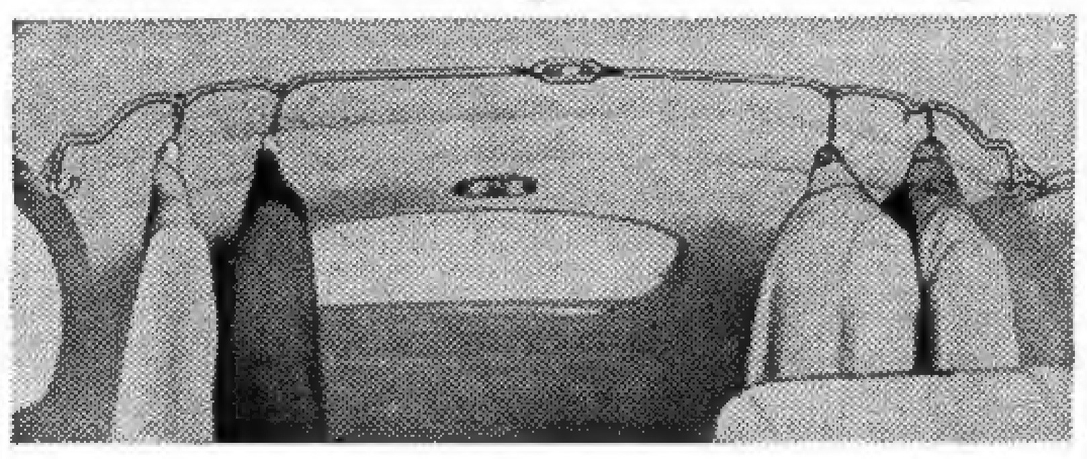
DAVIS MFG. CO.
Dept. C-308, Loveland, Ohio

Only $1.95 A PAIR

The New Easy-to-Install

HANG-ALL Auto Wardrobe Rack

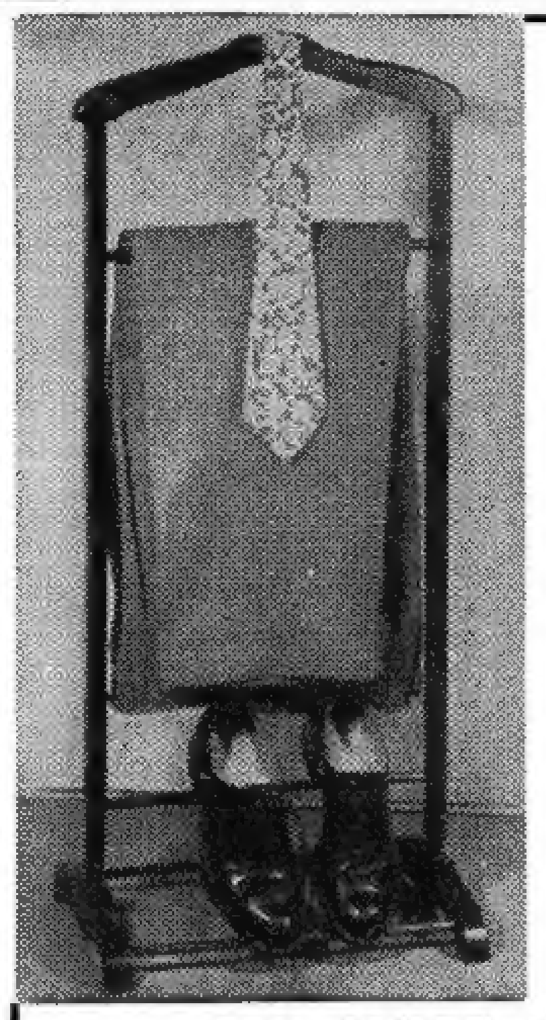
Holds 12 or more garments full length



FITS ALL CARS • SUPPORTS 100 LBS.

* Perfect for vacationists, salesmen, and sportsmen. Eliminates packing troubles, saves pressing bills. Will not shift. Easily attached and removed. Richly nickel plated. Clamps over window frame without marring—or above rear doors. Does not interfere with use of doors, window, or rear view. When ordering state make and model of car . . . Send check, money order or postal note. . . . **$3.95** *postpaid*

DAMAR DISTRIBUTING CO.
Dept. E-6, 72 High Street, Newark 4, N. J.



Silent Valet

PRICE ONLY $7.95
Postpaid

This De-Luxe model is just right for taking care of the things that clutter up a man's or boy's room. Saves time and temper in the morning rush by having all his clothes handy, ready to put on without wasted motion.

NO MORE ARGUMENTS

It's a handsome piece of furniture that holds coat, vest, trousers, under-garments, shoes, socks, necktie and shirt—all conveniently arranged. Keeps bedroom neat. Choice of mahogany or maple finish. 41" tall. No C. O. D.'s please. WRITE FOR BIG FREE CATALOG.

Bancroft's
2433 So. Indiana Ave., Dept. 850, Chicago 16, Ill.

Genuine Amber

CIGARETTE and CIGAR HOLDERS

Imported from Vienna

Rare and beautiful genuine amber holders, with rolled gold band. The elegant gift for Father's Day. Each holder comes in individual case lined with velvet.

Cigarette Holder $5.00 3 in. long
Check or postal remittance. Postage added to C.O.D.'s
Cigar Holder $6.50 2 in. long

R. WM. HALL 54 W. 25 ST. N.Y. 10, N. Y.

The SUN GLASSES with the 100 YEAR GUARANTEE

Army
Air Force
Type

- Metal Frames
- Sweat Bar
- Four-Base Ground & Polished Lenses

Complete with
LEATHERETTE CASE

Formerly retailed up to $7.95
Now $1.95

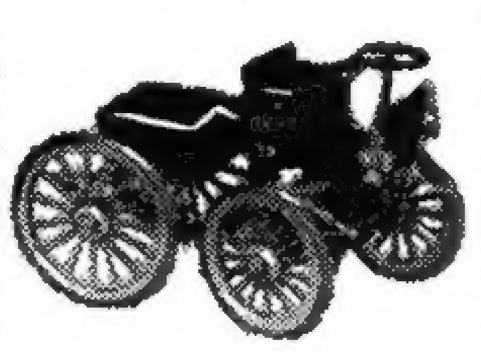
Here's the "tops" in Sun Glasses! Precision made to meet all gov't specifications for the absorption of 96% of the infra-red and ultra-violet rays. These glasses are ideal for sports, driving and other daytime activities during those glaring summer days. For both men and women . . . they're precision made for beauty and comfort.

10-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Order now. Send check or money order, postage paid, or C.O.D. plus postage. Immediate delivery.

ROBERT-MICHAEL, Inc. 302 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

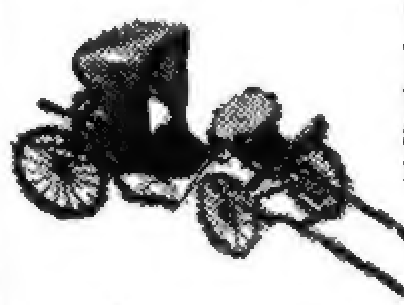
POLK PRESENTS COLLECTORS MINIATURES
Easy to Assemble KITS
OLD TIMERS

SURREY with FRINGE ON TOP. Light 4 wheel, 2 seat carriage drawn by 1 or 2 horses. Fully workable tongue assembly and springs. The mode of transportation for the family of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Kit $2.00 p.p.

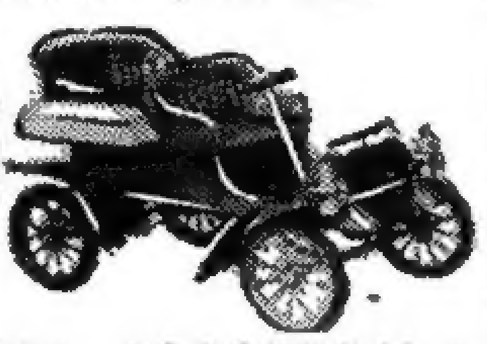


HORSELESS CARRIAGE. Scale historic model of G. B. Selden. Horseless Carriage was forerunner of modern auto. Kit has workable steering mechanism and springs. $1.75 p.p. Superbly decorative, colorful and exquisitely detailed. ¾" scale.

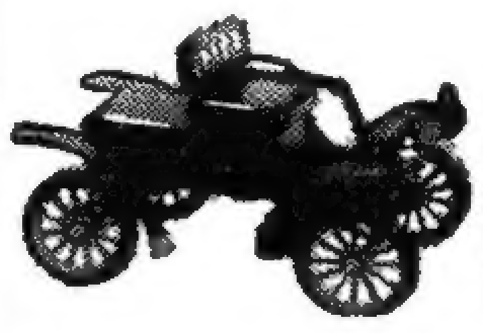
For home, den, office, school study or museum. Easy to assemble, prefabricated kits include all ready shaped parts, cast wheels, lights, horns radiators, etc. Simple plans and instructions.



VICTORIA with a CALASH TOP. Low, 4-wheel carriage with foldng (Calash) top, rear seat for 2 passengers and raised front driver seat. Fully workable shafts and springs. This type carriage used mainly for pleasure. $2.50 p.p.

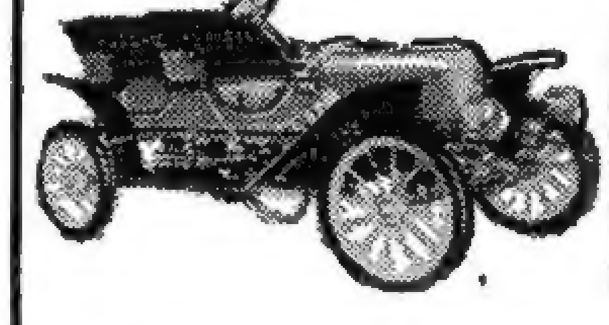


1903 MODEL A FORD. First model "A". Engine under seat. Entrance to rear compartment via back door. 6½" long. $2.75 p.p.

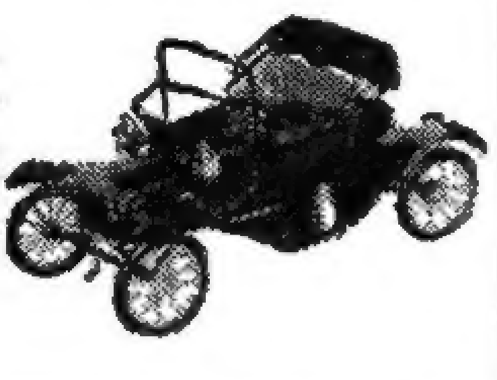


1904 OLDSMOBILE. "Curved dash" model. Noted for dependability and ability to operate over most roads of yore. You'll love this 6" long Merry Oldsmobile! $2 p.p.

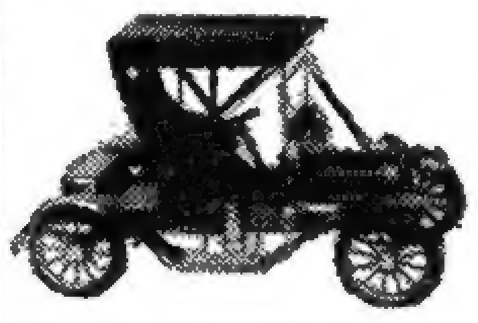
1909 MODEL T FORD. This "Touring" model achieved reputation as the average man's car. First model with left hand steering. 8" long. $3.10 p.p.



1909 STANLEY STEAMER. Famed in song and story. One of better known old timers. Outstanding example of old "Steamers". 8" long. $3.20 p.p.

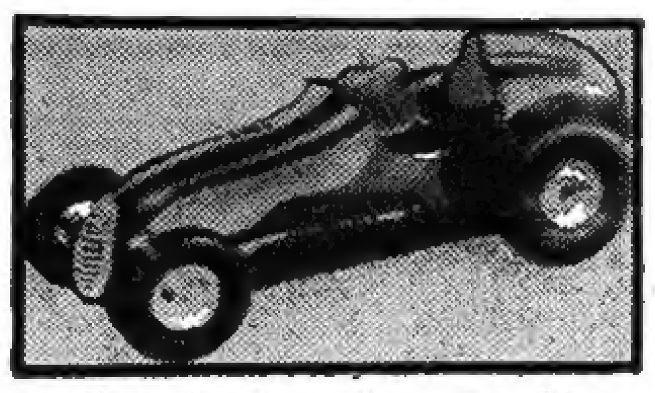


1910 MODEL T FORD. "Torpedo" model. Considered very sporty in its day, with long rakish fender and body design. 8" long. $2.75 p.p.

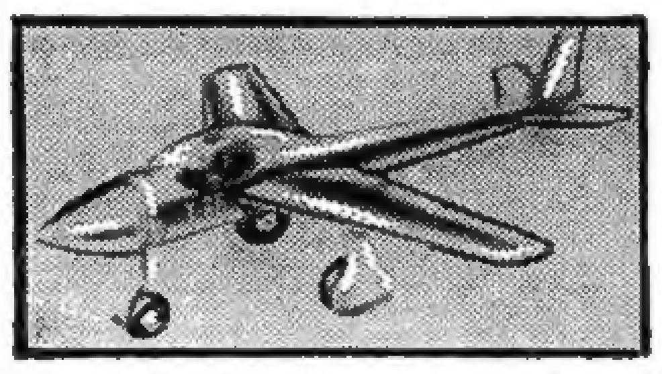


1911 MAXWELL. 2 seater runabout. Used extensively by physicians and business men as a business car. 7½" long. $2.60 p.p.

90 M. P. H. SPEED! Loads of Fun!



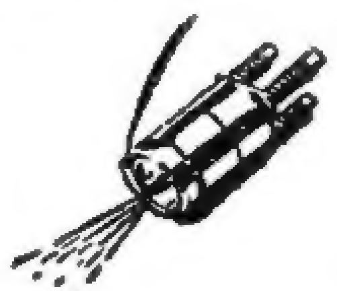
World's Smallest Model Racing Car. Ready-to-run. Gorgeous operating miniature of famed Offenhauser midget. Powered by tiny real McCoy gasoline engine. Runs on any flat surface 25 ft. or more in diam. Speeds up to 90 m.p.h. Wt. 2 lbs., 9½" long, 3¾" wide. Die cast for strength and Duro-finished for beauty. Easy to start and run. McCoy "19" engine, has 2 ball bearings and Hot Point simple wireless glow plug ignition. $17.95 p.p. complete with engine & pint of fuel.



Here's a Real Plane That U Can Fly

Powered with tiny gas engine. No skill or special tools needed to assemble this snappy replica of the XP-86 No. American Jet Fighter. All almuinum, rugged construction plane kit. Easily assembled in one evening. Famous McCoy 19 engine, spinner, gas tank, wheels, prop, wire flying lines, Aristrol control handle, battery, safety fuel, decals and easy to understand, completely illustrated instructions. $19.95 p.p., complete outfit.

REAL JET POWER! Tiny Jetex motor uses solid fuel. Powers small planes, boats, and cars. Hobbyist's dream. Outfit complete with charges, mounting fittings, instruction manual and easy to build hi-powered 20" plane kit. $5.95 p.p.

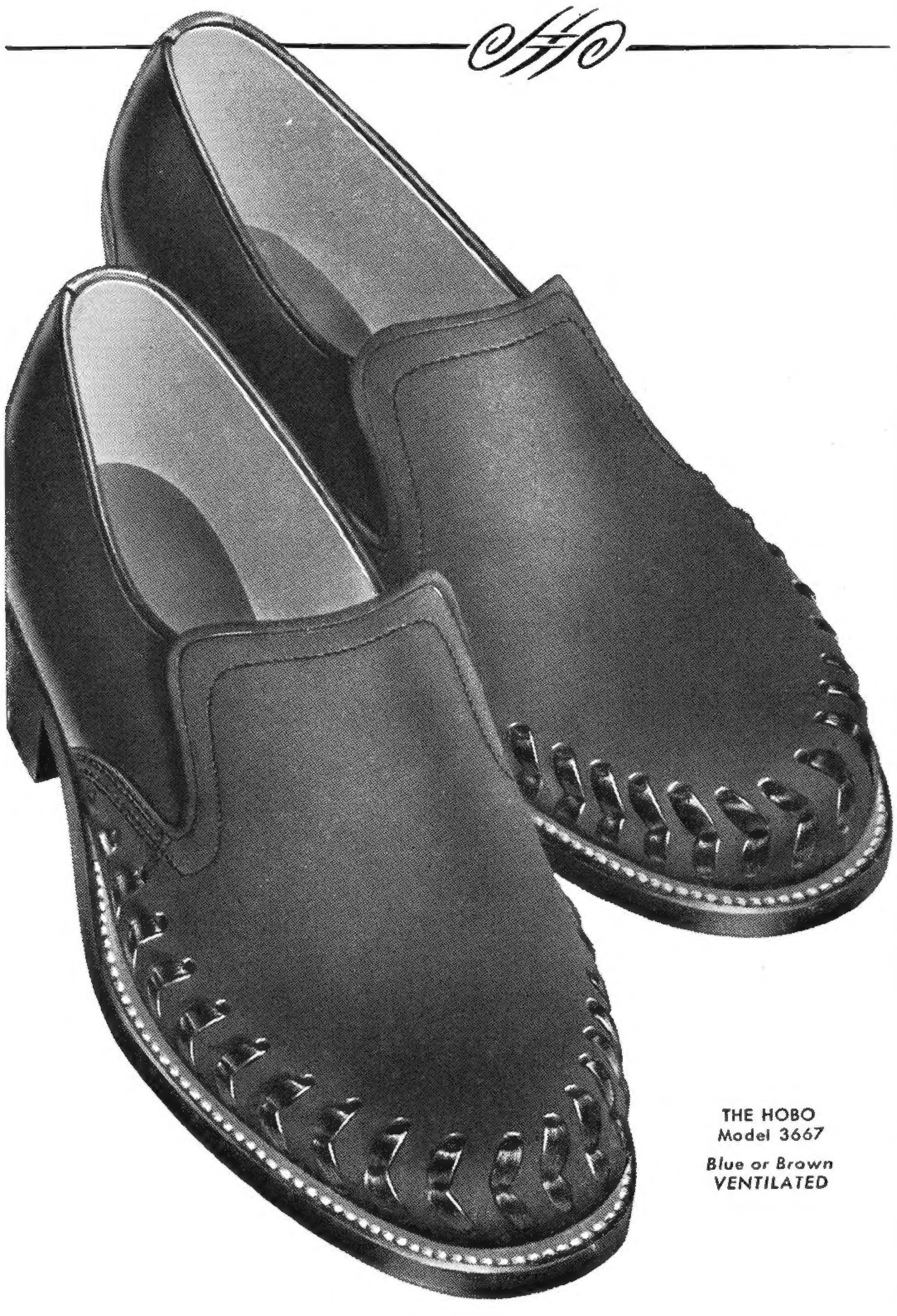


HOBBIES, TOYS FOR MEN Visit the hobby department store. Ship models, trains, planes, crafts — hundreds of interesting projects. Everything for hobbyists.

HOBBY CATALOGS 120 page ship models & fittings. 35c. U-control gas model planes, 10c. TRIX H. O. TWIN TRAINS, 15c.

MODEL CRAFT HOBBIES, Inc.
Dept. E69, 314-5th Ave., N. Y. 1, (32nd St.)

Brushed
IS THE WORD



THE HOBO
Model 3667
Blue or Brown
VENTILATED

DRAW A BEAD on something *really smart.* This brand new Weyenberg Casual comes in either rich *brushed* Rio brown or navy blue combined with matching smooth leather. The sharp-looking, hand-laced vamp is ventilated to assure cool comfort. You'll step out proudly in a pair of these smart Weyenberg suedes! See your Weyenberg dealer—or write us for his name.

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO., Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

WEYENBERG

Shoes for men

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS
JUNE, 1949

Abels, Robert 28
Academy Tailors 34
Alexander Hamilton Institute 101
Allen-A 123
Alligator Company, The 121
American Extension School of Law 34
American Golf Ball Mfg. Co. 32
American Hotel Register Co. 154
American Safety Razor Corp. 17
American Wine Co. (Cook's) 141
Anson 104
Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. (Grant's) 98

B./E. Company (Shine-Boy) 156
Bancroft's 159
Barflize 34
Bar Mart, The 31
Bates Fabrics, Inc. 99
Bauer & Black ("Bracer") 10
Beau Brummell Ties, Inc. 12, 13
Bellows & Co. (Partners Choice) 133
Bernäd Creations 156
Blue Robin Corp. 33
Blye, John 27, 31, 34, 157, 158
Bond's Big Men's Shop 30
Bostonians 102
Breier Sons, Inc., Marcus (Bantamac) 103
British Makes, Inc. 32
British Railways 147
Brown-Forman Distillers Corp. (Old Forester) 26
Brownscope Co. 33
Brownstein-Louis Co. (Hendan) 153
Buchsbaum & Co., S. 9
Buell Manufacturing Company 145
Burger, Joseph 30

California Arts & Crafts 156
Caljax, Inc. 28
Caluxury Shirt Makers 33
Calvert Distillers Corp. (Lord Calvert) 11
Camillus Cutlery Co. 158
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc. (Johnnie Walker) 107
Cash's 28
Cavalier, The 155
Chippewa Falls Woolen Mill Co. 157
Christy Company, The 138
Chrysler Sales Division 19
Chrysler Corporation 105
Clive Jewelers 156
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow) 91
Collar-Bobs Company 16
Colonial Airlines 154
Concord Shoes, Inc. 29
Concord Watch Co. 145
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc. 155
Cook 'N' Tools, Inc. 154
Coopers Inc. 106
Copacabana 154
Corman & Wasserman, Inc. (Mayfair) 139
Cresco 144
Crest Specialty (Spiffy) 148
Crystalier Co. 28
Currick & Leiken Co., Inc. (Rumson Tweed) 142

Damar Distributing Co. 159
Davis Mfg. Co. 159
Del-Russ Gifts 31
Derby Ice Bucket Co. 157
Dobbs Hats II Cover
Dodge 3
Doppelt & Co., Inc., Charles 152
Dorset 157
Dutch Masters 24

Eastern Gardens 32
Eby Company, The H. H. 31
Edro Corporation, The 156
Elco Manufacturing Co., Inc. 33
Elder Mfg. Co. (Mark Twain) 7
Elgin National Watch Co. 108
Empire Products, Inc. 159
Endicott Johnson Corp. (Johnsonian) 135
Engelson, Larry R. (Hylo) 114

Fat Men's Shop 34
Fellman, Ltd. 158
Fisk and Son 34
Flex-Let Corporation 110
Float-Ees Company 155
Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co. (Regal) 15
Freeman Shoe Corporation 6
French Shriner & Urner 149

Garcia, Rafael R. 156
General Slicing Machine Co. Inc. 156
Georgia Shoe Mfg. Co. 34
Gillette Safety Razor Co. 119
Gimlet, The 155
Glasscraft 31
Glenmore Distillers Co. (Kentucky Tavern) 20
Glines Co. (Pants-Rak) 158
Glo-Lure, Inc. 29
Goldwaters 157
Grimes Mfg. Co., David 155
Gruen Watch Company, The 97

Hadley 115
Hall, R. Wm. 30, 159
Harley-Davidson Motor Co. 28
Harris, M. (Expert Shirt Hospital) 33
Henry Hanger Co. of America, The 34
Heublein & Bro., Inc., G. F:
  Bell's 137
  Cocktails 22
Hickok Mfg. Co. 35
Hill, Herb 31
Hoppe, Inc., Frank A. 158
House of Crosby Square, The 16
Hull Mfg. Co. 30

Jarman Shoe Co. (General Shoe Corp.) 36
Jerks Socks, Inc. 153
Jiranek, Helen 30
Jonas, Inc., Joseph 29
Jonas Shoppes 125, 142
Justin Boot & Shoe Co. 28

Kestenman Bros. Mfg. Co. 152
Kings, The 155
Klinger, Georgette 158
Knibb Co., L. H. 33
Knox the Hatter 93
Kuenhert & Co., A. (American Hosiery Co.) 27
Kuppenheimer & Co., Inc., B. 37

Lamb Knit Goods Co., The 120
Lanvin 27
Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce 150
Laughs Unlimited 157
Law, Jonathan (Smoker's Robot) 33
Leed's 29
Lincoln Tailors 158
Linguaphone Institute 28
Los Angeles Sportogs 146
Loxit Cap Corporation 156

MacGregor 95
Mackie Lovejoy Mfg. Co. (Setwell) 32
Magic Center 33
Magician, The 33
Many, Blanc & Co., Inc. 150
Meeker Company, Inc., The 136
Mister Short Co., Inc., The 153
Model Craft Hobbies, Inc. 159
Monarch Mfg. Co. (Pitch-'n-Putt) 122
MontaMower Distributing Co. 158
Montvel Corp. ("Holderette") 153
Mosel, Charles 158
Mothersill's 159
Motorola, Inc. 4
Mutual Suspender & Belt Co. (Prairie) 150

National City Bank of New York 154
National Distillers Products Corp:
  Gilbey's 38
  Old Crow 131
National Marketing Co. (Charcosalt) 157
Native Boot Company 28
Navarro Bros. 32
Nettleton Co., A. E. 132

Oceana Publications 159
Ogilvie Method 146
Old Pueblo Traders 30
Omega 23
Orion Specialties 156

Pacific Coat Hanger Mfg. Co. 157
Palmdayl 151
Park & Tilford Import Corp:
  Booth's House of Lords 155
  Harvey's 24
  Reserve and Private Stock 116
  Vat 69 18
Pee Wee House 30, 34
Penobscot Shoe Co. (Trampeze) 151
Personna Precision Blades 150
Peters, Div. International Shoe Co. (City Club) 128
Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen) III Cover
Phoenix Hosiery 144
Polygator 27

Rabsons 154
Rau Fastener Co. (Klikit) 8
Recordia Mfg. Co., Inc. 140
Remington Rand Inc., Electric Shaver Division 129
Renfield Importers Ltd:
  Piper-Heidsieck 94
  Remy Martin 96
Ritepoint Co. 112
Robert-Michael, Inc. 159
Roberts, Johnson & Rand Div., International Shoe Co. (The Rand) 14
Rogers Imports, Inc. (Peterson's) 130
Ronson 92
Rudo Sumrwear, Inc. (After Six) 143
Rum and Maple 30
Russell, Inc., James B. (Dobie's) 32

Seaforth 27
Semler, Inc., R. B. (Kreml) 143
Siegfried & Sons Inc., H. (Masterbilt) 140
Simpson Imports, Inc. (Daks) 24
Smith Sales Company, Joe 157
Society Brand Clothes, Inc. 25
Sparklet Devices, Inc., Div. Knapp Monarch Co. 27
Sparta Pipe Co. (Trapwell) 152
Sportex Foundations 32
Sports Center 157
Standard Knitting Mills, Inc. (Healthknit) 22
Stane-Go 34
Stein & Company, A. (Paris) 109
Stern Apparel Corp. (Ayrstar) 21
Stern Watch Agency, Inc., The Henri (Universal Geneve) 149
Stoutfitters 32
Studebaker Corporation IV Cover
Style-Rite Robes 139
Sugar Manufacturers' Assn. (of Jamaica), Ltd., The 154
Superba Cravats 151
Swank, Inc. 117

Talon, Inc. 100
Taneytown Clothes (Winter-Kool) 18
Taylor Corp., E. E. 111
Tee-Nee Trailer Co. 157
Textron, Inc. 127
Thomas Shirt, Inc. 134
Timely Clothes, Inc. 118
Tinsley Laboratories 156
Traub Mfg. Co. (Orange Blossom) 154
Traymore, The 155
Treasure Mart 34

Uttal's 30

V-Line Clothes Company 126
Venus Corp. 31

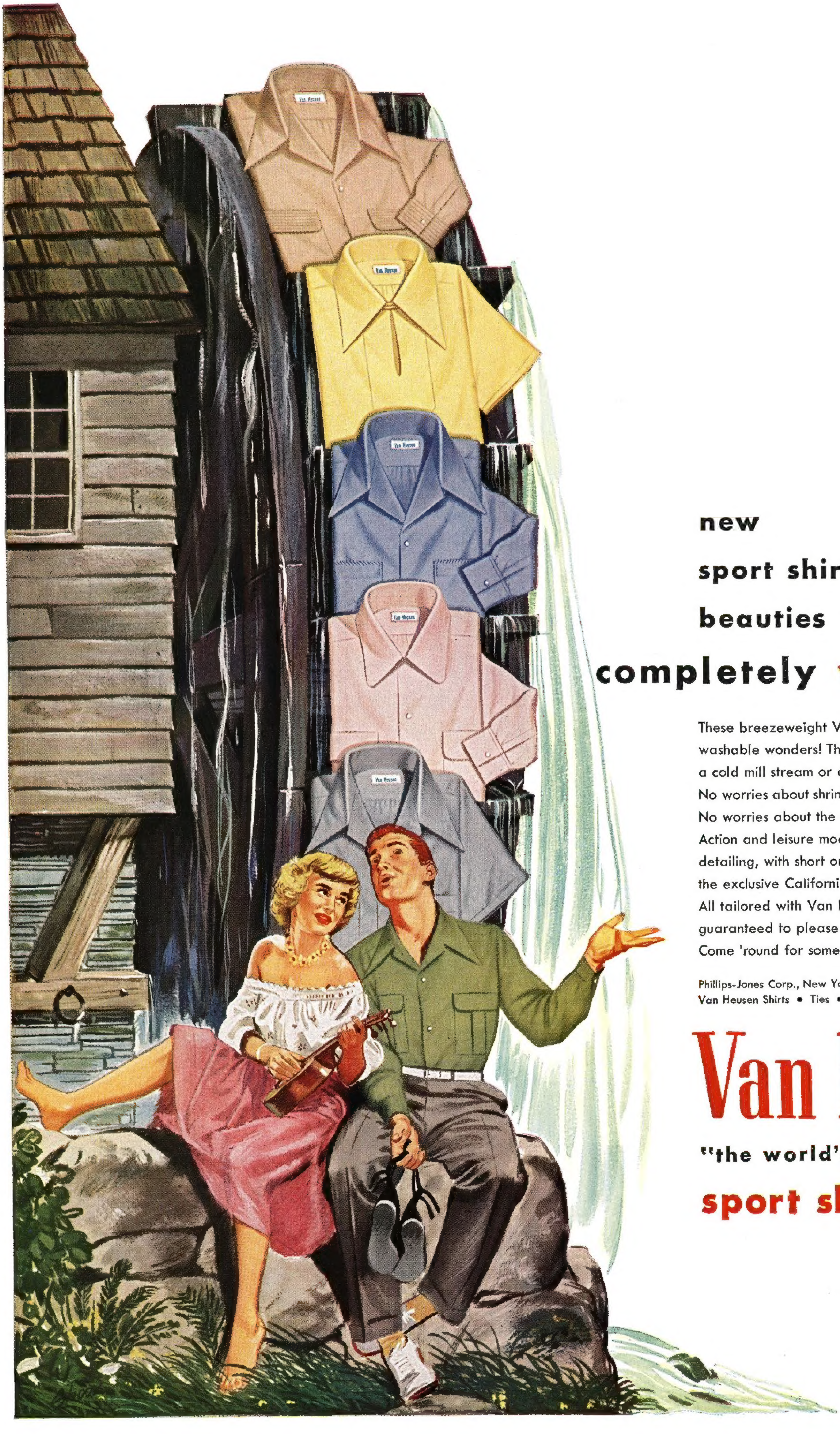
Weber Briars, Inc. 148
Wedemeyer, Inc., Eric 28, 30
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co. 160
Wimbledon Shirt Co., Inc. 124
Wiss & Sons Co., J. 151
Wrisley (Spruce) 141

Yield House 29
Young, Inc., W. F. (Absorbine Jr.) 29

Ziff-Davis 155

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.



new
sport shirt
beauties
completely washable!

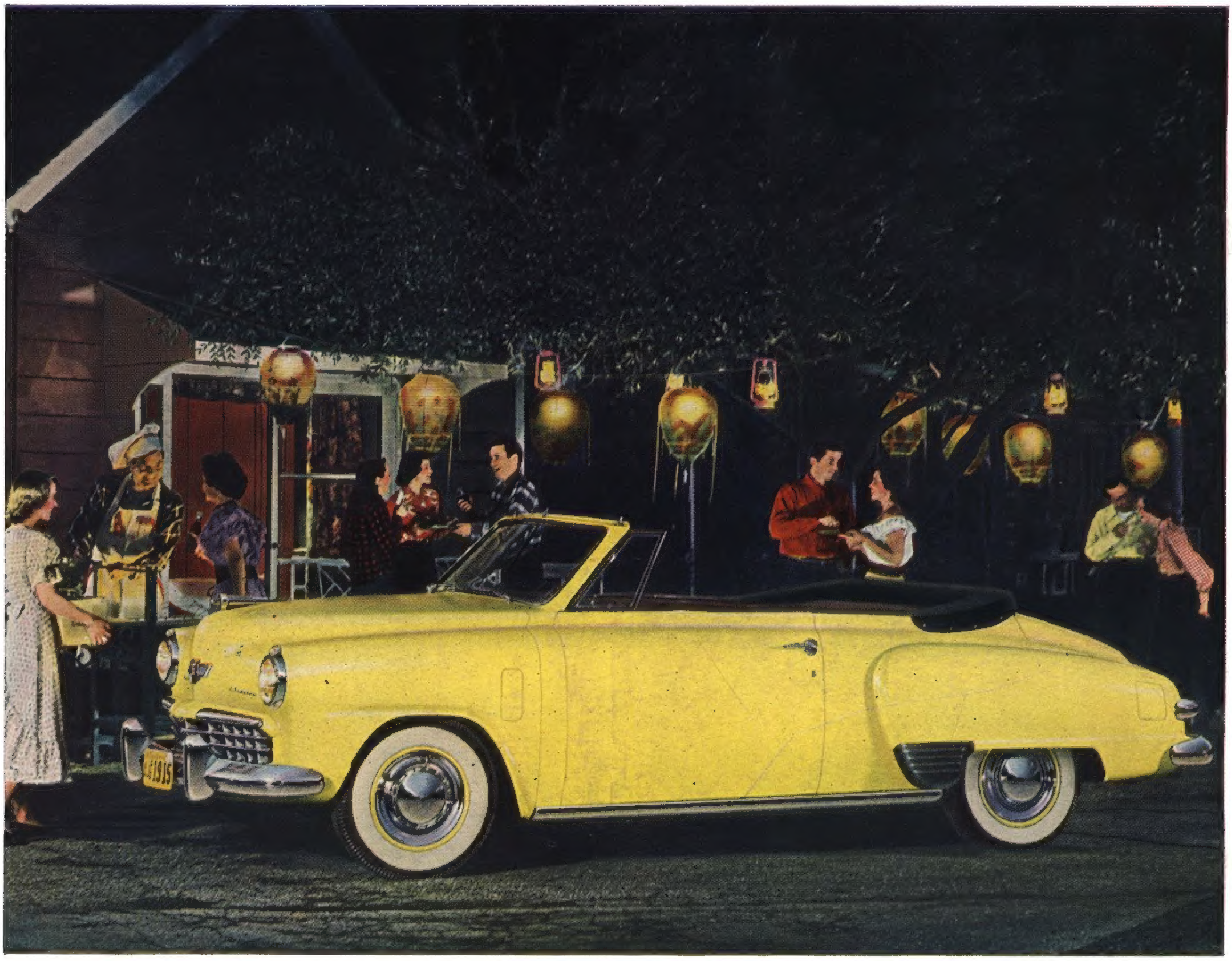
These breezeweight Van Heusen sport shirts are washable wonders! They love water . . . whether it's a cold mill stream or a hot laundry tub. No worries about shrinking—they stay the size you buy! No worries about the colors—they won't wash out. Action and leisure models with smart new fashion detailing, with short or long sleeves, many with the exclusive California Lo-No two-way collar. All tailored with Van Heusen magic sewmanship—guaranteed to please you and your village queen! Come 'round for some. From $2.95.

Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1, N. Y. Makers of
Van Heusen Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Collars • Sport Shirts

Van Heusen

® REGISTERED TRADE-MARK

"the world's smartest"
sport shirts



Studebaker Champion convertible

Studebaker's a star in low-cost mileage!

New flight-streamed design gets rid of surplus poundage... saves you many a gasoline dollar!

THE clean-lined look of a 1949 Studebaker tells you it's a car with the right build for thrift.

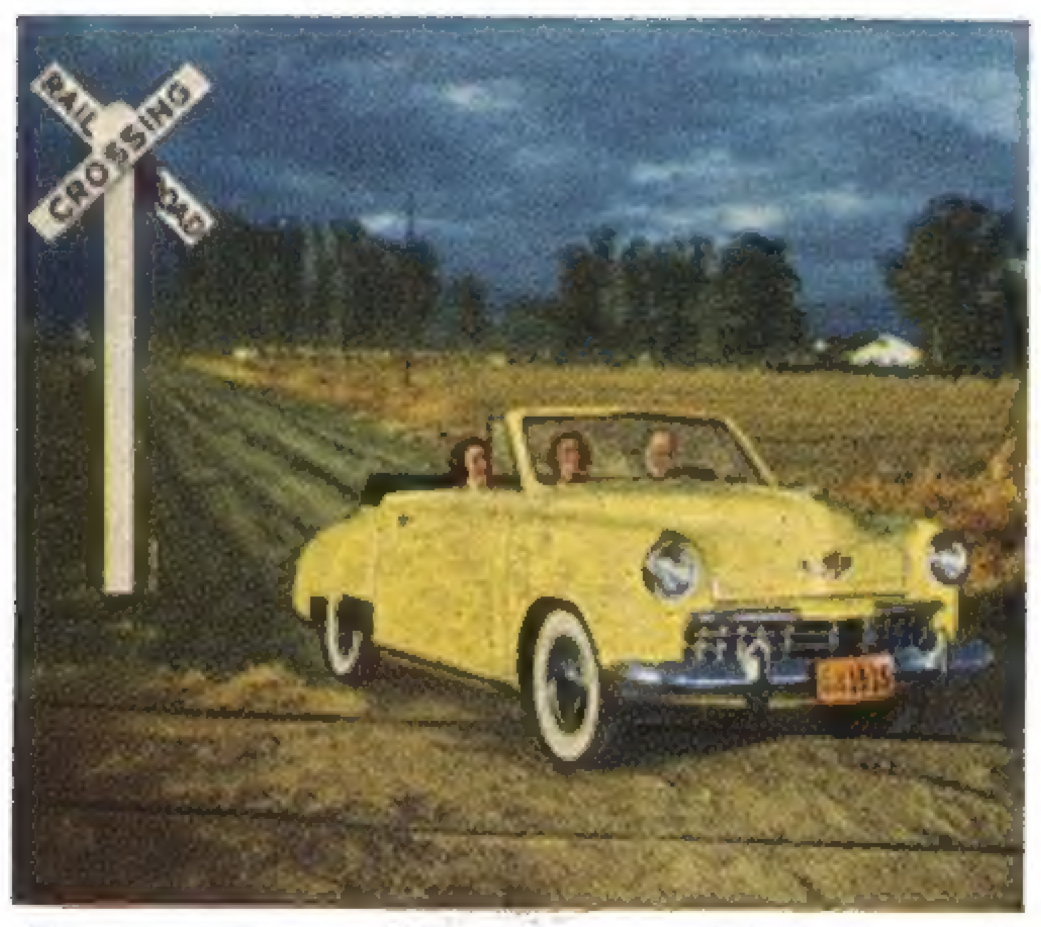
You don't see a trace of cumbersome excess bulk in those trim, graceful body contours.

What's more, there's no gas-wasting dead weight in the rugged chassis underneath. It's a far-advanced new kind of car every way—in design and in structure.

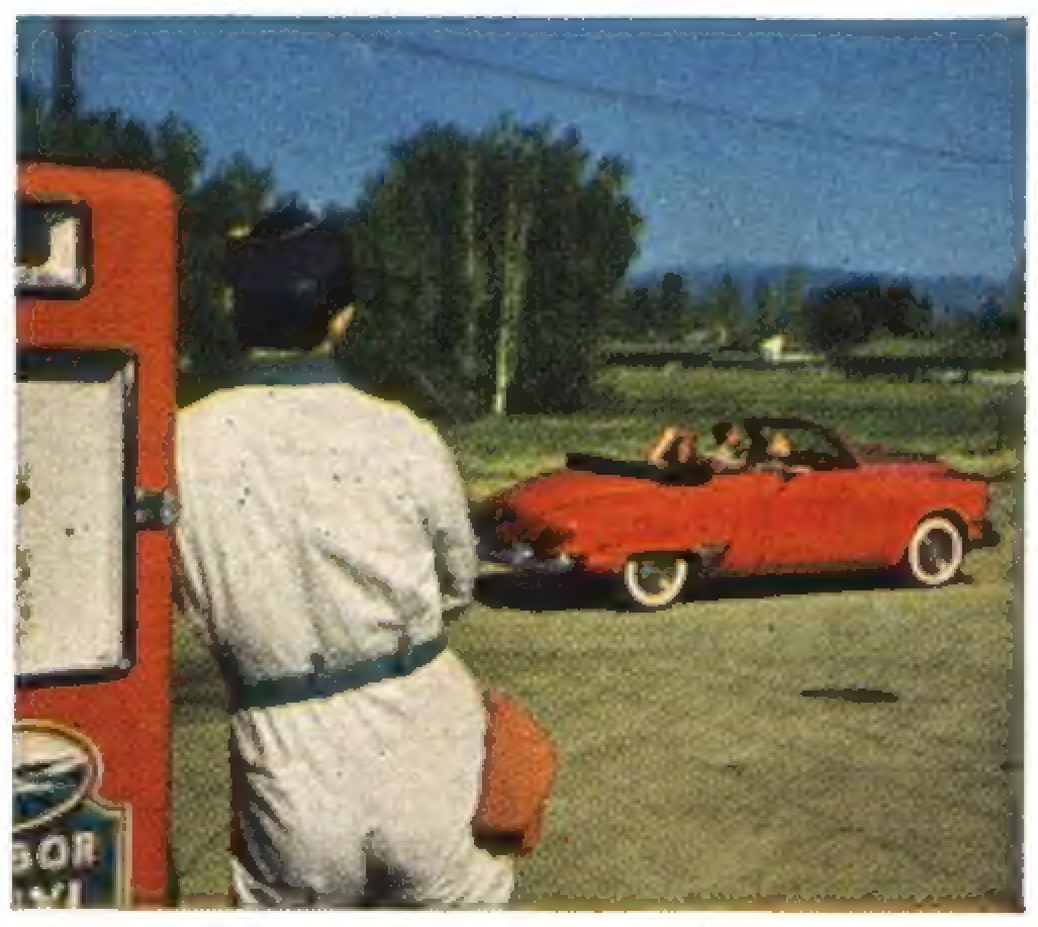
All this reduces driving costs substantially, as hundreds of thousands of postwar Studebaker owners so well know.

Talk to some of them! You'll talk yourself straight into buying a 1949 Studebaker—a new Champion—a new Commander—a special extra-long-wheelbase Land Cruiser!

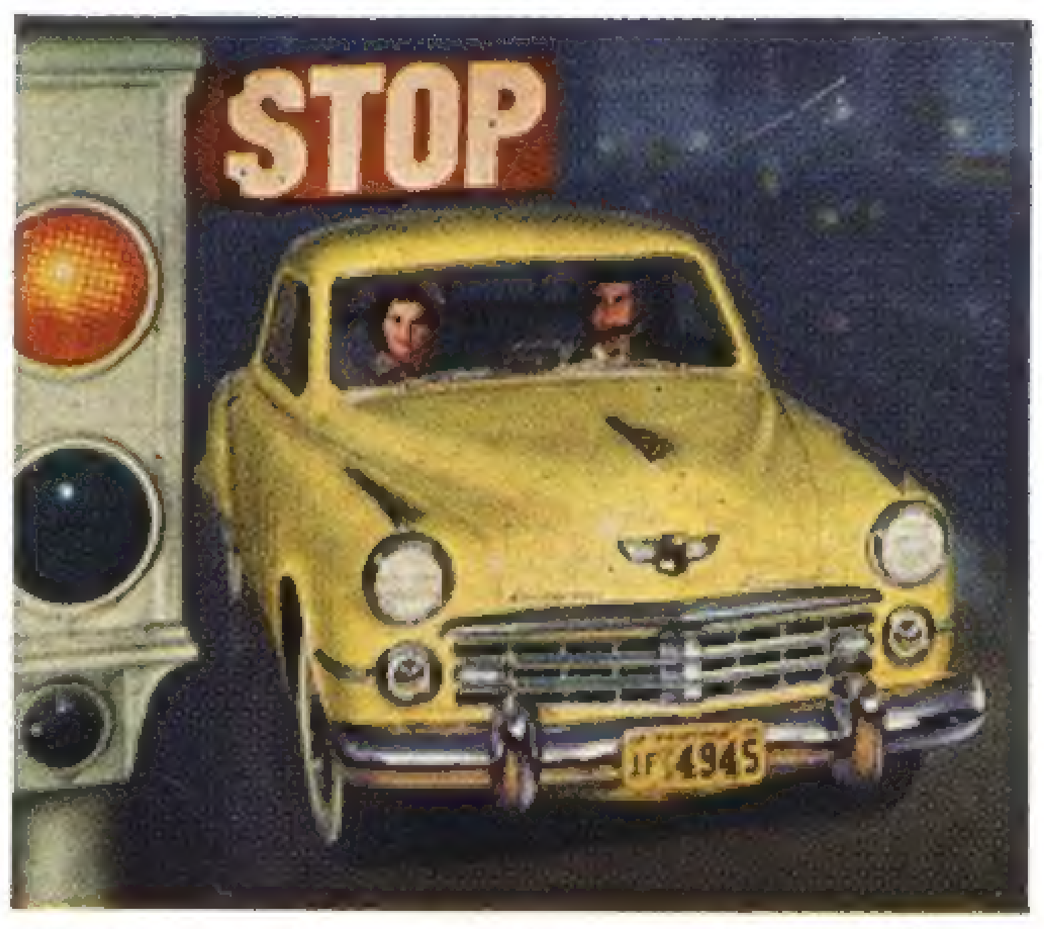
White sidewall tires and wheel discs available on all models at extra cost.



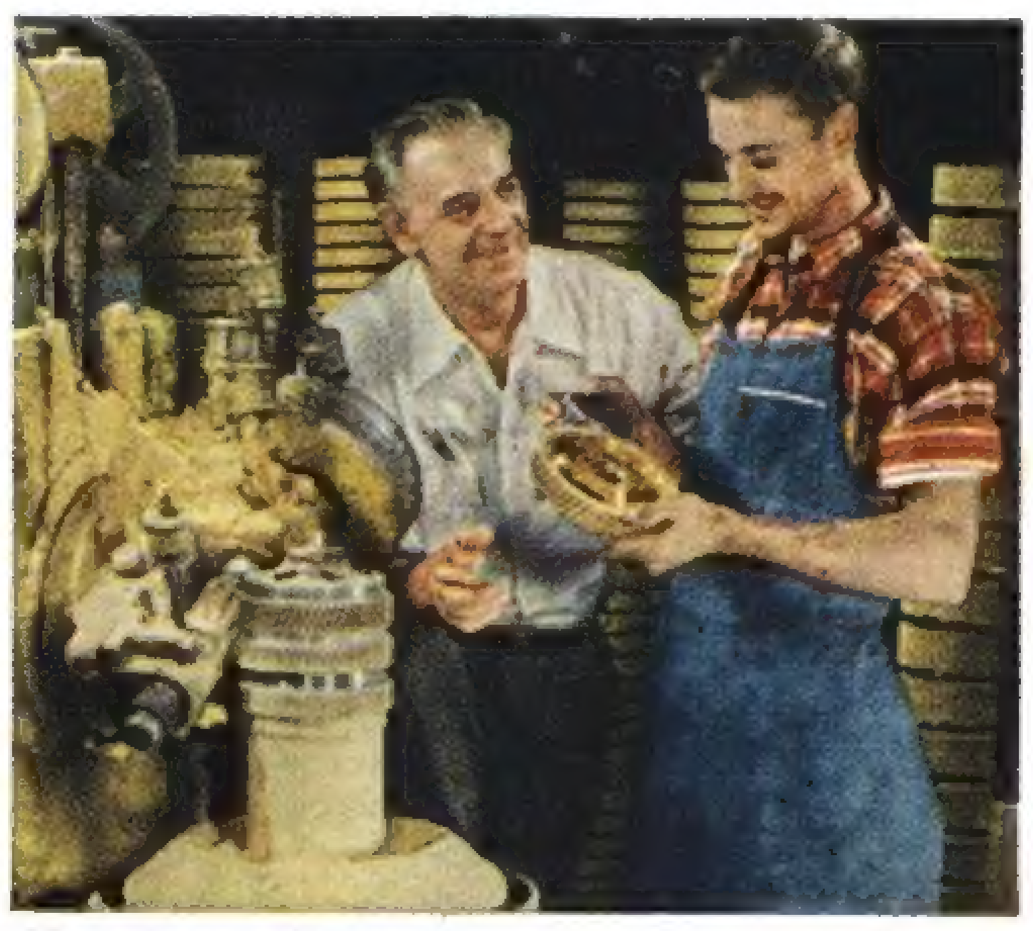
It's a dreamlike new ride! Rough roads don't spoil your fun. Some sheer magic in the low-swung Studebaker seems to pad the most rugged miles with velvet. You never enjoyed relaxed ease like this in any car before.



You seldom stop for gas! Out on the road or driving in town, Studebaker's modern engines wring a full measure of mileage out of every gallon. Automatic overdrive, available at extra cost, saves still more gasoline for you.



Your brakes rarely need servicing—they automatically adjust themselves to lining wear—an exclusive feature of all postwar Studebaker cars. You have the firm brake pedal feel of a new car after months of driving.



Trustworthy structural soundness is built into every Studebaker by America's most painstaking automotive craftsmen. Many of them are members of father-and-son teams.

Studebaker Corp'n, South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.